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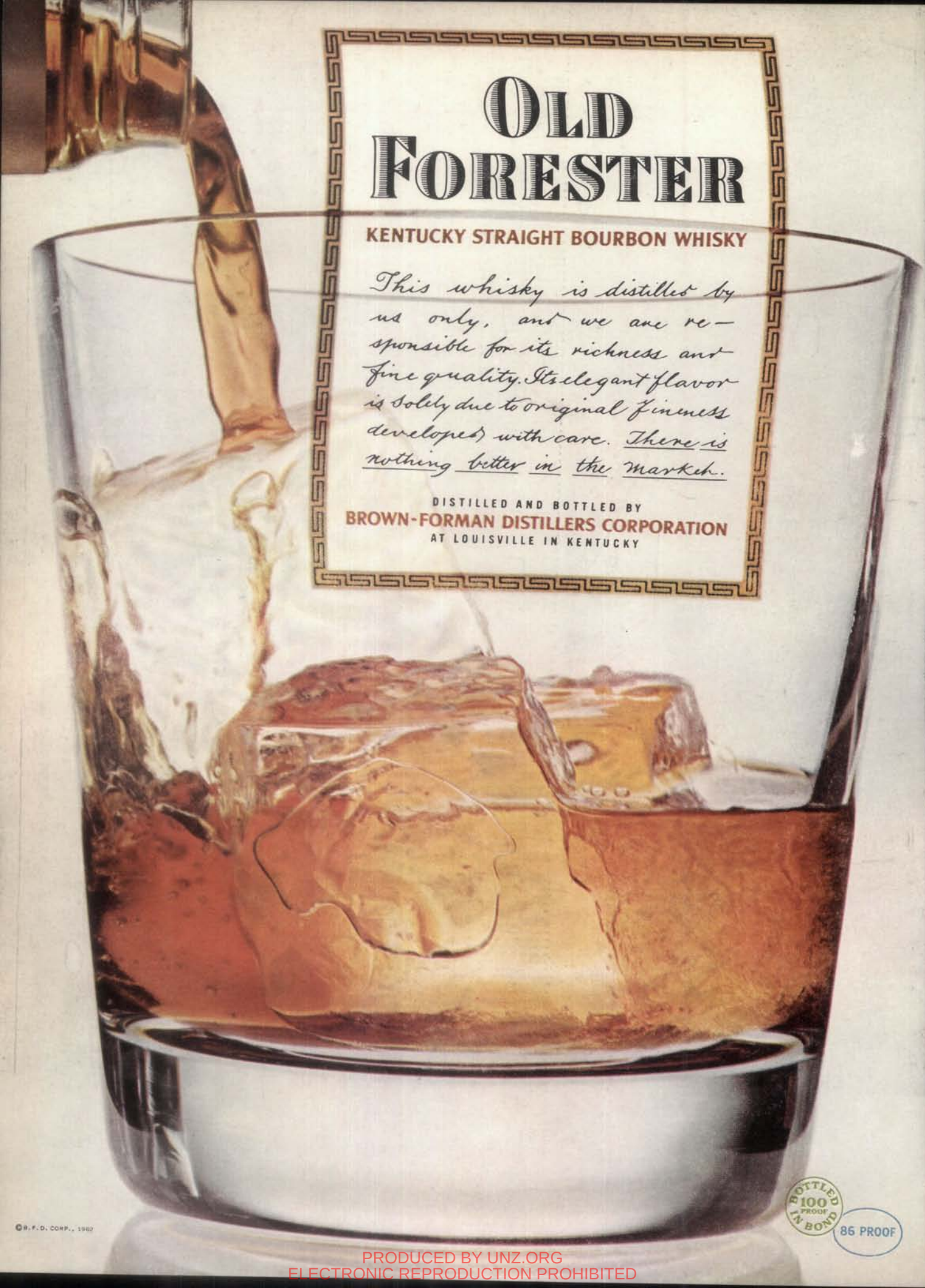
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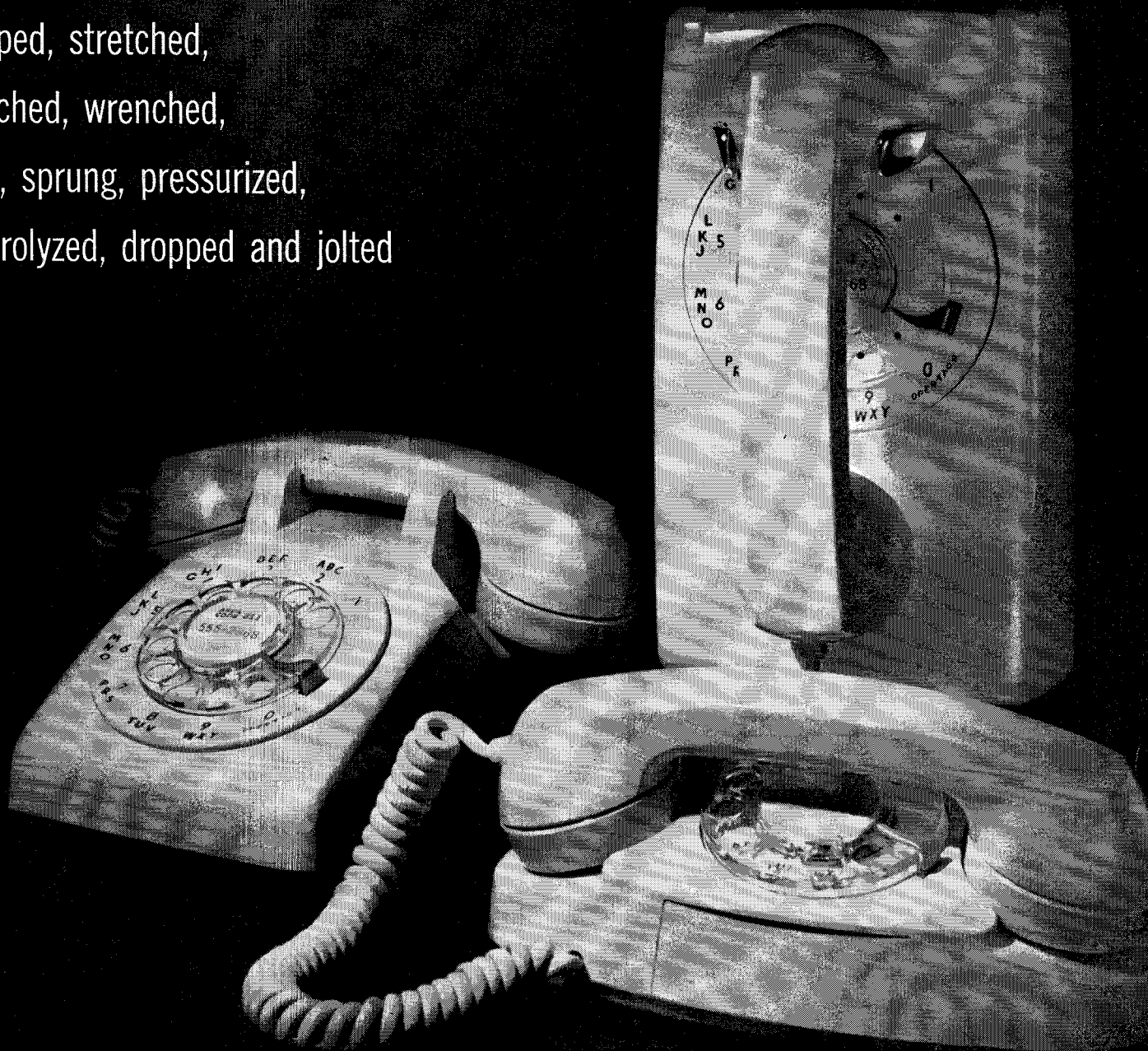
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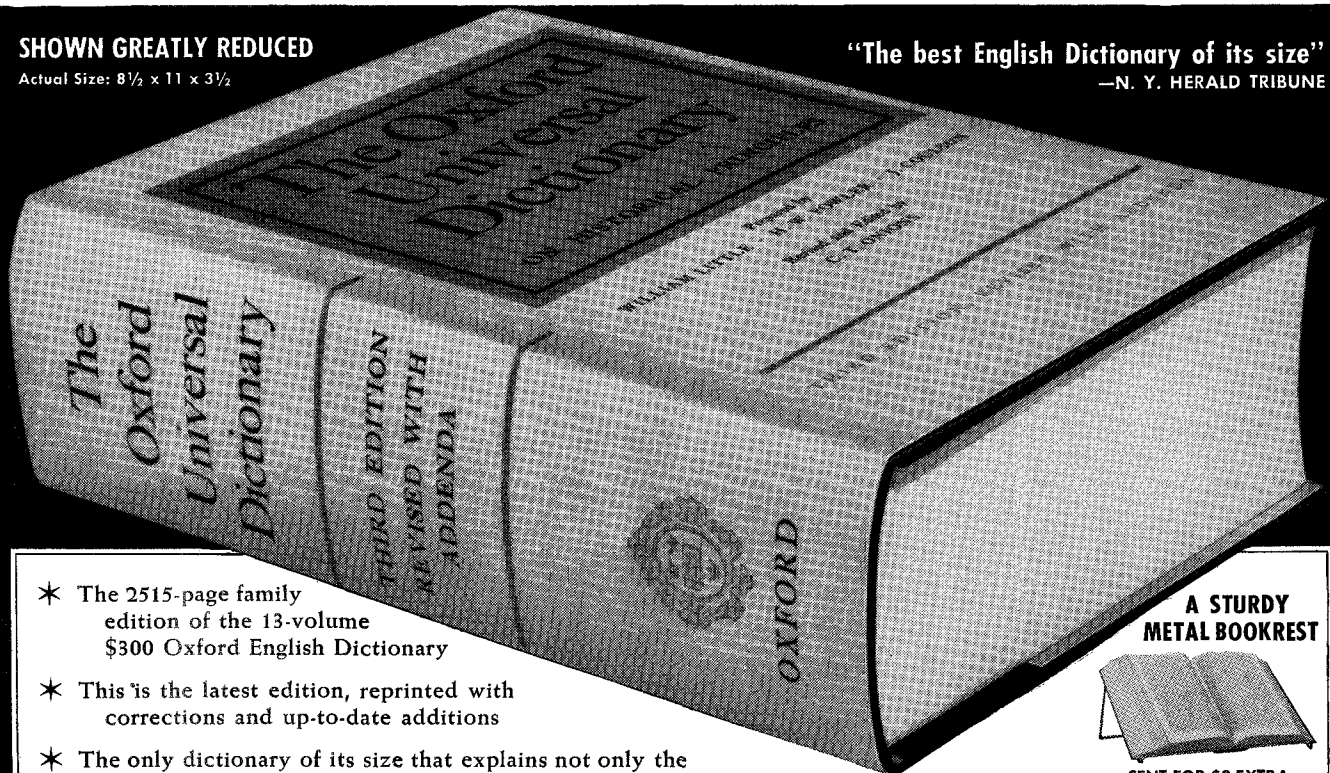
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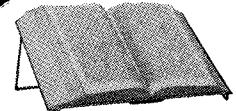
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WASHINGTON

THIS year Washington and Moscow both face painful problems created by fantastically expensive military and space programs. Not even the United States with its wealth can afford all the desirable domestic programs and pay mounting defense costs at the same time. Already President Kennedy has made fundamental decisions which suggest a major change of emphasis on the New Frontier. To stimulate the economy, President Kennedy has chosen to fight for a tax cut and to postpone some of his social programs.

While it is not clear what new paths Premier Khrushchev may take, it is obvious that his defense and space programs have seriously slowed the growth rate of the Soviet economy. Khrushchev must decide on an order of priority. He can have economic growth and impress the world, or he can have a space and defense buildup. He cannot have both. He cannot direct investments into agriculture and housing if the military has prior claims on the available funds.

The President's critics on the left charge that he has abandoned many of his earlier economic and social goals because of pressures from a conservative Congress. He has replied, in effect, that he is concentrating on essentials and on things that are possible. "The Federal budget is hard pressed by urgent responsibilities for free world defense and by vital tasks at home," the President said in his annual Economic Report. He pointed out that military, space, and atomic energy activities "absorb about two-thirds of the trained people available for exploring our scientific and technical frontiers."

The Kremlin worries

If the burden is great in the United States, consider the problem in the Soviet Union. Its military expenditures since 1958 have been in-

creased by one third. As a result, promised income tax cuts were canceled last year, and bread and meat prices were increased. Private building activity was curtailed. The economic growth rate, which increased spectacularly in the fifties, has declined as the space and military programs have absorbed increasing amounts of investment funds, scarce materials, and the attention of scientists and other trained men.

The Soviet people are being denied many of life's necessities. There were riots in some Russian cities last year when the higher bread and meat prices were announced. The housing shortage is still acute and will remain so as long as the military machine absorbs so much of the nation's production. Hard-pressed agriculture is denied the investment funds needed to provide new machinery, buildings, and fertilizers.

It soon becomes apparent to any visitor to the Soviet Union that the government could improve the welfare of its people if it would concentrate on that task and abandon its expansionist ambitions. Nevertheless, the Kremlin has increased its military and space budgets, and Khrushchev has complained in public about the heavy costs.

"There is evidence that the increasing military burden on the [Soviet] economy has led to debate within the Soviet leadership during the last two years," Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara reported. "We can expect that the pressures on the Kremlin leadership will be intensified over the next few years, as we continue to move forward with our own military and space programs and as the economic and military strength of the free world continues to grow."

Whatever the pressures on the Soviet leadership, any prediction regarding its course of action



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Report on Washington



would be foolhardy. With all the information at the President's disposal, he is known to believe that, while there are opportunities for agreement on a number of important issues, there is no evidence yet that the Kremlin debate to which McNamara referred has been resolved. The President doubts that any government which less than a year ago embarked on the bold and dangerous course of introducing nuclear missiles into Cuba has so completely changed its course as to be trusted today.

De Gaulle and Kennedy

The President must be on his guard even more since the shattering news of the French veto of Britain's bid for membership in the European Economic Community. No action by an American ally in years has disturbed Washington so much, for it clearly was directed at the United States as much as at Britain. The veto meant that French President de Gaulle is eager to dominate the defense arrangements in Europe, even though he is incapable of providing an adequate defense, and that he is determined eventually to bring an end to the American presence on the Continent.

From the beginning, Washington was convinced that the only gainers from De Gaulle's action were the men in the Kremlin. Officials were sure that the hard-line group in Moscow was strengthened by De Gaulle's veto, which constituted the first really encouraging news the Soviet leaders had received since their setback in Cuba in October.

Despite all the warnings from Paris, Washington was completely unprepared for De Gaulle's action, although it must be said that the President was never quite so optimistic as his advisers with respect to Britain's chance for gaining membership in the Common Market. "I think . . . one of the greatest problems of the Alliance in 1963 [is] whether the Alliance will begin to fragment into national deterrents which will cost great sums of money, and cause political and strategic imbalances, or whether it will be possible for us to work out some arrangements which will give Europe a greater degree and feeling of security," the President said at an off-the-record conference in December, part of which was released later.

"There is always the argument in Europe that the United States might leave Europe, which is, of course, in my opinion, fallacious because the United States can never leave Europe. We are too much bound together. . . . But, nevertheless, there are those who argue that we are going to leave Europe, or that this complete control over the nuclear weapons gives the United States too great a voice in the destiny of Europe. Therefore, we are attempting to lessen that feeling of over-dependence by this multinational proposal, and the root of it is the Nassau agreement. . . . Whether it is going to flower or not, we ought to be able to tell in 1963."

The President's comment, made in answer to a question, showed that he recognized the possibilities of fragmentation well before De Gaulle's January 14 press conference aroused the Western world to the dangers and Moscow to new opportunities. Yet the President's often-expressed concern over the high cost of the American military effort in Europe and his often-expressed complaints that Europe does not carry its full defense load tended to weaken the force of his promise that the United States would never withdraw voluntarily from Europe.

This spring Washington is grappling unhappily with the whole question of its relations with Europe because De Gaulle dramatically brought the issue out in the open. In that respect he served a constructive purpose. For too long many persons in Washington and elsewhere have failed to realize that France has not been a full partner in the alliance.

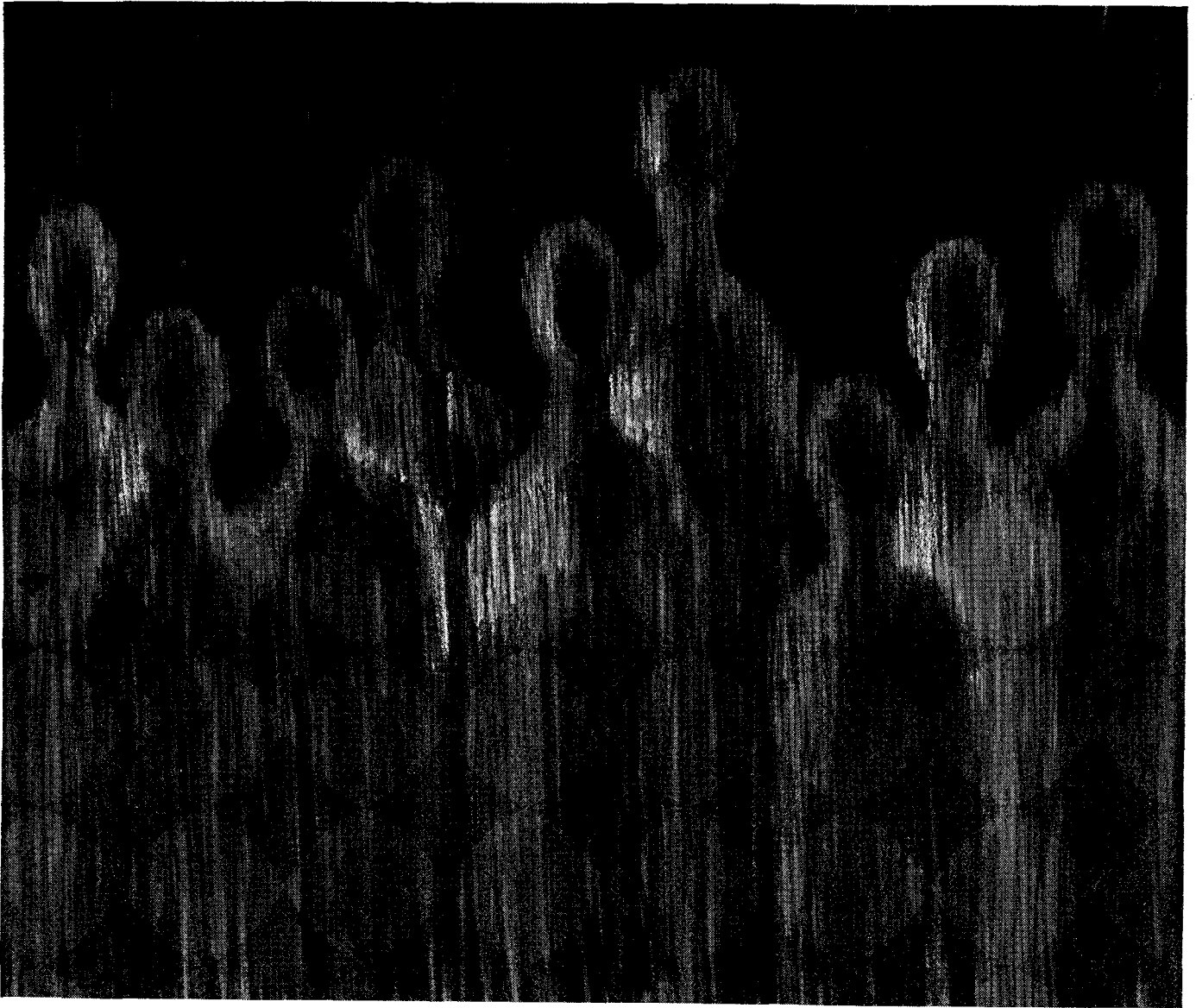
It is because the Kennedy Administration believes so profoundly in the necessity of an Atlantic alliance that it could never bring itself to believe that De Gaulle would act as he did. The Nassau pact, the American support of Britain's entry into the Common Market, the support of NATO, and the stationing of 400,000 American troops in Europe form the basis of American policy. And that policy rests on the conviction that Europe cannot be defended without American power, that the defense of the West is indivisible, and that the Western industrial countries are interdependent economically and face a common responsibility around the world.

The issue in Canada

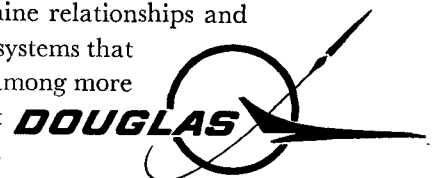
The Canadian-United States dispute over defense policy, which brought relations between the two countries to the lowest point in years, had its origin in an Eisenhower-Diefenbaker agreement to use United States nuclear weapons for the common defense of North America. It did not have its origin in this year's State Department blast against the Diefenbaker government for

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Can't Hear the Music for the Drum

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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Allan Trout of Frankfort tells about the critic of a small Kentucky town band who complained to its bass drummer—"You don't make very good music!"

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A cover-up can be mighty useful when there's little there to start with. Ketchup bottles, I've noticed, are most frequently emptied on the tables of the sorriest cooks.

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S-15

Report on Washington

failing to carry out the agreement. Having had its say, Washington is determined to maintain silence while the Canadians fight out the problem at the polls in April. But Washington, like London, is weary of the Diefenbaker regime, which has had a genius for annoying both capitals.

The heavy-handedness of the State Department was widely criticized in the American press. In Canada, the press attacked the State Department on the timing and tone of the statement, but in the main said that Washington's facts were correct and Diefenbaker's arguments were wrong.

Parliament a few days later registered its agreement when it overthrew the tottering regime. Even a part of the Diefenbaker Cabinet showed that it agreed: Minister of Defense Douglas Harkness, for one, resigned with a bitter criticism of his chief, and other members resigned or made known their displeasure over the anti-American tone of the Prime Minister's statements.

From Washington's point of view, the crisis began not with the State Department statement but with the Cuban crisis last October. Washington officials suddenly realized that there was a serious gap in the defense network due to Canada's failure to put defensive nuclear weapons in the Bomarc bases for which Uncle Sam had spent about \$77 million. The Defense Department was convinced that without nuclear missiles Soviet aircraft could wing in over the North Pole and reach their targets on American soil.

When Diefenbaker argued in Parliament to the contrary, the Administration lost patience and publicly disputed the Prime Minister's statements. Now it is up to the Canadian voters to determine how the unfortunate dispute will be resolved.

Strikes and the public interest

Both in the White House and on Capitol Hill there is a deep sense of uneasiness over the apparently growing threat of labor-management difficulties. The costly dock strike, which took place after the expiration of the Taft-Hartley Act provisions,

and the prolonged newspaper strikes in Cleveland and New York cast a gloom over the Capital and raised grave questions of public policy.

What can be done to protect the public interest? Any one of a dozen newspaper unions has the power to stop the presses and deny a city its main source of news. The other newspaper unions have little power to protect themselves or to influence the situation either before or after a strike begins.

The New York newspaper strike deeply affected Washington because it is a newspaper-reading town and is crowded with newspapermen from all parts of the country and the world. The New York papers are carefully read in the government and in the journalistic community. Many of the writers who suffered as a result of the printers' strike are well known here. It was like having the man next door out of work.

It is known that the President believes that strikes will increase in number and bitterness because of the growing problem of job security and the fear of automation. Such strikes usually are more difficult to settle than those involving wage issues. Yet the President has made no new proposals to Congress to deal with the situation.

Mood of the Capital

Reappraisals of existing policies are always painful. Washington now seems to have more than its usual share. General de Gaulle forced the most far-reaching reappraisal because he exposed to full glare the amount of disarray in Kennedy's grand design.

Washington knows that it ought to face up to the labor-management challenge before it is forced to do so on an emergency basis by a serious crisis—a crisis it barely avoided during the dock strike—yet it has not brought itself to act.

Nevertheless, the Administration is now more confident about the nation's economic outlook than it has been in many months. The White House is convinced that its tax recommendations have had a salutary effect and that after a long struggle Congress will approve a major bill this year.



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The accountant answers an Exchange questionnaire based on the audit and files a copy with the Exchange.

Is the surprise audit the only check?

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AFTER the “liberation” of 1954 which ousted the pro-Communist regime of Jacobo Arbenz, Guatemala was to have become the showcase of Latin America. The United States had been strongly criticized throughout Latin America for having inspired and financed the overthrow of a “progressive” government, and was apparently conscience-stricken. The dollars flowed in, some \$173 million in eight years (for a population of less than four million), nearly half in outright grants. In spite of the injection of dollars, the economic situation is hardly brilliant; but the present government is at least characterized by a staunch anti-Communism and a good measure of political liberty, no small boon in a country that for most of its 140 years has known only dictatorships.

The President, General Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes, is the most outspoken anti-Castroite in the hemisphere. He loaned training grounds and an airstrip for the Bay of Pigs expedition; the Communist Party is outlawed; and Guatemala has no diplomatic relations with any Communist country. Although ten years ago the country seemed to be moving rapidly into the Communist camp, there are, in the opinion of most observers, an insignificant number of active Communists today. Ydígoras, however, finds the Communist label a handy one to pin on his opposition, be it left, right, or in between. A shrewd politician, although a poor administrator, he has weathered two military uprisings in four years, and two months of violent street demonstrations, led by students and civic groups pressing for his resignation on the grounds of corruption. At present he appears to be chiefly concerned with riding out the remaining months of his term, and, if possible, selecting his successor.

Arévalo, candidate in exile

This may prove somewhat difficult. In the recent municipal elections in the capital, the official candidate collected barely a sixth of the votes, and the left showed a surprising strength. There are at present seven legally constituted parties and half a dozen in formation — an ample choice for the 500,000 voters who will pick a President in November.

The catalyst in this shifting situation is Juan José Arévalo, who has launched his candidacy from his exile in Mexico. He has as yet no party of his own, but as President from 1945 to 1951, and thus at one time the custodian of the high hopes engendered by the revolution of 1944, his name inspires strong feelings both pro and con.

The revolution of 1944 was a civic movement that went far beyond the usual changing of the guard; it was a break with feudalism and dictatorship, Guatemala's first step into a modern society of democracy and social progress. The betrayal of the revolution by Arbenz, who led it toward Communism, much as Castro has done in Cuba, and the failure of the subsequent governments to achieve significant social progress should not obscure its importance as a watershed in Guatemalan history.

Arévalo's position in regard to it is dual. On the one hand, he is blamed for having paved the way for Arbenz, who left few supporters behind. (He is at present part of Castro's propaganda apparatus and broadcasts regularly from Havana with little apparent effect.) Arévalo is also well hated by the army for his alleged part in the 1949 assassination of General Arana, the Commander in Chief, who was attempting to restrain Arévalo's leftist tendencies. On the other hand, he is fondly remembered by the common people. His presidency coincided with good times for Guatemala; there was money in the till, thanks to high post-war prices for the country's chief exports. He also instituted some reforms — a modest minimum wage and the start of a social security system.

His chief political baggage, however, consisted of a violent anti-Americanism. His book *The Shark and the Sardines*, recently republished and widely distributed by Castro, apparently without his consent, is a virulent rehash of all the anti-American propaganda themes. Arévalo now calls himself a “spiritual socialist” and denies any sympathy for Communism or Castro. He has gone to some lengths to appear as the champion of the Alliance for Progress and as a candidate



Elderly couple turned back into East Berlin by communist guards at Berlin wall.

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Report on Guatemala

who would be acceptable to the United States. The most significant aspect of this about-face is that he should think it politically profitable.

Economic struggles

The present political uncertainty is compounded by economic difficulties. The treasury is bare, and government employees are several months behind in their salaries. The blame is generally placed on the low price of coffee, Guatemala's chief product, since a sliding export tax is one of the main sources of revenue. Much more basic, however, are an antiquated and inefficient tax system and a generally incompetent, if not corrupt, administration. Guatemalans point with despair to the fact that the President of their small country receives \$20,000 a month, tax-free, considerably more than the President of the United States. Guatemalans also note that the planners of public works projects shy away from the international credit agencies, with their strict rules on public bidding and cost control, pre-

ferring private companies more amenable to padding.

Guatemala is also experiencing balance-of-payment difficulties. Here again the favorite scapegoat is the price of coffee: income from coffee is some \$20 million lower than in 1956, in spite of a 30 percent increase in volume. However, Guatemala has had an unfavorable balance of trade for some years, counteracted largely by American aid, which has now been reduced to a trickle. Over the past four years, eighteen American oil companies have spent some \$30 million in prospecting, with meager results; this source of foreign exchange has also dried up. Therefore, last October the government imposed exchange controls, the first in nearly forty years. This has led to a break with the International Monetary Fund. More disturbing than trade deficits is the sluggish growth rate, hardly greater than the population increase, which, at 2.5 percent, is not high for Latin America.

A new development to which American aid has contributed and

which may ease the situation in the future is the diversification of exports. Ironically, the chief impetus has been toward cotton — now accounting for nearly 14 percent of the export trade — which competes directly with the United States for markets in Japan and Western Europe. Bananas, the favorite symbol of American "imperialist" interests, have fallen to below 10 percent. The production of rubber in the Pacific lowlands is being encouraged by a \$5 million loan from the Development Loan Fund.

Cattle grazing is also being developed, to some extent by private American initiative, on newly cleared land on the rich Pacific slopes. A common procedure is to offer the usufruct of a tract for a year to highland Indians. They clear it and plant and harvest their corn for their own use, on condition that they leave the land in grass. While the export of frozen meat is a valuable addition to the balance of payments, the morality of using land for this purpose is doubtful in a country in which the average daily diet contains about 2100 calories, half from corn, and the rest notably lacking in animal protein.

Central American trade

There are also the embryonic beginnings of a light industry, encouraged by the Central American Common Market. This smallest and most thoroughgoing of the common markets in the world today was originally regarded by the United States with a somewhat jaundiced eye. As a godchild of ECLA (the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America) it was objected to on the same grounds: too much emphasis on a planned economy, too restrictive of private enterprise, too much at odds with the anti-inflationary practices of the international credit agencies, generally too grandiose in its aspirations for the means at hand. With the new economic focus of the Alliance for Progress, both ECLA and the Central American Common Market have received our increasing support.

This Common Market goes somewhat further than the European one, and very much further than the modest one envisaged in the Treaty of Montevideo, to which the larger countries of Latin America have

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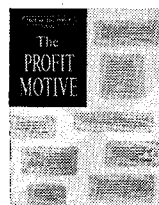


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Will its future be bright or dismal? Rising population demands vigorous economic growth, which in a free society can be powered only by profit incentives.

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DEAD AS A DODO?

We sometimes think of the dodo as the only thing in nature that has become extinct in relatively modern times. But there are many other birds, not to mention other animals, that seem to have disappeared—the Carolina parakeet, Leguat's starling, the Hawaii oo, the Labrador duck, the great auk. And we all know from the press how few whooping cranes are left.

Far-fetched as it may seem at first, there's probably a lesson here for investors. Since the choice of companies whose stock they can buy is wide—some 1100 on the New York Stock Exchange and many more on other exchanges and over-the-counter—it behooves investors to choose with care among them, to select those which seem most likely to thrive. For just as there were once dodos and oos and great auks flourishing in their respective habitats, so were the companies manufacturing kerosene lamps and trolley cars and buttonhooks once promising investments.

The moral, we think, is twofold. First, investigate before you invest; then, follow the fortunes of your company to be sure that it keeps pace with the times—modernizes its facilities, improves its products, expands its market, and generally continues to be a good investment for your purposes. In other words, keep on investigating *after* you invest.

And if you want our help, just ask for information about any stock in which you have an interest. It's free for the asking.



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Report on Guatemala

subscribed. Instead of painfully arriving at a list of products to enjoy a progressively lower tariff, the participants immediately freed 95 percent of all products; the remaining 5 percent must be freed within five years (by 1965) at the latest. Meanwhile, tariffs on products imported from outside the area are being unified, thus allowing completely free circulation of all goods. Since the total population of the five countries involved — Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and, most recently, Costa Rica — is less than eleven million, the installation of heavy industry is not contemplated; but an upsurge of light industry — textiles, food processing, household goods — is confidently predicted. From \$32 million in 1960, when the market began to operate, trade among Central American countries rose to nearly \$50 million in 1962.

The Common Market idea is engendering, as in Europe, even vaster schemes of political and social integration. There is already a Central American Bank, for which we have put up half the capital; there is talk of a postal union, of unifying the legal and labor codes and the educational programs. The headquarters in Guatemala City (SIECA) and our own newly created liaison office (ROCAP) are both staffed by enthusiastic young men. They are the most heartening signs in an otherwise depressing prospect.

Progress at a snail's pace

Within Guatemala, the new spirit of the Alliance for Progress, coupled with the sharp reduction of American aid for political purposes, has not entirely escaped the notice of the authorities. The Congress has at least paid lip service to the new ground rules by passing two laws, one instituting an income tax, the other laying down conditions for "agrarian transformation." The former is so hedged around with exemptions and deductions as to be almost impossible to administer.

Furthermore, while it was about it, the Congress rewrote in the same spirit the old law taxing business profits. It is now gloomily predicted that the total revenue from both

taxes is likely to be less than that from the old one on profits alone.

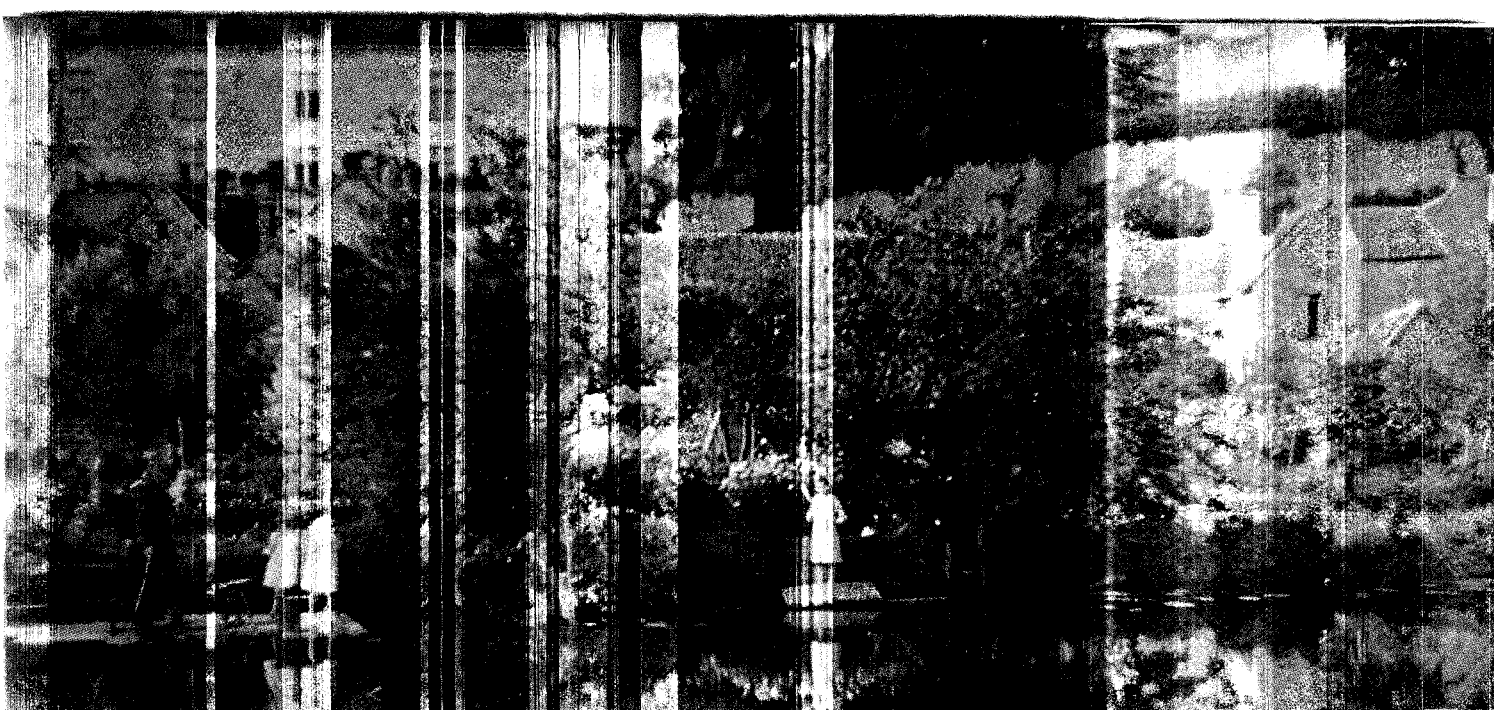
The "agrarian transformation" law is an equally complex document. In a country where 2 percent of the farmers own 72 percent of the farmland, it contemplates only the expropriation of idle land, under certain conditions, although it does raise the tax on it. Ydígoras makes much of having distributed 16,000 titles during his term, but the average size of the holdings is one and a half acres, hardly a subsistence plot. A more serious effort is the colonization of government land. Since this requires clearance, the building of roads and schools, technical advice, and credit, the cost is prohibitive on a large scale. However, with American aid, 4700 families have been settled on economically sized tracts.

In a country with 70 percent illiteracy, education is of major importance. In four years Ydígoras has built 425 schools — more, he claims, than were built in the previous sixty years. The credit, however, is not entirely his. Under a tripartite scheme, the United States has put up one third of the cost, the local community another third or more in the form of land, labor, and local materials, and the central government the rest. The problem now is to find teachers.

In the matter of housing, too, self-help schemes, under American aegis, have produced results — 2700 dwellings to date. Each future owner is required to contribute twenty hours' labor a week during construction. The mass production methods used in this program have given private builders an idea; they are now beginning to build homes for the lower-middle class, hitherto neglected.

The lot of the Indian

There is thus some token progress, at least for that quarter of the population known as *ladinos*, who can read and write and have adopted Western modes of living. For the Indians, scratching their meager plots to plant corn, carrying their tremendous burdens on their backs up and down Guatemala's terrifying mountain trails, worshiping in their own language their own gods behind the Christian altars, wearing their gorgeous handwoven costumes (the Spaniards originally forbade them to



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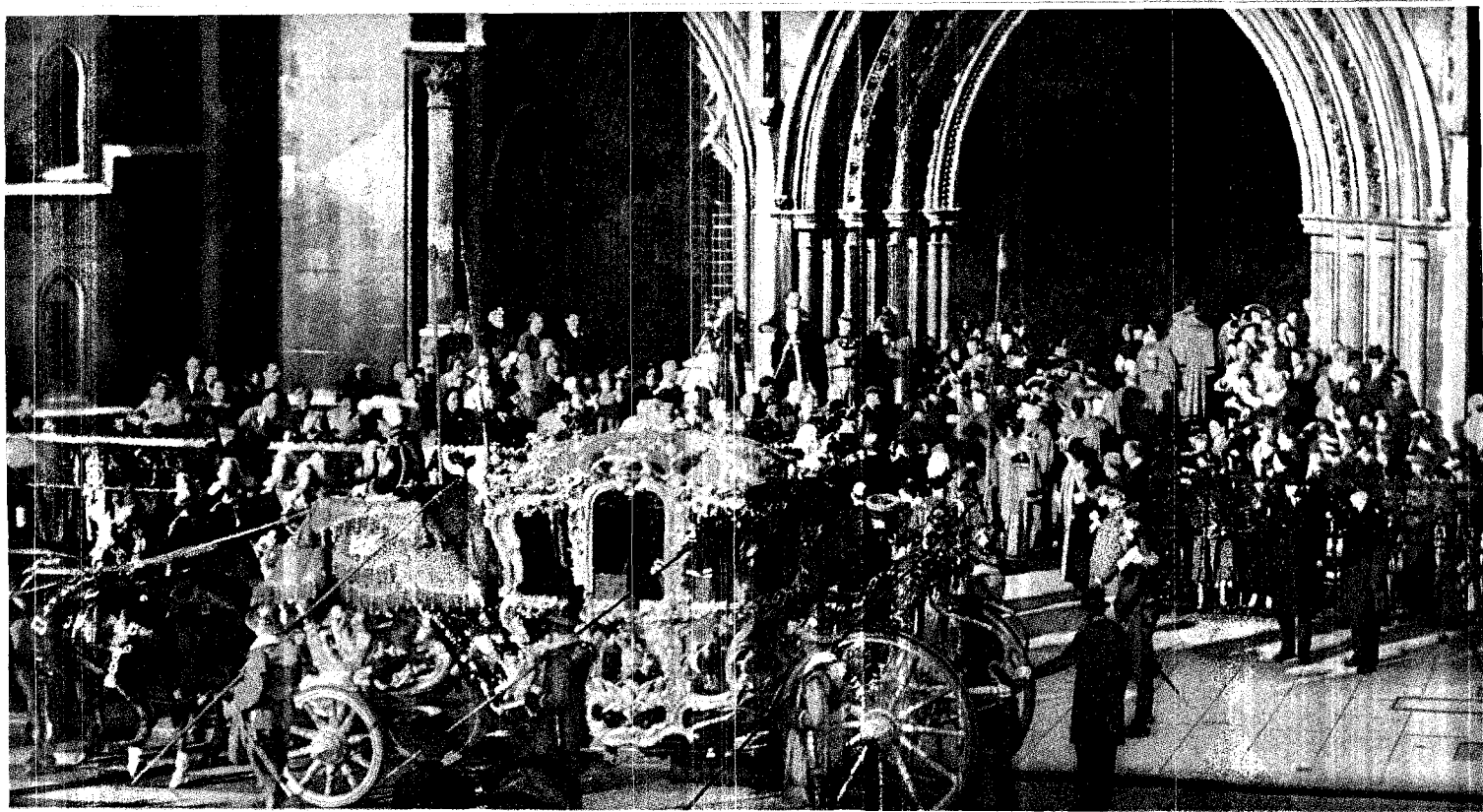
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Six tips on time and budgets

1. Focus your tour on two or three centers. You will save time—and money. Suggestion: Make one of your centers Bath. Within sixty miles of this regency city you have a choice of 7 cathedrals, 14 castles and 81 stately homes.

2. Go in Fall or Spring. Roads and inns

are pleasantly uncrowded.

3. Hire a *small* car. In Fall and Spring it will cost you about \$39 a week, insurance and mileage included—and it's ideal for Britain's wiggly lanes.

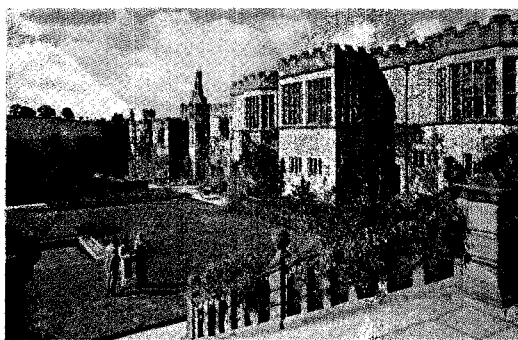
4. On *long* trips, take a train. You can buy a special rail "Guest Pass"—7 days of unlimited travel for only \$29.40. Get your pass before you leave.

5. Stay at village inns. Bed and breakfast cost about \$4—even less in Fall and Spring.

6. See your travel agent. He's an expert with timetables and travel bargains.



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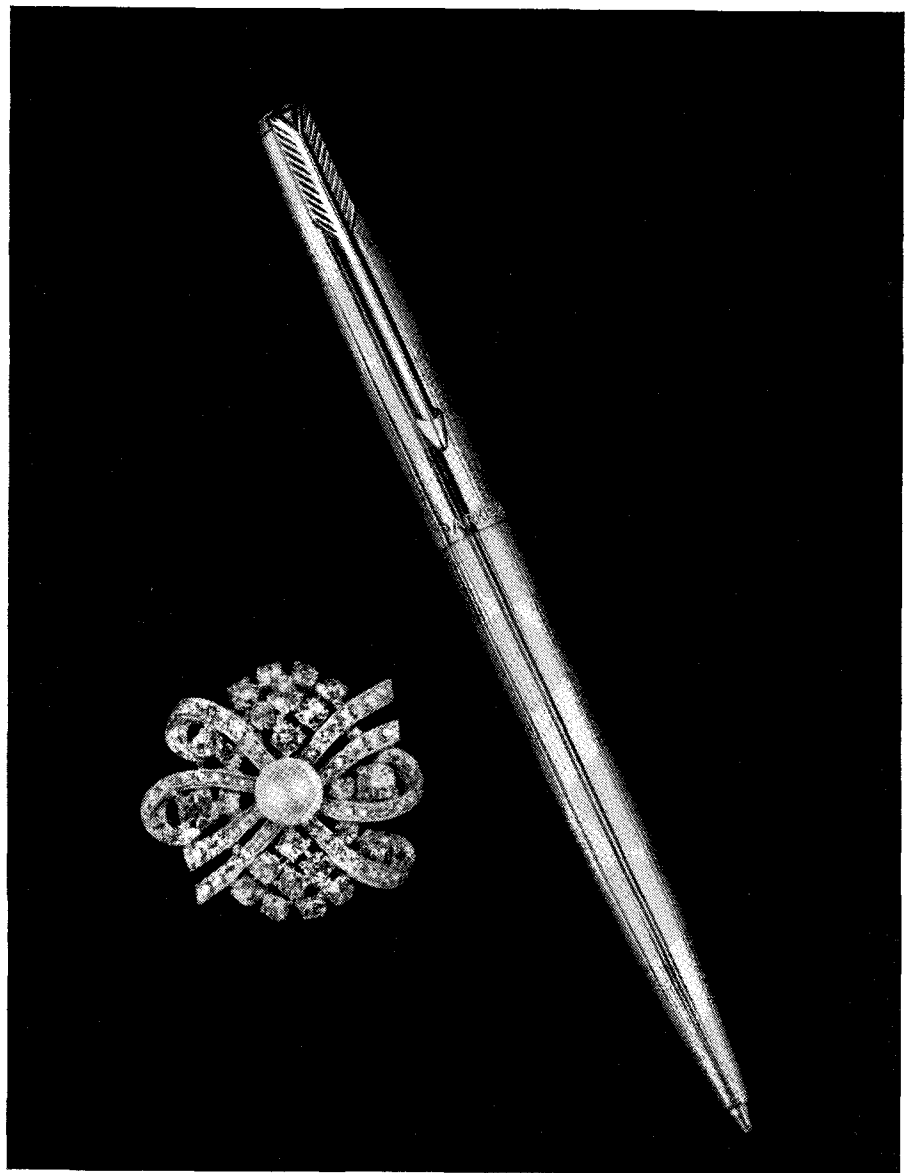
Report on Guatemala

wear European dress), living conditions appear to have changed little over the centuries. Even the most progressive Guatemalans show little interest in them.

The basic reason for this attitude is, of course, that the Indians provide an inexhaustible supply of cheap, docile labor. Until the revolution of 1944 each Indian was required to carry an identity card noting the number of days he had worked — for someone else. If he had worked fewer than 150, he was arrested and set to work on the roads. Since then, the sheer pressure of population increase and inadequate land has kept the supply abundant. Wages run as low as twenty cents a day, and eighty cents is considered generous. The United Fruit Company, accused of being an “imperialist” outfit, pays about \$1.80, plus fringe benefits.

Until 1944 all labor unions were proscribed. The revolution naturally brought with it a spate of union organizers, some of them Communists. By the time of Arbenz’s overthrow, 200,000 agricultural and 100,000 urban workers were unionized. The “liberation” government of Castillo Armas in 1954 dissolved all unions as part of the drive against Communism and jailed over a hundred labor leaders. Today there are possibly 15,000 union members, including the company unions of the United Fruit Company. Labor leaders are still frightened; organizers who try to penetrate the large estates are likely to find themselves in jail or subject to physical violence.

The general picture of Guatemala is thus schizophrenic: on the one hand, a minority, Western in culture but with little social or political cohesion, scrambling for personal benefit and unable to create an organic structure as a basis for progress; on the other, the Indians, divorced from national life except as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It follows that there are two problems in Guatemala: to induce progress in the Western-oriented sector, and to improve the lot of the Indian. There is also a third, of gigantic proportions: to integrate the two. Not even a small beginning has been made in solving this one.



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FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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AS A result of its failure to get into the Common Market, Great Britain has been forced abruptly into new ways of economic thought and action. The new budget, to be announced in early April, will probably set social and economic precedents. Britishers expect the general election campaign to begin immediately afterward, although the election itself need not come until the moment chosen by Prime Minister Macmillan between now and the summer of 1964.

The businesslike exchanges of notes and ministerial visits with "the friendly five" among the Six of the Common Market, the refurbishing of the somewhat rusty machinery of the Western European Union (which since 1954 has "contained" the Six plus Britain in a quite static sense), and the new urgency in the atmosphere of the European Free Trade Association (the Outer Seven Pool) may all tend to obscure the consequences of Brussels. One consequence has been to return Britain, perforce, to the famous "three circles" policy of Churchill, with Britain maintaining simultaneously a different special association with the United States, the Commonwealth, and Europe. The added complication now is that Europe is divided.

The government can certainly claim one substantial victory from Brussels: it has converted every country except France, and every government except those of France and West Germany, to the cause of an Atlantic Europe. But in all other respects the Labor Party has been the victor. For it has consistently maintained that the effort to join Europe was doomed to failure, either because it would be impossible to get in or because, in joining, Britain would be required to break contact with two of its three circles.

Being right could significantly strengthen the Labor Party's appeal to the voters. For among the other consequences of Brussels is also an increased pressure for an organized economy.

With its National Economic Development Council and its National Incomes Commission,

its target of 4 percent per annum growth, and its incomes policy, the Conservative government has already been moving in that direction. Reginald Maudling's first budget will give further clues as to how far and how fast the Conservatives intend to go. But it should also indicate whether the Conservatives intend to add to their policy on incomes a policy on privilege.

Britain's Tories

Many people believe that the Macmillan government will be the last "government of privilege" to hold power in Britain, a government representing, either directly or through marriage, the traditional great families, like the Devonshires and the Marlboroughs (Macmillan himself, Lord Home, the Duke of Devonshire, Duncan Sandys, Christopher Soames, Julian Amery, John Hare). They associate primarily, in politics, with near-great families (Lansdowne, Perth, Dundee, Carrington, Brecon, Waldegrave), and they rigidly maintain the special privileges of property, capital, and family business — high taxes on incomes and on stock market speculation, but no taxes on capital gains, capital growth, or capital gifts.

New Conservatives are knocking on the innermost doors of power: Reginald Maudling, a large, comfortable man, upper-class but not a member born into the Establishment, possibly the cleverest man in the government; Iain Macleod, bridge player, doctor's son, professional politician, party manager; Edward Heath, son of a builder, who brought out of the Brussels debacle a much increased reputation as a negotiator with dignity, scope, perseverance, principle, and astuteness. France's Couve de Murville may have won the battle in the Rue des Quatres Bras in Brussels, but it was Heath who achieved stature.

Brakes on economic growth

By an extraordinarily timely coincidence these men, and others like them, are coming into prominence just when developments in economics draw attention to the probability that the traditional class structure of British society is a powerful and insistent brake on growth.

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Report on London

There is certainly a mysterious element in the British economy. It rode the shock wave of Brussels quite serenely. When the bad news came the London stock market enjoyed its best day for a month. Investors had by no means shared the hyperbolic forebodings of the politicians. Export trade is growing slowly but steadily. The January figures showed the gold reserves rising for the fourth month in succession.

But there has been no general growth, except in unemployment. During the winter, interest rates were first lowered; the banks were then relieved of restrictions on loans; installment buying was made easier; more public investment was authorized; sales taxes on cars, television sets, and other durables were cut from 45 to 25 percent; higher social security payments were announced; tax allowances for new industrial investment were increased; the interest rate was cut again. But there was still no growth.

Is it possible that there is in Great Britain not so much a failure of demand as a failure of ambition? Still too few people, it seems, see their way through the stratified class structure to higher levels. It is significant that more than half the new houses built these days are council houses. Such building by local governments of cheap housing, almost all for rent, provides a great, immediate, and much-needed service to the community. Yet this local government housing may be as much a cause of class stratification as it is a sign of it. You spend years on the list for a council house; you get it; you stick with it. Meanwhile, very high mortgage rates for house purchase (at 6.5 percent throughout 1962) discourage private ownership of homes and keep people in the renting class.

Idle money and a quick buck

The Treasury reports that total savings have gone up from 16 percent to 21 percent of the gross national product. Individuals now equal companies statistically as the biggest source of these savings (42 percent). But in fact, as far as individuals are

concerned, the figure does not refer to savings at all but to money not spent, which is a very different thing. It is just idle. Here is certainly a brake on growth.

"The amount of gambling in Britain is now stupendous," remarks an unpublished social survey circulated recently through all government departments. The turnover in 1961 was \$2.25 billion. The order of popularity is horse racing, greyhound racing, football, and bingo. Off-course betting was made legal for horse racing in 1961, and 10,000 betting offices were licensed that year by the government.

The authors of the survey conclude that, while British home life is busy and vigorous, "it contains a malaise which is probably a basic discontent with what has become very strongly an era of materialism, and this discontent expresses itself in a grasping after unearned wealth." There is some truth in that — perhaps not surprisingly, since the tax system, unreformed, has in general preferred unearned wealth to earned. But it is not the full truth. A more basic fault may lie in the makeup of a society that now offers to so many people possessions without progress.

Eight out of ten households now have television sets. By 1970 there will be a car for every family, on the average. Since 1949 the number of incomes between \$2000 and \$3000 has multiplied ten times. The number between \$3000 and \$6000 has quadrupled. So has the number above \$6000.

Stagnation in the north

A general drift to the south of England, where jobs have been plentiful, has been accelerating. This also could have political significance. Large areas in Scotland, northeast and northwest England, north Wales, and Northern Ireland, mainly dependent in the past on heavy industry, shipbuilding, and steel and coal, have been losing work and population. Unemployment there is double or treble the national average. These are not yet depressed areas. But government action has become inescapable.

Investment has to be encouraged to go north, with factories at low

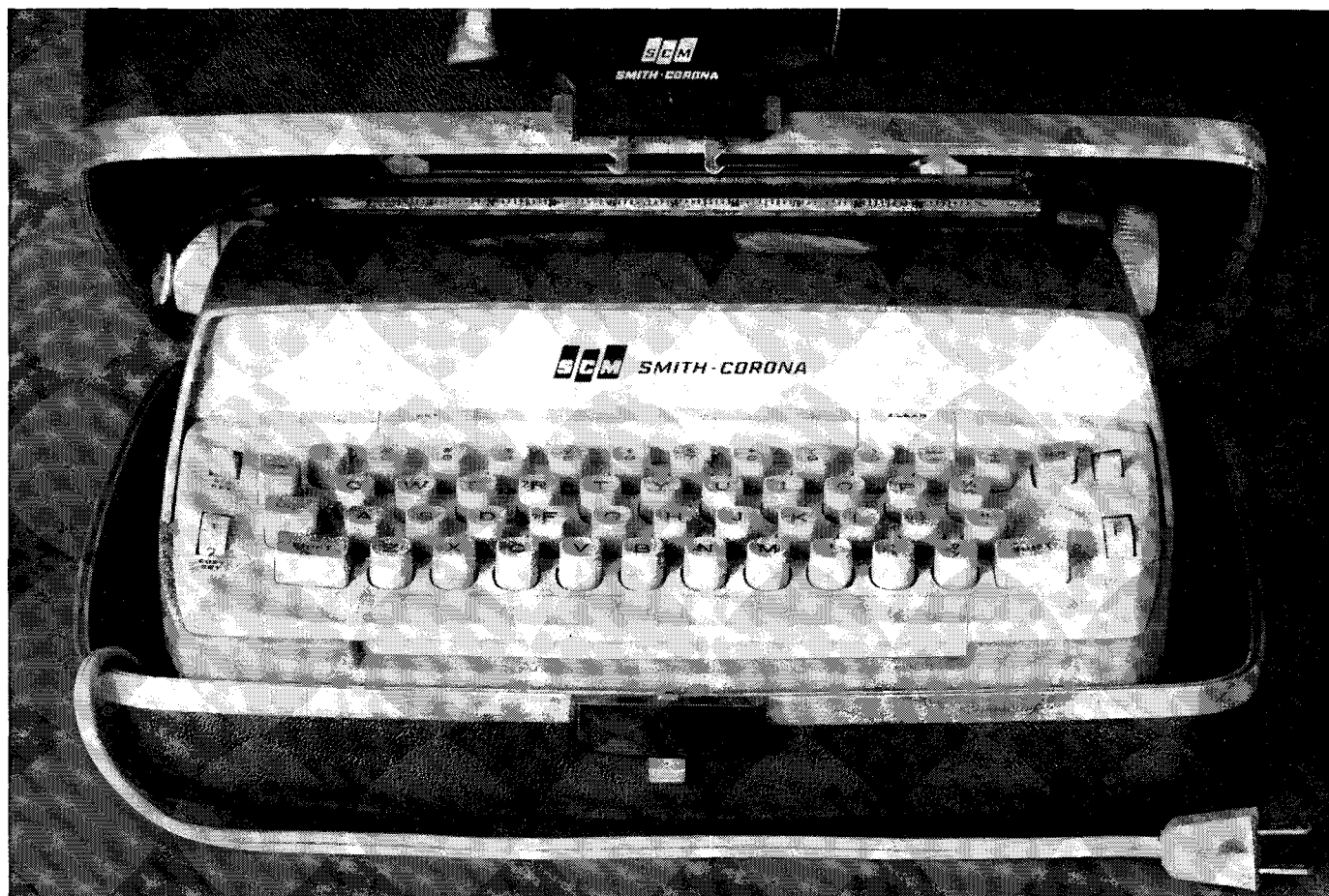


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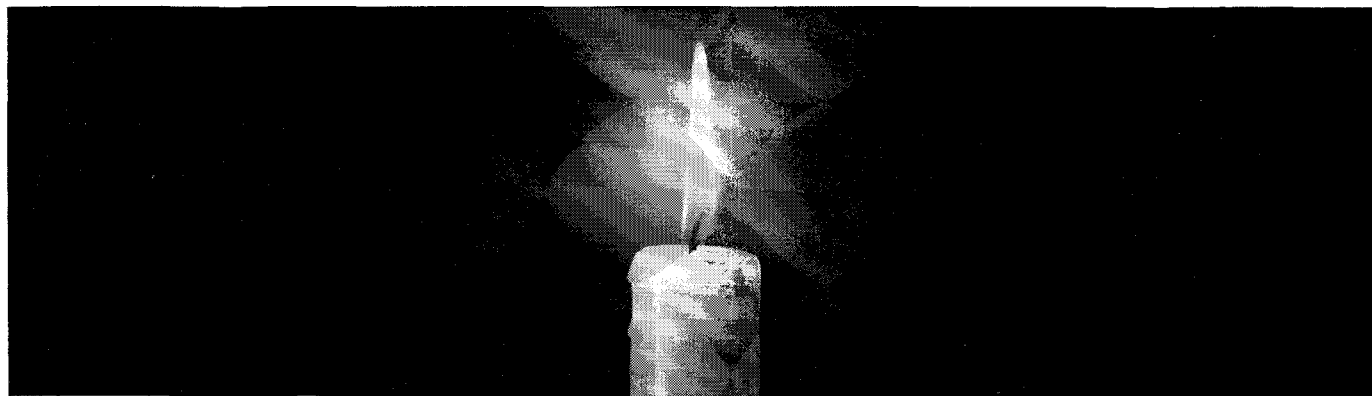
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rentals and large loans at low interest. A vast problem of urban renewal has been uncovered just at the time that local funds for dealing with it are being diminished. The few slums that are left in Britain are in the north. The problem of communications also has to be tackled with new urgency, particularly as the effort to make the railroads pay is closing down unprofitable lines and unprofitable railroad workshops, mainly in the very areas of above-average unemployment and below-average transportation.

The trend toward intervention

New road programs for the north, new bridges, and new airports have already been planned. The plans are not yet adequate. But in a political sense it is not their adequacy or inadequacy that is significant, but rather the fact that the need for them is accelerating the trend toward government intervention and planning of the economy. The failure to get into Europe, while it threatens no immediate

economic hardship and even relieves the country of some balance-of-payments anxieties, also makes the trend toward intervention stronger and faster. For the failure to join the Market was in part also the failure of a plan to reinvigorate the economy through great drafts of the heady force of competition.

All this adds meaning to the National Economic Development Council and the National Incomes Commission, just as it adds fuel to the demand for thoroughgoing tax reform. Even the government's youth organization, the Young Conservatives, has published a tax reform plan that is as much a scheme for social reform as it is for economic rationalization.

How much socialism?

Underneath its phlegmatic exterior the British electorate is in a ferment. This presents a mighty challenge to a government so long in power and so set in its traditions. This ferment of hopes for purposeful social and economic change probably accounts for the remarkable showing of the Socialists in the

public opinion polls. After Gaitskell's sad and untimely death the Labor Party still held its own, apparently ahead of the government in public favor.

Macmillan faces an awkward problem of timing. If he goes to the country soon, before the new Labor leadership has had time to establish itself, he may lose because of the failures of his government, because of unemployment, because of Brussels, because of slow growth, because of the lack of a new image for the Tory Party. If he waits, he has to gamble: first, that growth will in fact be achieved, and, second, that the public will accept the Tories as a party of radical social reform.

Thus, the leftish reputation of Harold Wilson may be an asset to the Labor Party instead of a liability. Indeed, the new Labor leader may be a more formidable proposition than the Tories at first expected. If one compares his standing, for instance, with that of the middle-aged Attlee at the time the latter became the opposition leader before World War II, Wilson looks like something of a giant.

**To Berlitz, *verb*
Do not conjugate. Use in a statement.**

**Kings and queens have berlitzed.
Presidents berlitz.
The Czar used to berlitz.
Movie stars are berlitzing
to international fame.
Busy people berlitz before cocktails
(after lunch, all the way home).
Almost all of them berlitz in private.
How quickly they berlitz!
Shall we berlitz?**

ABOVE IS THE CONVERSATIONAL WAY TO LEARN
ANY LANGUAGE IN THE WORLD IN A MATTER OF WEEKS.

BERLITZ

OR CHOOSE ANY OTHER LANGUAGE ON EARTH. AND WHERE ON EARTH IS BERLITZ?
IN 240 CITIES AROUND THE WORLD. JUST LOOK US UP
IN YOUR LOCAL DIRECTORY. BUT SOON. IT'S ENROLLMENT MONTH.

Wilson at forty-six would be the youngest Prime Minister of the century. He is an economist. He has held office, having been president of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet, when thirty-one. Now that Bevan has gone, he is probably the best debater in the House of Commons, possessing the quick mind and the long memory that make wit a deadly weapon.

Wilson's position on the Atlantic alliance and on the possession of nuclear weapons has been somewhat equivocal. But it is possible that the need to keep the party together will make him take the firm Gaitskell line on those matters, so that he may advance the more easily with his socialist economic program. Macmillan is likely to try to edge Wilson as far to the left as possible by taking over leftward positions himself, for his hope of retaining office now lies largely in persuading the public that the alternative to Tory reform is outright socialism. The fear of socialism remains very strong in the middle classes and is almost certainly stronger than their disappointment in Macmillan.

INNOVATOR

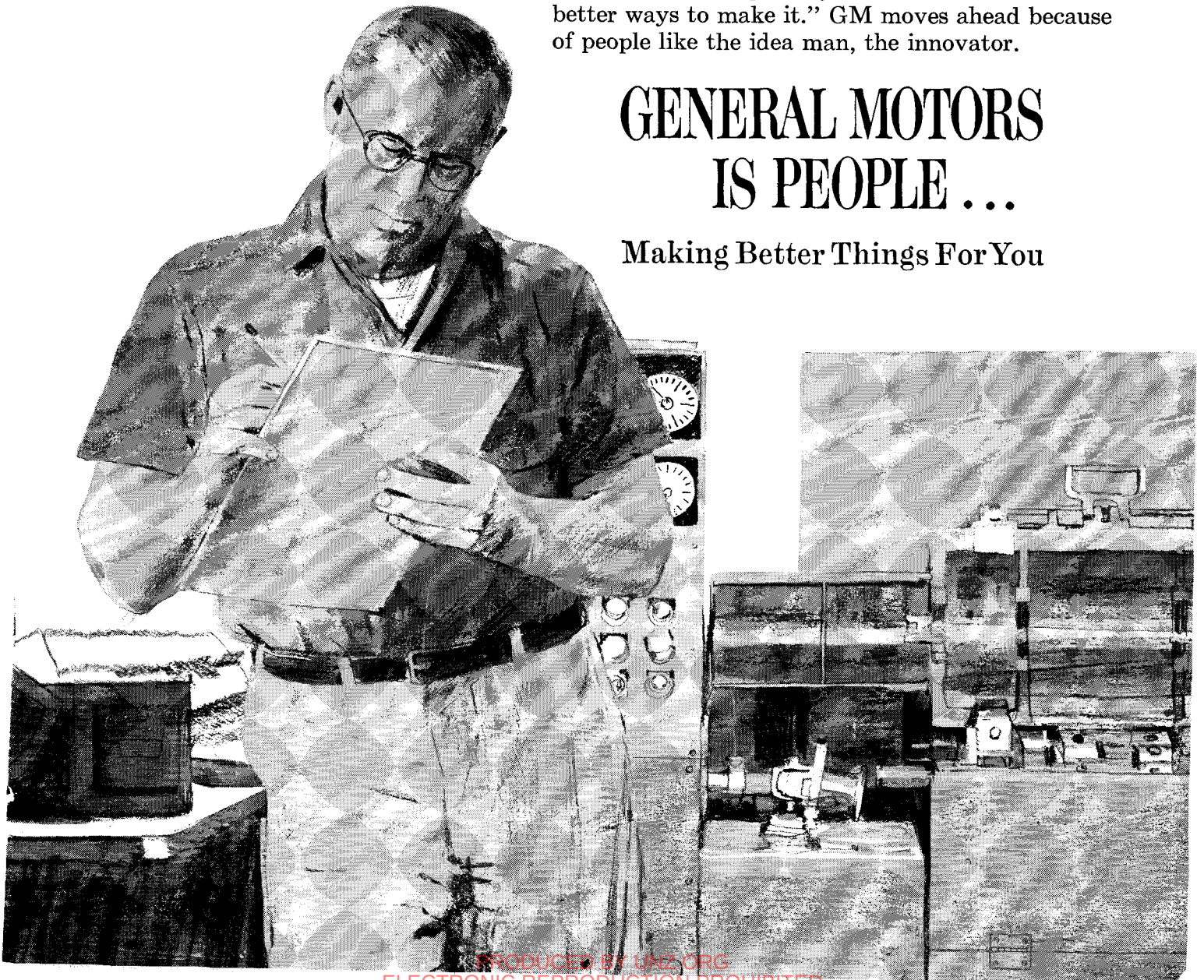
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IN mid-December, 1962, Philibert Tsiranana, President of the Malagasy Republic, told the press in Paris that Madagascar needed a strong army for self-defense. He implied, further, that his country was so strategically and economically important as to tempt invasion by a predatory Oriental power. This briefly caught the attention of the general public, who, insofar as they were aware of Madagascar's existence at all, had associated the island only with lemurs and coelacanths. Those who were more aware of political developments in that part of the world were astonished, for no recent events in the area seemed to indicate that Madagascar, 250 miles off the southeast coast of Africa, was in imminent danger from any foreign source.

In 1960 Madagascar was one of thirteen French-speaking territories to win independence peaceably from French rule, and since becoming a sovereign nation the Malagasy Republic has followed an unsensational course. Its government has been stable, moderate, and pro-Western. Its economy resembles those of other underdeveloped and newly independent countries, except that Madagascar is perhaps somewhat poorer in resources and manpower and farther removed from world markets.

Cultural cohesion

Far off the beaten tracks of travel and trade, Madagascar has been preoccupied during recent years with the slow and arduous task of building a united and economically viable nation out of its eighteen tribes and mediocre economy. In so doing, it has had certain assets and liabilities that distinguish it from other newborn states on the African mainland.

To begin with, it is an underpopulated island, big enough and far enough away from Africa to have evolved, for the most part, independently of mainland influences. It produced a royal dynasty that succeeded in ruling most of the island for almost a century and in imposing its language on all of the inhabitants. Not only is Malagasy spoken from one end of the island to the other, but

it is now written and read by nearly half the population. Those mainly responsible for providing Madagascar with this linguistic bond were Christian missionaries, first British and then French. (As a result of their activity, about half of the Malagasy today are Christians.)

Economic self-sufficiency

Madagascar's second greatest asset is its economic self-sufficiency. Although the volume of its output is on the scale of samples, the variety of its animal, vegetable, and mineral resources is extraordinarily rich. That it could adequately feed and clothe its inhabitants was shown during the Second World War, when Madagascar was cut off from France, with which it had had very close trading ties. Since then it has been able not only to feed a population that is growing at the rapid rate of nearly 3 percent a year, but also to increase the export of its basic food, rice, and to begin to ship out sugar, sisal, tobacco, and cotton.

Moreover, despite a generally mountainous terrain and eroded soil, it still has considerable areas of unutilized arable land that could support far more than its present population of about five and a half million. It has a corps of trained and experienced civil servants, the legacy of both the Merina dynasty and the French colonial administration. Furthermore, relations with France have become exceptionally cordial since Madagascar attained independence.

The Malagasy have shown themselves to be insular psychologically as well as geographically. Even their elite, with few exceptions, seem to have little or no interest in events outside their island, and the rural Malagasy, who form over 85 percent of the population, care only about what happens in their own villages or tribes.

Madagascar's membership in the Union Africaine et Malgache and the Monrovia group and its association with the European Economic Community have been pushed through by a few of its farsighted leaders who realize the dangers of their country's isolation. Even the Merina tribe,

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Report on Malagasy

the most advanced of all and the one that feels itself to be "Asian," has no knowledge of or concern with developments in the Far East. And the predominantly Negroid coastal tribes, called *cotiers*, resent being identified with Africans, to whom they consider themselves superior.

Racial antagonism

Their relative immunity from external pressures has given the Malagasy time to work out their own salvation and to avoid the strong-arm dictatorship, one-party rule, and statism to which many of the African nations have succumbed. Although the Tsiranana government has used authoritarian methods and become increasingly centralized, an opposition party and opposition press still exist, and no Malagasy is now in prison for his political views. In the economic and educational domains, progress has indeed been made toward closing the gap between the backward coastal regions and the more advanced central plateaus, but the ethnic conflict that divides the Merina from the *cotiers* has widened since independence and remains the single greatest obstacle in the way of creating a Malagasy nation.

Racialism, condemned in certain countries as the alleged monopoly of Western imperialists, lies at the heart of Madagascar's political problem. The "Asian" Merina cannot forget that their ancestors once ruled in Madagascar, and they strongly resent the present political ascendancy of the *cotiers*. The Merina stress that it was they who offered the only real resistance to the French conquest and to the spread of a foreign language and culture that relegated their own to the background. Inevitably, it was the Merina who launched the nationalist movement born during the First World War and who inspired the revolt that broke out after World War II.

However, not the Merina but the coastal tribes bore the brunt of the harsh repression which followed the revolt of 1947. This naturally increased their antagonism.

Paralleling and intensifying this political, economic, and ethnic conflict is a religious one. Although the

Malagasy Christians are fairly evenly divided into Protestants and Catholics, the Merina, especially their urban upper classes, are the most staunchly Protestant, and the *cotiers* are mainly Catholics. The success of Protestantism was due to the early British missionaries who converted a Merina queen and her nobles, and the success of Catholicism to the French Jesuits, backed by the colonial administration, among the coastal tribes. By and large, the pro-French and Catholic coastal tribes form the backbone of the PSD (Social Democratic Party), which is now in power, whereas the predominantly anti-French, Protestant, Merina bourgeoisie of the Tananarive region are the leaders of the opposition AKFM (Party of the Congress of Independence).

Both parties contain elements that do not fall so neatly into the foregoing categories. Generally speaking, France's colonial administrators had a strong anticlerical bias that prevented them from giving their full support to the Jesuit missionaries, and many of the latter, far from endorsing the PSD, tried to create a third force in the country under the Catholic Malagasy leader Jacques Rabemananjara.

Tsiranana, the first President

To fill the political void that followed the suppression of the 1947 revolt, André Soucadaux, the Socialist governor of Madagascar in the mid-1950s, created the PSD, modeled after the French Socialist Party, the SFIO. To be its leader, he promoted Philibert Tsiranana, an obscure schoolteacher who had studied in France at Montpellier University. In addition to being a Catholic and a member of a non-Merina tribe, and not having been involved in the 1947 revolt, Tsiranana possessed other definite assets. He was a man of boundless energy and common sense, and his pro-French sympathies did not preclude his remaining in close touch with his own people.

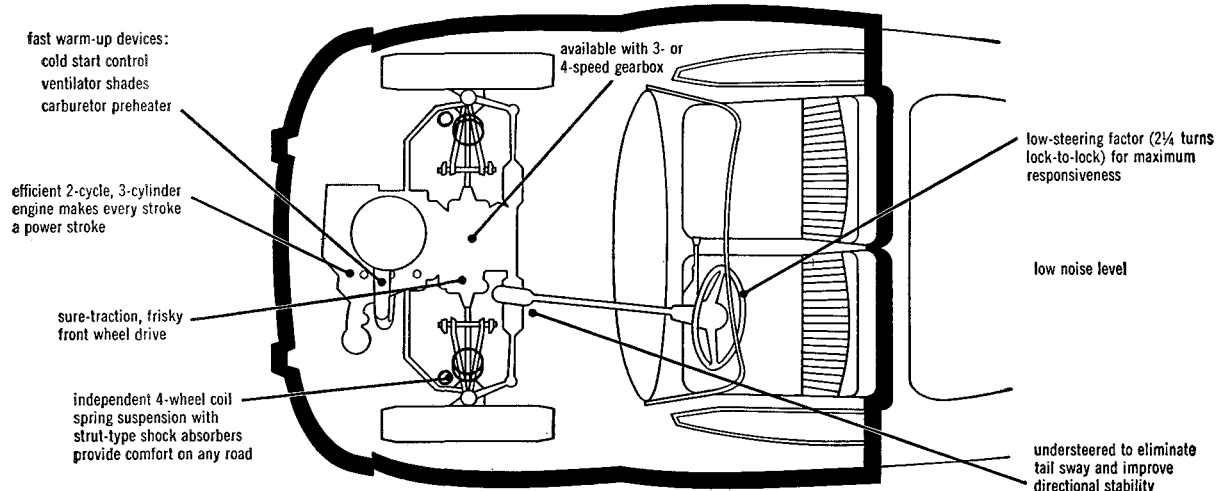
Thanks to his gifts and to the administration's backing, Tsiranana's political rise was meteoric. Elections held under universal suffrage for the first time, in 1957, brought the PSD to power. The next year Tsiranana became head of Madagascar's first autonomous govern-



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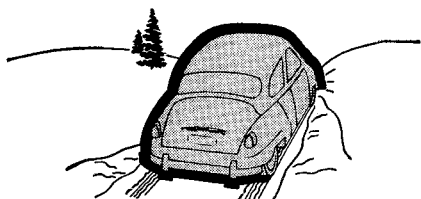
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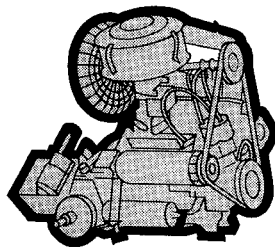
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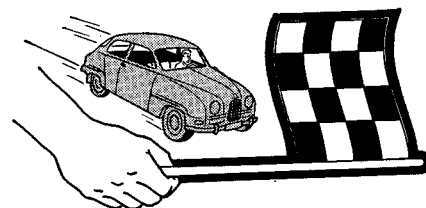
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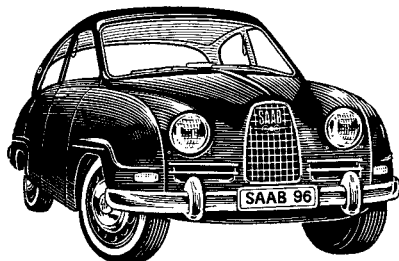
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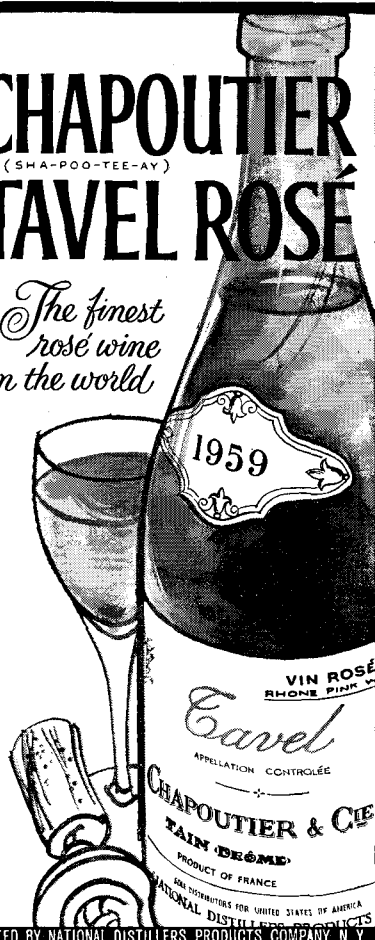


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Report on Malagasy

ment, and in 1959 he was chosen to be President of the republic. By mid-1960 Tsiranana had not only been successful in negotiating independence from France and a political amnesty, but had also persuaded two of the three outstanding leaders of the 1947 revolt to accept ministerial posts in his Cabinet.

This successful coup, however, was only the prelude to Tsiranana's far more difficult task of consolidating Madagascar's independence politically and economically. By inclination and by necessity, he wanted to maintain close ties with France. Madagascar's trade balance was persistently unfavorable, and though its internal revenues were increasing, its government still depended on French subsidies, not only to carry out its development program but even to meet operating expenses. Tsiranana enjoyed the confidence of General de Gaulle and was thus able to maintain the flow of French aid. This very success, however, as well as the fact that Tsiranana owed his initial political rise to French backing, laid him open to the charge of being a tool of Paris.

The left-wing opposition

The AKFM leaders were quick to accuse him of subservience to France, and on this ground they rejected Tsiranana's repeated appeals for national unity. Briefly, toward the end of 1961, it looked as if the deep rift between the Merina and *cotiers* might be bridged, for a number of dissident leaders gave their support to the President, even though not all of them joined the PSD. But the Merina could not bring themselves to accept rule by the *cotiers* and remained adamantly opposed to Tsiranana and his party.

In contrast to the PSD, which is a mass party with a claimed membership of 400,000, the AKFM is a party of cadres, about 20,000 strong. It is tightly organized into a pyramidal structure that reaches down to the village cell and is subject to strict party discipline. In both these respects, the AKFM follows the Communist pattern that has been set by its extreme left wing, a small group, some of whom received their training in the Eastern satellite coun-

tries. But the Merina nationalists have prevented the Communists from capturing leadership of the AKFM, and for the time being doctrinal disagreements between the Communist element and the Merina nationalists, as well as the rigid social divisions among the Merina themselves, are soft-pedaled

New industries

Thus far President Tsiranana has been able to pursue a middle-of-the-road policy that has inspired confidence among both the Malagasy masses and Europeans. Thanks to a favorable tax structure, new industries have been created recently in Madagascar, including a big sugar mill and two automobile assembly plants, and none of the big established French firms has left the island. The only sizable group that has pulled out are the settlers of Réunion Island origin, but many nationalists regard this as a good riddance because of those settlers' slight economic contribution to the country and their attitude of superiority toward the Malagasy.

All Malagasy, regardless of their party affiliations, would unquestionably like to see their country less dependent upon French subsidies and to extricate Madagascar's trade from the grip of the big French export-import firms and the 21,000 or so Indian and Chinese retail merchants. They would also like to break the hold of the Franco-Scandinavian combine on the island's shipping, which they consider responsible for the heavy freight rates that largely account for the high price of Malagasy exports. With reason, they assert that as long as such monopolies persist, it is useless for the government to create cooperative societies and price-support funds.

Aid from abroad

Madagascar receives small amounts of aid from the United States, the Common Market countries, Israel, and the UN Technical Mission, and a Bulgarian-Russian trade mission was in Tananarive for some months last year. However, none of these sources has as yet appreciably benefited the island's commerce. France has, for some years, bought Madagascar's coffee — which supplies 40 percent of the country's income — at higher than world prices, which no other country

has been willing to match. Thus far France, virtually alone, has been paying Madagascar's bills, supplying it with technicians, and — without exacting any visible quid pro quo — building its hospitals and schools.

Tsiranana is well aware that Madagascar produces nothing in quantity that the world really wants to buy, and that if he is given substantial aid from foreign sources it is not for economic but for political reasons which are subject to change. Repeatedly he has told his people that their only hope for economic independence lies in increased production. Probably his recent appeal for a strong army reflects his desire to arouse in his own people a sense of urgency, which they now sorely lack, as much as his desire to obtain more foreign aid. Widespread apathy and complacency and a passive sense of frustration are the real enemies of Madagascar, not revolutionary violence or invasion from abroad.

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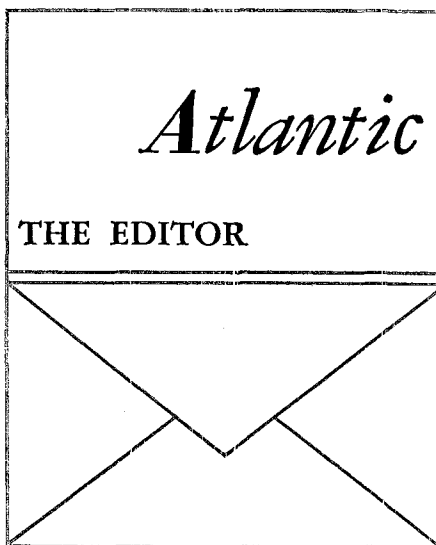
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



How not to teach teachers

SIR:

James D. Koerner's article "How Not To Teach Teachers" (February *Atlantic*) was long overdue. As a teacher who suffered the boredom of education courses, I would only change one item in his article; the percentage of water in the courses should be increased to 90, from his high of 75. I have met teachers from various parts of the nation and have yet to meet one who did not agree with this statement.

Last year two student teachers from a highly respected school of education learned their geography from the lessons I gave my ninth-grade classes. The course at their school was, they said, inadequate.

DAVID GALERSTEIN
Little Neck, N. Y.

SIR:

Inviting James D. Koerner to write about modern teacher education is like asking Mao Tse-tung to write about the virtues of politics in Nationalist China.

I am surprised and mystified: surprised at the poor editorial judgment of the *Atlantic* editors and mystified that the *Atlantic*, so intelligently liberal (if you please) on most subjects, stands foursquare behind reaction in the field of education.

MARSHALL O. DONLEY, JR.
Silver Spring, Md.

SIR:

Absolutely the worst comment one can make about James D. Koerner's article is that it is indisputably true. With due respect for the minority of intelligent, conscientious primary- and secondary-school teachers, I

think the great majority — these not very bright, highly unimaginative, but nevertheless good, well-intentioned individuals — spend more time minding their students than they do instructing them.

A good share of the blame rests with the colleges of education, where the only qualification an instructor may have is his own lack of a genuine education. The terrible shame of this whole business, besides the obvious fact that ignorance seems to beget more ignorance, is that many good freshman minds are daily being dulled by professors who themselves were products of glorified coffee klatches with course titles. I have seen theses of graduates in education which were only slightly more sophisticated than the scrapbooks of the first graders that one day they may teach. Furthermore, education professors misuse the term "philosophy" so flagrantly that the innocent might conclude that he could purchase one in a hardware store. Graduate courses in education generally consist of the warmed-over, personal reminiscences of an ego-starved instructor and a few well-executed backslapping sessions. The phony professionalism of education instructors and administrators is not only detrimental to education, but it is ludicrous for any sensitive member of the academic community to witness.

Though I am thoroughly convinced that Mr. Koerner's suggestions are realistic and reasonable, I have the cynical feeling that attempts at reform will be like trying to move a pile of sand with a toothpick. I shudder in anticipation of Mr. Koerner's detractors, whose letters,

no doubt, will be written in the customary meaningless jargon worthy only of a character in one of Ionesco's plays.

DONALD H. STRASSER
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Ill.

SIR:

Dr. Koerner's attack is the shotgun technique. Attack everything in generalities. But before he attacks the teaching of teachers certain ground rules should be set up, and these should include: (1) a discussion of aims, (2) a discussion of techniques, and (3) a discussion of motives. The aims of the school of education are those which produce persons who are committed to the transmission of our Western heritage, and to the inculcation of certain factual material, plus the techniques of good social living. The techniques of education are based upon its philosophy and psychology of education — namely, the education of the whole child; thus the lecture method is obsolete because of its obvious limitations, and the discussion method (let him examine what St. John's of Annapolis has done with the discussion method) plus field trips, and so forth, are utilized. The motives of most teachers are to reach young people in such a manner that enthusiasm is aroused for learning.

ROBERT T. FISHER, Ed.D.
Professor of Philosophy and Psychology
California State College
California, Penn.

SIR:

I wish to congratulate you for publishing Dr. Koerner's excellent



Good-bye BUTterfield, for digitize we must. Rand McNally, as a printer of telephone directories, naturally feels a pinch of sentiment as All Number Calling seems destined to banish forever familiar old exchange names like BUTterfield, PENnypacker, and KLondike. But Rand McNally is alive to the world's changing pace—a leader in specialized commercial printing and in book manufacturing for other publishers.



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article. He has said it all. And said it with more bite than we teachers say it every day in our lounge.

The certification officer says I need six more hours in education. What for? I already have eighteen. I am responsible for 8500 volumes in my own library and for 1500 in the new public library (temporarily housed in mine), and I need to know these books and to know what to do about them. Consequently, I am taking six more hours in library science. The certificate I will get will be another "provisional," which is not as good as the "standard." This does not bother me, because I will still be allowed to teach and will (in my eyes) have won a slight victory over the educationists.

MRS. FLORENCE HASCALL
South Portland High School
South Portland, Me.

SIR:

Here is a first principle for critics of education: You get just about what you pay for, or less. If you want excellent teachers, pay them ten or fifteen thousand dollars instead of five or seven, and don't hire unqualified applicants. If you really think the education of our youth is important, be willing to pay the price.

DAVID E. GEIKIE
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

It is regrettable that James D. Koerner in his two-year study of teacher education apparently failed to devote adequate time visiting public elementary and secondary schools, where teacher training results and needs are plainly evident.

Anyone acquainted with pedagogical techniques and practices realizes that Einstein probably would have had a difficult time teaching third-grade arithmetic. Remember, he also would have had to assume responsibility for grammar, social studies, spelling, reading, writing, playground duty, lunch duty, and so forth.

American children are receiving a better education today than ever before in history — a fact of which most educators are justly proud. It is unfortunate that those who tend to criticize public education are generally unaware of its basic purposes and responsibilities.

JOHN G. THOMPSON
St. Claire Shores, Mich.

The Indiana dunes

SIR:

The Save the Dunes Council and conservationists everywhere, as well as the rest of U. S. citizenry, owe the *Atlantic* a debt of gratitude for publication of "The Indiana Dunes and Pressure Politics" by William Peeples (February *Atlantic*).

While eighteen United States senators from a solid belt of states from the Atlantic coast to the deep Midwest were co-sponsoring the dunes measure filed by Senator Douglas; while Congressman John Saylor was introducing a companion bill in the House; while Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas was telling an Indiana congressional group in January that the dunes "are a priceless heritage"; while all this was going on, what was Indiana Governor Matthew Welsh saying, as he went about his business trying to fill political commitments at Burns Ditch? "This [the Save the Dunes effort] is a well-organized, well-financed program of calculated misinformation. . . . The main direction of it comes from Chicago. . . . It masquerades under several front names and has stooped to ruthless distortion of facts."

We are more than happy to let the governor's words establish for him his niche in Hoosier history as a "benefactor" of man's deepest needs.

THOMAS E. DUSTIN
Save the Dunes Council
Chesterton, Ind.

SIR:

If Senator Douglas from Illinois is so genuinely interested in saving the dunes of Indiana, where has he been all these years while the dunes have been quietly going to pot? Although he may be sincere, we Hoosiers consider it suspicious that his sudden interest in conservation for the state of Indiana flared up when the Chicago area might find competition from an Indiana port.

JANALYCE ROULS
West Lafayette, Ind.

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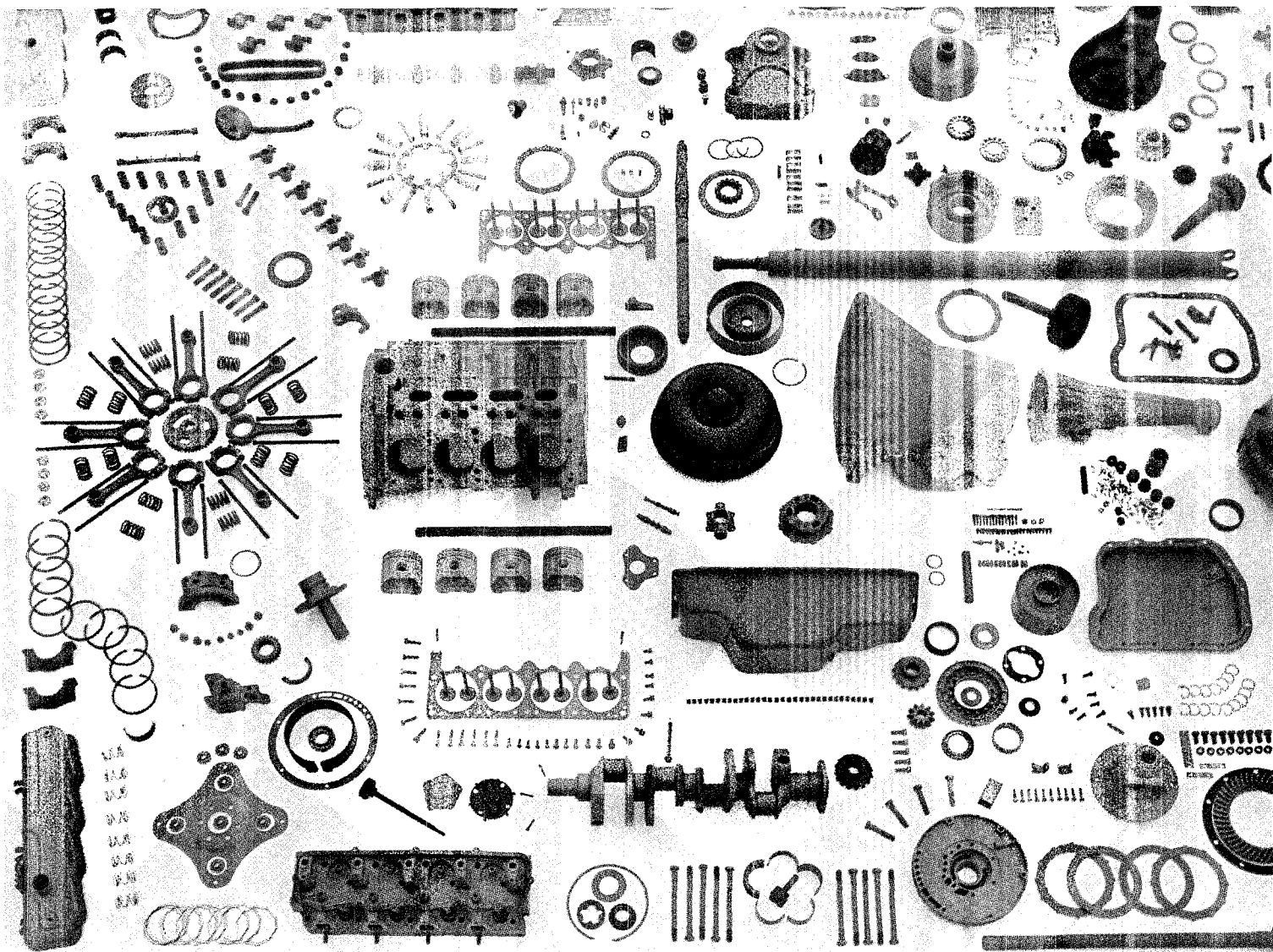
As modern technology makes the world smaller, the need for understanding between peoples grows more pressing. But the barrier of language still hinders our efforts to communicate with each other. Even today, only a small fraction of the world's information ever passes beyond the frontiers of its original language.

How can we broaden the flow of information from one language to another? One answer may lie in the growing versatility of computer technology. For instance, a tech-

nique for automatic translation is now under development at IBM. Russian, French, and Chinese technical literature has already been translated into English at electronic speeds. The recent success in translating technical Chinese—a language that has no alphabet—indicates that all languages eventually may lend themselves to automatic translation.

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LABOR'S WELFARE STATE

The New York Electrical Workers

BY A. H. RASKIN

Labor throughout the nation is haunted by the twin specters of automation and unemployment. In a series of articles, A. H. RASKIN of the New York TIMES will examine the leadership of our major unions and the forethought with which they are planning for the future. Mr. Raskin has been a staff member of the TIMES for thirty years, specializing in the labor-management field. In World War II he received the Distinguished Service Medal for his contributions to the army's labor relations program, and his journalistic honors include the Sidney Hillman Memorial Award, the George Polk Award, and the Page One Award of the New York Newspaper Guild.

THE onsurge of automation has pushed American unions into a fretful, often floundering search for new economic approaches and a rekindled sense of mission. Long strikes in some key industries and shrinking union rosters in others testify to the arduousness of the transition. They also underscore how overwhelmingly labor's future strength and influence are bound up with its ability to respond imaginatively to the revolutionary challenges of changing technology.

One of the few unions that seem to know where they are going in this period of rudderlessness for most of labor is Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. This local, once an enclave of highly skilled New York construction electricians, as rigidly ingrown as any medieval craftsmen's guild, is now the operator of an industry-financed welfare state that supplies cradle-to-grave protection for the families of 30,000 members in fields ranging from the electrification of the 1964 New York World's Fair to the manufacture of lampshades.

Local 3 has made itself the torchbearer in labor's drive for a shorter work week as an antidote to automation-bred unemployment. In fact, with an exuberance characteristic of its leader, Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the local has got so far ahead in the march toward an abbreviated work schedule

that even the AFL-CIO is uncertain whether it should be more appalled than enthralled over the pace of Local 3's achievements. This ambivalence arises from Local 3's success last year in establishing a basic five-hour day and twenty-five-hour week for 9000 electricians in its construction division — the shortest work week ever negotiated by any American union.

The local's breakthrough evoked expressions of horror from the employers, normally warm admirers of Van Arsdale for his cooperation in promoting industrial efficiency, and from labor's friends in the Kennedy Administration. The President, whose picture, autographed "With My Very Best Wishes," sits on a ledge behind the union chief's desk, voiced regret. A comparable frostiness marked the reaction of most of labor's upper echelon. The essence of all the complaints was the same: Local 3's new standard would simply generate more overtime work at premium pay and thus make construction costs so high that it would kill jobs, not create them.

Unperturbed by his isolation in this ocean of censure, Van Arsdale has spent much of his time since the eight-day strike that led to the bobtailing of hours admonishing his own members to hold down the wage bill as a means of demonstrating that the shorter work schedule is a practical device

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for spreading employment. "It's up to us to make this thing work," is his endless preachment. "It's not right for a union to barge in and win something and then say, 'That's it.'" The electrical contractors have not got over their dismay, but they acknowledge that the union has moved so vigorously to implement its cost-containment pledges that the extra payroll burden is short of their initial fears.

One novel instrument for spurring more such economies is an Office of Impartial Review, established by Mayor Wagner at the joint request of the union and the contractors after the strike, the first interruption of peaceful relations in a quarter century. The office's function is to conduct a continuing inquiry into the industry's labor-management practices, productivity, and costs to determine how well the public interest is being protected. In effect, it acts as watchdog for the eight million New Yorkers whose welfare is inevitably affected by the price of residential, office, and industrial building.

This is a concept without precedent or parallel in any of the construction trades, where collusive arrangements between unions and employers are often so institutionalized that any notion of public accountability seems to be alien to both sides. Theodore W. Kheel, a nationally known arbitrator whom the mayor appointed to direct the new office, envisages its significance this way: "For the first time a union and its industry have said, 'Let's have an impartial agency review every aspect of our joint relationship to see whether the public is getting value for its money or whether it is being robbed.' The whole aim is to make sure that the labor-management agreement works for the benefit of the community as well as the parties. This is an unusual concept in American labor relations — a concept of incalculable potential."

If the Office of Impartial Review does become a trailblazer in guaranteeing that the public can look forward to something besides the privilege of paying higher prices as its stake in collective bargaining, it will be one more in an imposing series of innovations that have made the relationship between Local 3, its members, and its employers a source of wonderment to university professors and labor delegations from many parts of the world. The diversity of its membership services, the extent of rank-and-file involvement in its affairs, and its concentration on unionism as a two-way street, in which the worker must give more if he is to get more, make the local a way of life.

Its educational centers, capped by a 314-acre estate that used to be a millionaire's summer playground at Southampton, Long Island, would excite the envy of many a college president. Men who were once satisfied to spend their spare time

in diligent perusal of the racing form now enroll for courses intended to sharpen their critical faculties and to acquaint them with the classics.

The union newspaper has a regular feature extolling New York as "A City of Noble Culture" and urging the electricians to visit such esoteric haunts as the Morgan Library, the New York Historical Society, or the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park. A program now under arrangement with the city's great art museums will bring touring art exhibits into the cafeterias of electrical factories and maintenance shops. Van Arsdale, an alumnus of Hell's Kitchen whose education ended in the second year of high school, is himself a director of Carnegie Hall and of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

The accent on culture extends to the children, from arts and crafts for union-sponsored Cub Scout troops to college scholarships for the sons and daughters of Local 3 members, which total \$250,000 each year. The union has its own miniature West Point — a training center at Columbia University for potential leaders, who serve an apprenticeship of their own by helping to instruct their fellow unionists in the fundamentals of municipal, state, and federal government.

ALL this recognition that man does not live by bread alone does not, of course, obscure the Van Arsdale welfare state's awareness that bread also has its place. There is nothing ethereal about the benefits provided by the Joint Industry Board, the instrumentality created by the union and the contractors to administer an ever-expanding range of welfare plans.

Retired members receive pensions of \$220 a month, including Social Security. They get an additional payment of \$100 a month from a special annuity fund — a payment that will rise to \$125 after July 1. The extra cushion is the result of an idea Van Arsdale had ten years ago to ease the bite that taxes took out of the pay increases his electricians were receiving.

Deciding that what was good for Wall Street might also be good for his members, he borrowed a leaf from the deferred income plans corporate tycoons often adopt to set aside money for the years when both their earnings and their tax rates will be lower. He proposed that the union take the money it would otherwise have gotten in the form of higher wages for 1954 and invest it in a trust fund for the payment of annuities and death benefits. The members approved the switch, and the employers now pay \$4.00 a day into what amounts to a personal savings account for each worker.

Interest-free loans as high as \$10,000 help mem-

bers buy homes, cooperative apartments, or automobiles. The union-industry team put up a \$24 million cooperative housing development of its own in Queens, and a \$4.5 million annex for use as a union medical, dental, and recreational center is nearing completion. The range of other services is extensive enough to fill two books. To these the local has added a complex web of civic, national, and international activities that spreads the interests of its members from Brooklyn to Bangkok.

That the world would ever become part of Local 3's backyard would have seemed unthinkable in October, 1933, when Van Arsdale was inducted as its business manager and chief executive officer. Both he and the local had plenty of rough edges in that Depression year. Hoodlums identified with the Lepke-Gurrah gang were seeking to muscle into the building trades. They entered into a marriage of convenience with Communist elements, and their efforts to seize control of Local 3 grew so strenuous that chairs had to be banished from the meeting hall lest they be used as weapons.

A series of shootings, attempted kidnappings, and bloody battles in the union headquarters led the Van Arsdale faction to appeal to Frank P. Walsh, a New York counterpart of Clarence Darrow, for advice. "You have only two choices," was his prompt response. "One is to get revolvers and try to shoot it out with the underworld. You're not equipped for that. That means you have to call in the police, no matter how little you may like 'yelling cop.' But when you do call them in, be sure your own house is clean because that is the first place they're going to look."

Walsh's counsel was hard to swallow for reasons that went beyond the atavistic abhorrence of any old-line craft union for embroiling the police or the courts in its internal problems. A more compelling deterrent was the knowledge that the mobsters had strong political influence in the police department and that many supposed upholders of the law were on their payroll. "When we went to the cops, we could never be sure they wouldn't kill us themselves," recalls Denis J. Crimmins, then a business agent of Local 3 and now executive secretary of the J.I.B.

Bluecoats mixed with blue collars in such numbers at the monthly meetings that Van Arsdale finally went to the police commissioner and arranged to furnish union membership cards for a plainclothes detail so that the sessions would be stripped of some of their police-state flavor. The civilizing process was neither swift nor painless, but Van Arsdale finally effected it with the help of a Committee of One Hundred he recruited inside the local to outfox and outfight the coalition of Communists and crooks.

At a caucus just before one crucial membership meeting, Van Arsdale kept repeating, "Tonight we've got to be on our toes." After he had said it for the tenth time, a bull-voiced aide shattered the tension by shouting, "What the hell are we, ballet dancers?" That was the nearest approach to humor anyone remembers from the reformation era in Local 3.

Van Arsdale was inexorable in his assault on the favoritism and petty corruption that had become entrenched in the organization's day-to-day patterns — patterns that are still far from eradicated in other branches of the building trades. He abolished the ironclad job control once exercised by cliques operating behind a facade of fraternal and religious clubs. No closed shop was ever tighter than the monopoly position these clubs used to hold in filling jobs for the city's most important contractors. Now a rotary hiring system is maintained with special preference excluded.

Payoffs to business agents went into the discard, along with the private deals that usually accompanied the under-the-table payments. Van Arsdale required all his business agents to submit undated resignations, invocable at his pleasure, and he put dates on more than one in the turbulent early years.

One large contractor mentioned casually in a conversation with Van Arsdale that he had bet a business agent that he could not bend a length of pipe with his bare hands. The stake was a suit of clothes, and the unionist won the bet. Van Arsdale listened without expression, then observed in his blandest tone: "I'm glad you think so much of that fellow; I know you'll be happy having him work for you."

"What do you mean?" the employer asked.

"Well, he certainly can't work for me," was the rejoinder.

The mandate against accepting anything of value from a contractor applies even to contributions for charitable causes. The union responds to a broad list of philanthropic appeals made through industry committees headed by employers, but it forbids its own officials to serve as fund-raising chairmen or guests of honor at events at which employers are asked to make contributions. Recently Van Arsdale dressed down a business agent who had made an appeal within his branch of the electrical industry in behalf of the Cerebral Palsy Fund. "The only thing that prevents me from firing you on the spot," Van Arsdale declared, "is that all the donations were made by check in the fund's name. See that every check is returned, and don't ever do it again."

This allergy to any taint of conflict of interest goes hand in hand with an uncommon receptivity to all measures to cooperate with the industry in

wiping out featherbedding and promoting higher productivity. Through all the three decades of his leadership, he has wrapped the union's ability to deliver improved standards for its rank and file in a simple equation: "You produce more, and I'll get you more." This is a particularly heretical thesis in the construction trades, where resistance to technological change and to increased work loads is general.

Van Arsdale's espousal of productivity as the highway to better wages and working conditions has been translated into seminars on efficiency to instruct his members in the use of power-driven tools and to spur them to cooperate in cutting costs by eliminating waste time. A contest with cash prizes was organized to encourage the electricians to invent new tools and new methods. Loafers were weeded out. So were workers who showed too little concern about quality or regular attendance. Recently the union's record of performance on the efficiency front came up for review by Efreim A. Kahn, head of the principal contractors' association, and Kheel, the mayor's representative in evaluating the industry's practices.

"I don't know of two other union leaders in the building trades who have the same constructive attitude toward productivity that Van Arsdale has," Kahn commented.

Kheel stared at the ceiling reflectively, then said, "I'm damned if I can think of one."

IT WAS precisely because Van Arsdale had always been such a zealot in the cause of increased efficiency through timesaving technology that the industry reacted with pained surprise when he called the strike for the shorter work week in January of last year. True, he had begun giving notice many months before that his prime contract goal would be to foster a full employment economy and to guard against future joblessness by reducing working hours.

But the employers discounted this as merely the opening gun in a long-range educational campaign tied in with the national drive of the AFL-CIO for a thirty-five-hour week. After all, the New York electricians already had a basic thirty-hour week — a full ten hours less than the standard fixed in the Federal Wage-Hour Act as the statutory jumping-off point for overtime pay. The thirty-hour schedule had been established by Local 3 in 1936, when the Depression had taken such a heavy toll of job opportunities for construction electricians that they were actually working only a three-day week.

Their situation in New York at the start of 1962

could hardly be considered comparable. Jobs outnumbered qualified workers to such an extent that the contract guaranteed five hours of overtime work at time and one half for each worker. Even that failed to liquidate the manpower shortage, with the result that 2000 union electricians had been brought in from other cities to augment the Local 3 crews. Looking past the fretwork of half-completed office and apartment buildings that laced the Manhattan skyline, the contractors could see no prospect that there would even begin to be a slackening in the construction boom anytime before the scheduled opening of the World's Fair in April, 1964.

On this basis the employers were confident that Van Arsdale would be responsive to their argument that the city's problem was not too many electricians but too few, and that the sole effect of reduced hours would be a chain of grief — inflated overtime charges, a crushing increase in building costs, and less work for everyone through a discouragement of new investment. They cited Van Arsdale's own accomplishments in converting technological progress into improvements for his members as the surest evidence that automation would mean further gains, not mass idleness.

Van Arsdale could not have been less impressed if he were wearing earplugs. He noted that nationally unemployment had been at a level of 5 percent or higher for several years and that nothing the government was doing gave any promise of keeping it from going up even more. He produced scholarly papers from a dozen sources to support his contention that robots would soon be doing most of the country's work, and he stressed his belief that the only time to build up effective safeguards against joblessness in his own industry was when it was enjoying its maximum prosperity.

The politeness he customarily affects in his talks with the industry was little in evidence. He rustled his newspaper and read while the employers sought to persuade him of the rightness of their stance. He engaged members of his own committee in endless private colloquies. He pulled bundles of benefit checks out of a portfolio and made a ceremony of signing them hour after weary hour. He brought in the head of the Nigerian Electrical Workers Union to address both sides, to the vast irritation of the captive audience of management negotiators. He interrupted the talks at the height of the walkout to go to New Jersey to lecture on adult education.

He conducted Operation Needle until the employer representatives felt punctured in a thousand places, but he was careful to shield the public from the strike's effects. He gave instructions that there was to be no blackout of streetlights or signs; he exempted construction work at Lincoln Center

and the World's Fair site from the walkout; he ordered Local 3 members to man the switches at all major building projects so that the general absence of electricians would not force all the city's 200,000 building tradesmen to quit work. The industry made a stab at one-upmanship by striving to bar the unwanted maintenance electricians, even though the union offered to make them available without pay. The result was such a spate of lawsuits and potential strife with all the building unions that employer resistance collapsed and Van Arsdale came off with the five-hour slash in hours, which had always been his real target.

Immediately he began turning on his own rank and file the same heat he had been focusing on the contractors. He went to large meetings and small, telling the men that it was up to them to demonstrate that a shorter work week and increased productivity were not mutually exclusive. Staggered starting hours and other changes of established work rules were authorized to hold down overtime. A reduced wage was established for work on small homes and on renovation projects. But the most startling change of all was a relaxation of the union's time-encrusted father-and-son membership limitation through the admission of 1020 new apprentices, the largest number in the local's history.

In the past, no one could get in unless he was the son of a member — a practice that kept out all but a handful of Negroes and Puerto Ricans. This time the selection of apprentices was put in the hands of a board headed by Dean Emeritus Harry J. Carman of Columbia College, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Urban League were among the groups specifically invited to nominate candidates. More than two hundred of those picked by the board were Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Interestingly, the announcement of their selection coincided with testimony before federal civil rights agencies that not one Negro apprentice was enrolled in all the building-trades unions of Washington, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Atlanta.

THE swelling of the apprenticeship rolls and the other steps taken by Local 3 to offset the cost of its abbreviated work schedule have persuaded many of the contractors that Van Arsdale is genuinely bent on "taking the curse" off his coup. However, that does not mean they are reconciled to his action, much less that they think it was a good idea. One ranking employer says, "I still think it was a bonehead play, but we are making out somehow. Often before what he asked sounded crazy, yet he always made it come out good not

only for his members but for us." Another employer takes an equally philosophical view: "It's like a marriage. We have our spats, but we can't hate one another after it's over. One thing about Harry, it's always better to deal with a bright man than with a dope. Harry is a man who understands our problems. He can see things from our viewpoint as well as his own."

What sort of man is Harry Van Arsdale, and what lessons does his local offer for a labor movement that is finding it increasingly difficult to attract new members or even to sustain the fervor of those it has? At fifty-seven he is a stocky, silver-haired man with hazel eyes, a bulldog chin, and a screechy voice that frequently achieves the insistence of a high-pitched foghorn. Unemployment haunted the household into which he was born in 1905, in the rowdiest section of Manhattan's West Side. His father, a member of Local 3, was out of work because of a thirty-three-month lockout instituted by the employers in a battle with the union.

The father-son tradition carried him into union membership at nineteen. A combination of shrewdness and toughness made him top man nine years later. It also kept him in trouble with the courts. He was convicted in 1933 on charges of wounding two members of an opposition faction in a shooting at the union offices, but the conviction was reversed on appeal. The same thing happened in 1941, when he was accused of inciting to riot in a picket-line clash.

The charges never depressed Van Arsdale. When a colleague visited him in jail and enjoined him to keep his chin up, his reply was crisp: "You fellows keep your chins up; mine'll never go down." The members were just as unperturbed by the court actions against their chief. One reason was their satisfaction at the promptness with which he had moved to root out the financial hanky-panky that had long been a scandal in the local. Soon after he took over, he put the issue baldly before his fellow officers. "Are we going to steal any money?" He took no for an answer, and instituted a system of financial audits for the membership so detailed that even the outlay for paper clips and drinking cups was itemized. The reports have been mailed out every quarter since 1934. It was not until 1947 that the Taft-Hartley Act established the first legal requirement for such reports by unions generally.

The meticulousness of Van Arsdale's stewardship extends to a refusal to use a multiple-signature pen or a machine to ease the burden of signing the thousands of bonds and benefit checks on which his name must appear. Every night, long after the staff has gone home, he lets himself into his office and spends an hour or two signing checks. One

Sunday night, shortly before midnight, Kheel made a despairing call to the office after having drawn a blank in efforts to reach Van Arsdale anywhere else. The union leader was at his desk, with several hundred checks still awaiting signature. When Kheel asked whether it was too late for him to stop in and discuss the *Office of Impartial Review*, the reply was, "Come on, and on the way would you mind picking me up a ham and cheese on rye and some milk?"

The man who was the prime mover in making "electrician's hours" an automation-age substitute for the concept once conveyed by "banker's hours" is no exponent of the shorter work week in his personal regimen. His work day usually starts with a breakfast conference at 8 A.M. and rarely ends before midnight. When he is in a hurry, he bounds into a taxi or rides on the back seat of a motor scooter owned by the editor of the union paper. He shuns the chauffeur-driven Cadillac that has become a status symbol in some union circles. His salary has just been raised from \$200 a week to \$225, the first increase in six years. He lives in a frame house in Ozone Park, Long Island, which he and his father built with their own hands shortly after Van Arsdale's marriage thirty-nine years ago.

The union he has fashioned is an organization of haves and have-nots, and the mark of his leadership is its cohesiveness. The construction electricians remain the foundation stone of Local 3, the source of its power, its resources, and its ability to pioneer, but they are now outnumbered more than two to one by the other groups Van Arsdale has brought in from manufacturing and miscellaneous branches of the electrical industry.

The construction craftsmen are the ones who scored the breakthrough on the shorter work week. Their straight-time hourly wage is just short of \$5.00 an hour, and their employer-financed benefits come to another \$1.25 or \$1.50. What they receive in fringe payments is roughly equal to the total wage of the members at the bottom of the local's pay ladder — workers in shops making lamps, shades, and cheap electrical fixtures. Van Arsdale capitalized on the shorter-hour drive in the building field to win a reduction from forty hours to thirty-nine for his lamp and shade makers. At the same time their hourly wage was raised from \$1.25 to \$1.40. The standard is still so far short of what the local considers a decent minimum that it represents the shade makers without taking anything from them in dues.

The organizing tide, dormant in most unions, still churns restlessly in the local. Its newest recruits are in the professional and white-collar groups. A two-year organizing drive resulted in the signing of a first contract in January for an

administrative division made up of 1000 engineers, estimators, draftsmen, accountants, bookkeepers, typists, and other inside employees of the electrical contractors. Some of the estimators and engineers earn double Van Arsdale's salary.

The union chief has such a sense of the importance to unions generally of a greater penetration of the white-collar field that he believes it is time to junk the traditional image of organized labor as an overalled worker with muscle flexed. He suspects that the union of tomorrow will have more of the aspect of the American Federation of Teachers or the American Newspaper Guild or his own administrative division.

Bill Darcy, a thirty-five-year-old construction electrician who serves as the division's organization director, was quick to shed the checked shirt and heavy brogans that are standard on building sites. He is dapper in starched blue and white shirt, black knit tie, and pearl tie tack. "This is a highly educated and articulate group," Darcy says admiringly. "They are not sheep who run with the pack. They have ideas, and they know how to express them. We guide them and they guide us. It should be a fruitful partnership."

THE local's special attraction for the administrative workers was the variety of its scholarship and educational programs. The proudest of these, the school for critical thinking, is quartered in a mansion so sumptuous that even its bathrooms have fireplaces. It is at Bayberry Land, the Southampton estate once owned by Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War in the Coolidge Cabinet and donor of the international tennis cup.

More than 6500 unionists have gone there in the last six years for week-long courses intended to teach them how to think. Each receives \$140 to offset his week of lost wages, and the Joint Industry Board foots all the bills for tuition and maintenance. The results have been so salutary in helping the members evaluate issues and get along better with other people on and off the job that Van Arsdale is hoping someday to convert the center into a full-fledged university. He also wants to build motel-type cottages on part of the rolling expanse and use them as convalescent quarters to which ailing members can go with their wives.

The employers have learned — at some expense — that Van Arsdale's ideas have a way of popping onto the bargaining table sooner or later. The chief management negotiator, Efrem Kahn, observes somewhat fatalistically, "In the old days whenever we balked at what seemed to us a wild idea, Van Arsdale would always say, 'You may be right; let's study it for a while.' It didn't take long

to discover that the study simply represented a period of adjustment for the contractors to get used to the idea. The softening-up period might last two or three years, but in the end everything we studied, he got. So we dropped the studies."

A disingenuousness as disarming as that of a bunco steerer has always been one of Van Arsdale's most effective negotiating tools. One year he attended a meeting with the contractors a few days after Thanksgiving. The conversation veered to the holiday, and all the employers boasted about the enjoyment the day had brought them. The union chief broke in with a rueful comment about how sad it was that their workers couldn't take the same pleasure from the occasion because they got no pay for the day. Out of the sheepish silence that followed came the introduction of paid holidays in the industry.

On another day Van Arsdale came to a meeting direct from a hospital where he had visited an electrician seriously injured when he toppled off a high structure at a Queens aluminum plant. The electrician's wife was in the same hospital having a baby when the ambulance brought him in. Suitable expressions of dolor came from all the employers, and Van Arsdale promptly proceeded to turn them into cash. Wouldn't it be nice, he asked, if that man could look forward to a full week's pay for all the time he was in the hospital? The upshot was a new benefit under which a member badly hurt on the job now receives his wages for as much as fifteen weeks of hospital confinement — all this in addition to his regular workmen's compensation payments and hospitalization.

No union is closer to its members and their families. It even has its own permanent district organization, with regular monthly meetings in every state assembly district and with a special course conducted by Cornell University for the district chairmen and secretaries. The place where the togetherness theme shows up most assertively, however, is at Electchester, the union's cooperative housing development. Nearly half of the 2200 families in the neat red-brick apartments have ties to the union.

The construction electricians contributed their labor free on two units, including one built primarily for occupancy by members in the union's low-wage divisions. The carrying charges average \$15.87 a month per room, with utilities thrown in, and it is the only New York cooperative that provides what amounts to a rent forgiveness out of surplus funds at the end of each year. The rebate of roughly half a month's rent is made possible because the unionists do so much of the maintenance and gardening themselves. This self-help also has made it possible to supply new refrigerators and stoves without higher charges to the

tenants. The president of each of the four housing corporations used to be an employer. However, the contractors decided their investment was being so well administered that they have dropped out in favor of members of Local 3. Van Arsdale is still treasurer of all the corporations. "It's about time for me to get out," he confesses, "but I don't want them to get careless about spending money."

THE degree to which the local and its leader have emancipated themselves from the insularity that once caused them to boycott all electrical equipment made outside the metropolitan area is perhaps evidenced most arrestingly by the preparations they are now making for work on next year's World's Fair. At New York's last Fair, in 1939, foreign governments with pavilions in the "World of Tomorrow" grew so incensed over union demands for the hiring of standby electricians and the rewiring of intricate displays of native handicraft that they threatened to withdraw.

Even though Van Arsdale insists that the complaints were "vastly exaggerated," he is trying to prevent excesses this time. In cooperation with the contractors, he has been hammering away at the Fair Corporation and the exhibitors on the urgency of getting work started early enough to avoid an extravagant pileup of overtime just before the opening next April. However, deadline-itis is so chronic an affliction in the planning of such expositions that no one seriously believes the work will begin in time.

The precaution the union hopes will prove more reliable is a special training course in exposition wiring it inaugurated eight months ago at the Coliseum. No one will be permitted to work as an electrical foreman or union steward at the Fair unless he has received a certificate of completion for the course. The emphasis is on courtesy as well as technical skill, and the electricians are specifically admonished not to make individual interpretations of the wiring rules, a major source of abuse last time. Jurisdictional strikes are also taboo.

The big question is whether the shorter work week will not undo all the union's endeavors to prevent gouging. The employers, who are co-operating in sponsoring the training course for Fair electricians, say bleakly that they expect to be slaughtered for lack of men in the twelve months between now and the Fair opening. They repeat their warnings of a year ago that everything will have to be put on an emergency footing, with astronomic overtime charges.

The local is sure that if the exhibitors move with reasonable alacrity all work at and away from the

Fair can be done without exorbitance. It already discerns some signs that the volume of general construction in the city is tapering off. From July of last year, when the curtailed work schedule became operative, until September, almost half of the electricians had to work two hours of overtime every day, instead of the one guaranteed by the contract. This meant they were putting in the same thirty-five-hour total they had had under the old timetable, but getting twice as much overtime pay as before.

However, in December and January things got so slack that 645 electricians were laid off altogether. Almost all of them were out-of-town unionists who returned to their own communities. While they were on their way back fifty-two locals in as many cities were notifying Local 3 that they had men in need of New York jobs. Van Arsdale takes this prevalence of unemployment among electricians elsewhere, plus the continuing high rate of general unemployment, as proof of the correctness of his basic contention that jobs are drying up and a shorter week is imperative.

The antipathy the Kennedy Administration has invariably expressed toward all pressure for a general cut in hours has reinforced Van Arsdale's latent hostility toward government interference in labor-management affairs. This is a renewal of the tug of war that constantly seems to rage between his itch for respectability and a rebel spirit that pulls him toward the barricades. The cloth-cap side of his character emerges with particular clarity in big strikes — his own or anyone else's. The more public sentiment rises against the strikers, the more he rallies to their support.

When the longshore and newspaper strikes were casting dismal shadows over New York's economy this winter, he invited the leaders of both walkouts to a Local 3 meeting and got membership approval for \$10,000 donations to their war chests. The burden of the speeches was that government always stepped in on the side of the bosses — replays of talks that might have been delivered at a Pullman strike rally when Grover Cleveland was ordering federal troops out to move the mails. Van Arsdale's personal contribution was a suggestion that the government's energies could be better used in curing unemployment and poverty than in meddling in strikes.

Despite such occasional surges into the time-worn clichés of class conflict, Van Arsdale spends hundreds of hours in off-the-record endeavors to assist top federal, state, and city peacemakers in ending tie-ups in vital industries. As president of the AFL-CIO Central Labor Council, he is chief spokesman on political and legislative matters for

New York City's one million unionists. As befits a labor potentate of such stature, he is careful to maintain correct diplomatic relations with ranking officials of both parties, and they are equally careful to respond in kind.

Just by way of demonstrating that he is not in anybody's vest pocket for 1964, Van Arsdale broke away from the Democratic line last year to endorse Governor Rockefeller and Senator Javits. He made it plain that he felt labor could never expect any consideration from the Republicans if it blackballed them all, regardless of their records or the caliber of their opponents. In municipal politics he is a staunch supporter of Mayor Wagner. He organized an anti-boss Brotherhood party to back the mayor when he was bucking the old-line Democratic machine in 1961, but the party did so poorly at the polls and the anti-boss spirit at city hall has proved so evanescent that the venture into independent political action may be quietly buried.

In any event, Van Arsdale is not one who puts any trust in public officials in New York, Albany, or Washington when it comes to union gains or losses. "I feel sorry for any union that has to depend on politicians to win its battles," is his credo. "When you've got organization, they can't hurt you. Without it you're dead."

Confident that he has the right kind of organization, Van Arsdale is already ticking off new ideas for meeting the human dislocations of technological change through collective bargaining. He sees automation ushering in a new type of eight-hour day — four hours of work and four hours of formal study in colleges or adult education centers. Retirement at fifty-five is another instrument on his horizon as a means of ensuring that machines will not close out job opportunities for the millions of youngsters cascading into the job market.

He has a thought or two for the benefit of the employers. Why, he wonders, would there not be merit in a scheme to pay "undertime" to workers who upset manning schedules by failing to show up without good cause or advance arrangement for a qualified substitute? This impresses him as having as much equity as the payment of overtime premiums for work beyond the regular daily schedule. The undertime would provide a lower rate, with the savings going to the boss or to the welfare fund. How soon, if ever, any of these ideas will tumble onto the bargaining table, no one can be sure. But the employers' past experience with Van Arsdale's nimble mind makes them skeptical that an idea, once lodged, will ever be completely forgotten.

Mr. Raskin's next article will deal with "John L. Lewis and the Mine Workers: Skeleton of a Union."

A TRY FOR THE NEW YORKER

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

In his search for an assistant genius for the NEW YORKER in its early years, Harold Ross would try anything once. CHARLES W. MORTON, the associate editor of the ATLANTIC, was a news reporter on the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT when he became the subject of one such experiment. The article that follows is the second in a series of three.



AN ADVENTURE with Harold Ross and the *New Yorker* interrupted for me the gloomiest effects of the Depression in the winter of 1931-1932. The prestige of Ross's magazine, especially among newspapermen, was incalculable at the time: business was still declining; jobs at any old wage were impossible to get, once a man became unemployed; but the *New Yorker* was growing rich, as successful financially as it was in the wonderful new journalism that Ross had conceived for it.

I made few attempts — none that I can recall — to write for magazines in my first year with the *Transcript*, largely, I suspect, because I had a horror of rejection and I did not wish to add that possibility to the other aspects of a Depression day. My excuse at the time was the urgency of my work as a news reporter: much as I needed the extra money, I had to conserve my energies for the *Transcript*, although it was quite true that one of the great pleasures of an evening-paper job was the complete break-off, occupationally, at the end of an afternoon with the certainty that I need not give a thought to work until the next morning. I picked up an occasional \$10 for a column on some light subject for the editorial page, and this, I told myself, was bound to enlarge my reputation, even though the fee would do little more than provide a week's groceries. At Depression prices in 1930 and 1931, for a household of ten, our outlay for meat, fruit, and vegetables, bought quite

without stint but only after the fiercest haggling at the open-air market in Dock Square, was around \$12 a week.

Reviewing books for the *Transcript's* big Saturday edition was purely honorific; the stipend was the book and that was all. In my latter years there I acquired a minor treasure trove in the mystery stories that I reviewed for a department called "Rogues' Gallery," named, I believe, by C. B. Palmer, who was editing the Saturday magazine and who went on to greater things at the *New York Times*. The mysteries were great sport to review; anywhere from ten to twenty came in each week, and I unloaded them all, at fifty cents a copy, on a suburban bookseller who agreed with some reluctance to buy all that I brought him, without regard to quality. He was torn between the low price and the risk of being left with unsold copies of the poorer stories, for those were the brave days when publishers would not reimburse a bookseller for the return of any books that remained unsold, and the bookseller was that much more alert to the content of what he bought for his inventory. His failures went, not back to the publisher, but to a bargain table of his own, and my man came near balking at some of the shoddier specimens I provided. A few publishers were so mean-spirited as to rubber-stamp on the flyleaf "Review Copy," in the hope of preventing a resale; others pasted on the inside front cover, for

the same purpose, instead of simply folding it in, a slip containing information about the publication date and price. A reviewer dealt with such tactics by omitting to review the book and by lending it around among his friends. If times were tough for publishers, they were even tougher for the reviewer.

EXTRA money of any sort was scarce when David McCord suggested to me one day in 1931 that I ought to try out a light piece on the *New Yorker*. His own prose — witty, elegant, and original — found a ready market there. For me it was a heady idea, not only to be in print in such company but also to take in one of the supposedly big fees that Ross was paying, but I was sure the magazine was far beyond my capacities. McCord persisted in his encouragement: he would write Katharine White, who was Ross's editorial factotum; he would read the piece, if I wished, before I submitted it.

Still in its early years, the *New Yorker* was the most attractive vehicle in the world for a writer of comedy or light criticism. The risk for me, as I saw it — and, in retrospect, I believe correctly — was in sending down a dud or two, by way of beginning, and thus identifying myself, a writer of no status whatever, as a nuisance. Despite the need of money, I waited until a subject came to hand which seemed just about writer-proof; I wrote the article and with McCord's blessing sent it to Mrs. White.

I have forgotten the amount of the check which came with such marvelously unexpected promptness almost by return mail, with a pleasant note from Mrs. White. The fee was somewhere around \$70 or \$80, as I recall it, and I believe there were even some odd cents in addition, for these were the days when Ross was trying to be extremely businesslike — paying according to length, and no sloppy rounding off to the nearest fiver. But it was about two weeks' *Transcript* pay for some four hours of work divided between two evenings, and therein lies the tantalizing, plaguing, frustrating aspect of writing for a market: if that's all the time it takes and the fees are so good, why not do it more regularly? Ross once paid me \$500 for a piece, occupying a single magazine page, which I wrote in a short afternoon, but it was years before I had another subject that seemed to me right for his particular wants.

Anyone working for fees or commissions who is not a smashing success can have trouble in explaining this sort of predicament to his family and friends — perhaps even to himself — and all the more so when money is painfully scarce. The tendency is to reason that at the rate of \$100 or

so for an afternoon or evening of work, the writer has merely to apply himself in order to take in \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year, allowing of course for a day off every now and then, and if A won't buy it, try it on B.

My own failing was partly timidity and partly a genuine inability to enlarge my production, fees or no fees. The year 1931 brought me three more successes with the *New Yorker* — four offerings in all and four acceptances; but however welcome the money and the satisfaction of writing for Ross, I could not conjure up additional subjects for him.

So the score stood toward the end of the year, when it occurred to me to try out a parody of a feature which appeared from time to time in the "Talk of the Town" section of miscellaneous odds and ends, written by the staff and carrying at its end a composite signature, The New Yorkers. The recurring item that offended me was one of those ever so folksy little rambles in an obscure neighborhood of Manhattan, where the writer was always coming upon some quaint old business sign, which led to the discovery of an old family, or an old partnership, or perhaps just an old man, who had been engaged for god-knows-how-many years as a master in the craft of making meerschaum pipes, or riding crops, or bass viols, or footstools. Sometimes the subjects unearthed on these rambles were processors, like shad boners or binding restorers, but more often they were the patient, skilled, devoted, old-style makers of the finest handcrafted whatever-it-was money could buy.

My parody was simply based on the all too reasonable proposition that one of these shops was much the same as the next, differing only in the names of the principals and its location and in the nature of its great specialty. This being the case, the parody was written with blank spaces for these items, to be suitably filled in. The heading for it was a long blank, followed by a plural *s*. It concluded, as the *New Yorker* pieces seemed to do, with the names of celebrities who patronized the quaint old place. Lady Mendl was one, and General Pershing was another (he had one of the ———s with him in France). The last line of the piece I recall with some self-complacency. "The most expensive ——— they ever made was purple and gold, inlaid with ivory. It was for Battling Siki."

A writer's view of his own work is not necessarily trustworthy. I found a copy of the blanks piece a few years ago and reread it with enjoyment, as much, in fact, as I ever gained from a piece of my own. Yet I remember dissuading James Thurber, when he was sending the *Atlantic* chapters of *The Years With Ross*, from including in its entirety the *New Yorker* story that he had writ-

ten about the opening of the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, surely one of the least accomplished of his published writings, yet one which stood firmly in his mind as a high point in his career. At any rate, the blank piece is mislaid and no longer available for later judgments.

I put the parody into the mail. Several days went by, more of an interval, perhaps, than what followed my previous offerings. Then came a cautiously worded letter from Mrs. White: They would not be able to use the parody, but Mr. Ross would like to have a talk with me, to see me, in fact.

This was overwhelming news. No other work involvement of any kind could have appealed to me so mightily. A closer and more active relationship with the *New Yorker* seemed to hold every possibility that I could wish for: a great lift for my writing; money, certainly; and not least, the likelihood of an escape from the *Transcript*, its galling routines and diminishing wage.

The parody, in retrospect, did not belong in the *New Yorker*. There was no part of the magazine where it could have been accountable, without cumbersome explanations. It might have done very well in some other magazine, simply with the line, "With Apologies to the *New Yorker*," but I doubt that there was one which would have given this much recognition to Ross's thrusting new enterprise.

The two of my friends who knew most about the *New Yorker* were less enthusiastic than I had expected. Laurence Winship, then city editor of the *Boston Globe*, suggested that I was getting on well as a contributor and not to be in a hurry to make a change. Gluyas Williams, whose black-and-white drawings were as much in demand at the *New Yorker* as among newspaper syndicates, was sure that I should stay in Boston and keep on trying to write for Ross, and under no circumstances go to work in the *New Yorker* office. Neither Winship nor Williams could give me any clear reasons why I should be so cautious, and I think they were reluctant to discourage me by telling me the truth: that I should be venturing beyond my depth with an extraordinarily demanding and fastidious employer. They had at the same time, I think, too high a professional regard for Ross to be willing to blame him for what might happen to me. McCord thought it a great chance for me to get ahead in a hurry, and so did I. All I could see was the perfection of Ross's product from week to week. Nothing would have deterred me from seeking to become involved in it.

(Ross told me later of his great admiration for Williams. He was rejecting, he said, the advertising of a large company, because its copy was illustrated by a flagrant imitator of Williams' distinctive style.

Ross said he had tried repeatedly to persuade Williams to join the staff but that Williams refused to work in New York or be on anyone's staff. "He's one of these goddamn Bostonians," said Ross, with a kind of despairing approval.)

It was plain in any case that I ought to go down and see Ross. I believe it was Mrs. White who made the appointment, and it was as much for my convenience — or, rather, my necessities — as for Ross's: 9 o'clock of a Sunday night, at the *New Yorker* office, which meant that I could catch the *Owl* and be back at my *Transcript* desk punctually at 8:15 on Monday.

My wardrobe presented a rather narrow choice for such a confrontation: the shiny blue serge from Filene's Automatic Bargain Basement, or a rather daring *fantaisie* that I had bought for a ten-dollar bill at Max Keezer's, Harvard's celebrated second-hand man. This latter suit was a double-breasted affair which must have cost its initial owner a goodly sum. The cut was conservative, but the fabric was a one-of-a-kind importation, a rich green, flecked with brown in a diagonal weave, with an overplaid of large squares, picked out in hairline sky-blue thread — a country suit that sounds more alarming than it was. The coat was in good shape, although the sleeves were a bit short, but the great hazard to the wearer I discovered not at Max's but later on at home, when I happened to hold the trousers up to the light: the seat had worn gossamer thin. Through some miracle, no thread had let go in this cobweb-like area, but a stray splinter or even a sharp corner would wreck the whole project. It was nothing in which to lounge idly against *Transcript* furniture. I hoped it would hold together while more prosperous times caught up with me in New York.

I HAD no idea of what the scene would be at the *New Yorker* office of Harold Ross on a Sunday night at 9 o'clock. Working Sundays or working nights seems ordinary to anyone who ever worked on a morning paper, and I expected vaguely to find some degree of staff operation going on, with people pounding out copy on their typewriters and the general hubbub of production. The office hours and schedules of the place were wholly unknown to me. I think I assumed that if Ross were on the job at that hour, so would be his associates.

The day passed very slowly indeed. I had spent the night at the Shelton, at the time a sort of deluxe YMCA on Lexington Avenue. Its upper rooms afforded a wide view of the midtown skyline, and I mooned at the window for some time before turning in, sharpening an awareness that I was about to try to crack this neighborhood and

wondering if I were going to make it. I realized that I was striking the classic posture for the circumstance: the early crisis for the hero of a fiction work, surveying the battleground of his coming triumphs and perhaps singling out the ultimate penthouse or terrace apartment where he would eventually be living. It was corny, I knew, but I let it run on. When the immediate present seemed to warrant musings of such splendor, a man was reluctant to go to bed at all. By the time Sunday evening came I was in a fine old sweat.

Not a light showed in the windows of 25 West Forty-fifth Street when I walked by a good half hour before the time Ross had fixed for our meeting. A lifelong habit of being much too early was plaguing me, but I was afraid to present myself until 9 lest I interrupt some other engagement of Ross's.

The watchman got up from his desk in the dimly lit lobby and unlocked the street door for me at 8:55. He wrote my name and destination in his after-hours log. He believed Ross was in his office, but he did not seem sure of it, and I marveled at the stupidity of one who could be so uncertain of the whereabouts of such a tenant as Harold Ross. The man must be worse than illiterate, I thought.

The only light in the corridor where the watchman let me out of the elevator came through a transom over a door at the end. I began to think that I might have mistaken the arrangements, but I went on down the corridor and knocked. The door opened instantly, and there was Ross. He was obviously alone in the small, starkly furnished office. Aside from the watchman, I am sure there was no one else in the building but ourselves.

Ross looked neater, somehow, than I had been led to expect. His hair, reported as always standing up in all directions, was decently brushed. His rumpled dark suit was nondescript, and he looked like a man who gave no thought whatever to his clothes; he did not have to, and he was not interested, anyhow. His shoes, which were mentioned in all accounts of him, were in fact the high black shoes of the legend, with the upper part laced crosswise on hooks — a style which he subsequently abandoned. These impressions were gathered in the course of our interview, and I set them down simply for the record. I could hardly take them in at all, so instantly exciting, so arresting to me was everything about Ross: his words, his ideas, and the quick succession of emotions so visible in his extraordinarily mobile facial expressions. He was intense about everything and certainly one of the least long-winded of conversa-

tionalists. His manner to me was offhand and affable, and I immediately fell into the dangerous illusion that we had known each other for years and understood each other perfectly.

Although the *New Yorker* was growing and prospering, Ross began the conversation with an altogether gloomy recital of his problems, the lack of capable staff writers and assistants, his inability to cover all sorts of great subjects for want of the writer. For one story in particular that he was pursuing he could find no writer at all. "I'd get — for it," he said, naming a well-known woman novelist, "if she weren't such a squally old bitch." The idea of getting her had apparently just occurred to him, and, squally or not, he made a note on a memorandum pad.

Ross seemed so burdened by his troubles that I broke into a vein of reassurance. I had indeed read every issue minutely, and I was chattering away about what I felt to be the magazine's virtues and how various weaknesses might be shored up when I noticed Ross eyeing me intently. I paused. "Goddamn it," he said, "let me talk."

Of other statements of his that Sunday evening in the January of 1933 I can recall only two verbatim. One came in Ross's recollection of his own newspaper days, just before our entry into World War I, when he was beating his way East from Colorado as an itinerant reporter. "I worked on twenty-three papers in two years," he said. "If I stayed anywhere more than two weeks, I thought I was in a rut."

The main subject of the evening proved to be that Ross was offering me a job. This had seemed to me a probability, but I had thought there was a chance that he wanted to talk to me about my writing instead. Any sort of job with him was acceptable; I had never met anyone at all like Ross. He was insistent, to my surprise, that I regard it all as an experiment, a trial spin, and that I get a three months' leave of absence from the *Transcript* in case a permanent job was not warranted.

The leave of absence seemed absurd to me. I could see no likelihood of getting one at a time when employers welcomed almost any excuse to cut down the payroll. A job vacated was simply so much money saved; replacements lay in the misty future, when prosperity would somehow, of its own volition, return. But I could see no possible need of a leave; whatever work the *New Yorker* gave me, I was sure I could do. Ross simply did not realize how good I was.

Ross was firm about the leave. He knew a great deal more about himself and his wants than I did. He was not running a school in which promising young men were brought along and promoted; neither was he hiring anyone as an encouragement. A perfectionist all the way, he was looking

for a genius. He had three on the staff: James Thurber, E. B. White, and Wolcott Gibbs. These three could do just about any kind of work called for; they could do it quickly, brilliantly, each with an original resource of his own and all capable of satisfying Ross's exacting demands. They were the backbone of the staff that worked in the office. Ross had in addition such departmental writers and contributors as Alexander Woolcott, Robert Benchley, and Dorothy Parker. John Mosher, who reviewed movies each week, was an indispensable manuscript reader and editorial aide. Katharine White must have been the ideal editorial and administrative Number Two for Ross; I am not sure what her precise title was, but her influence and taste were felt in all matters, and she worked successfully with Ross throughout his career.

These were all people of great ability. It never occurred to me that I was being examined as their possible equal, but this was always in the back of Ross's mind when he hired anyone; the odds seemed against it, the evidence was none too heartening, but he owed it to his cherished magazine and to his own peace of mind to find out whether some great new forward stride might be forthcoming from the recruit. So, if I did not realize what was vaguely expected of me, Ross did. He did not wish to uproot a Massachusetts family and a man with a job and cast them adrift in New York at the darkest point of the Depression. None of this was clear to me at the time. But it did appear that the leave was essential. I said I would try to arrange it.

Ross seemed relieved. He proposed to pay me \$150 a week, which was almost four times my *Transcript* wage. That would be fine, I said. Our conversation ended at around 10:30. I would begin work two weeks later, provided, of course, I could have the leave of absence. Ross stood in the doorway as I went down the dark corridor to the elevator. His final utterance, shouted after me, seemed even more encouraging. "Goddamn it, Morton," he said, "I don't want a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week man. I want a three-hundred-dollar-a-week man!"

So infatuate was my frame of mind that I saw nothing of a warning in Ross's words. It would be a rather vertical rise for me, financially, I had to admit; in the several functions that I felt I could carry on, I could not think readily of a combination that would fetch any such salary. It began to enter, ever so slightly, my consciousness that I did not know exactly what I would be doing

to earn my \$150 a week, let alone \$300, but I boarded the *Owl* filled with self-esteem and putting aside any misgivings as silly, if not downright cowardly.

Henry Claus, the editor of the *Transcript*, listened amiably to my story at the office the next morning. I did not work directly for him, but his was the decision that counted, and I knew it would be futile to ask the city editor for a leave of any duration. He would have refused it for meanness alone, but Claus was a good editor and a good friend. Of course I should seize the opportunity, said Claus, and I was welcome to the leave. He knew perhaps better than any of us how badly the *Transcript* was faring; he would help a staff man into a better job, if he could, even though it might mean trouble and arguments for himself. The leave still seemed to me unnecessary, but Claus made the arrangements altogether painless. He said he would make it plain to the city editor.

As the interval before my departure went on, the question that friends kept asking me, and reasonably enough, began to haunt me: What will you be *doing* at the *New Yorker*? Ross had really given me no answer to that question, and I was so hopeful of the days ahead that the lack had not yet troubled me. It was when Karl Schriftgiesser told me the news staff was giving a farewell party for me that I felt the need, suddenly, of more precise job specifications. I had explained to everyone Ross's insistence that I was going on leave of absence and no more, but I think it was hard for any of us to believe that a *Transcript* man who had been offered a new job, in times like those, would not manage somehow to hang on to it. Even so, the possibility of returning in defeat, after setting out from a farewell party, was appalling. I begged Karl to call it off. This particular departure was not the right occasion for a party, I argued.

Excuses for *Transcript* parties were all too few; there was no way of stopping this one. The hotel business was in anything but an arrogant mood in the Depression days, and someone from the *Transcript* must have put the arm, so to speak, on the Parker House with much conviction, for the management laid on a fine buffet. There was quite good gin, more than we could drink; the party was great fun; and I very nearly lost my misgivings in the wave of good feeling and alcohol. I cannot remember whether the disliked city editor came to the party. My impression is that he was invited and came; but he was so steadfast a chiseler that I am sure no want of an invitation would in itself have kept him away.

(To be continued.)

FOUR PLAYS

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Novelist and playwright, WILLIAM SAROYAN launched his literary career in 1934 with the successful short story "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." Five years later he started his writing of plays with MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS, and the following year THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE won him the Pulitzer Prize. His new book, BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER, has just been published.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PUBLIC

(A television executive behind a big desk, and a writer in a chair beside the desk.)

EXECUTIVE. What are you doing these days?

WRITER. Writing.

EXEC. I see. So you want to write for television?

WRITER. I *have* written for television. I want the plays I have written to be *produced* on television.

EXEC. What kind of plays are they?

WRITER. Straight.

EXEC. What's that mean?

WRITER. True. They are plays written by a writer, by a playwright, by a dramatist, by *me*.

EXEC. They don't want plays like that.

WRITER. Who don't?

EXEC. People.

WRITER. Is that so?

EXEC. Yes, we have figures. We keep track.

WRITER. I see.

EXEC. Yes.

WRITER. Well.

EXEC. Nice chatting with you.

THE HANDSHAKERS

(The director of the stage play on stage and two actors.)

DIRECTOR. Let me perhaps have another look at that handshake, gentlemen, perhaps.

(The actors separate, stop, face one another, step forward, shake.)

DIR. I don't believe I like the way that goes. Something's lacking. Perhaps another try, gentlemen.

(The actors go through the business again, and from here on it is just a matter of their trying and trying, with the director talking about what they have done.)

DIR. No, it's not right. We want a handshake that *is* a handshake, and yet, for all that, it must carry the story forward. It must do something for the play. Again, gentlemen, perhaps.

(They try.)

You had something there that time, both of you, but there wasn't enough of it. Whatever it was you did, try more of that.

(*Again.*)

Too much, much too much, you tried too much, gentlemen, we're losing something: what is our play? The story of mankind. Very well then, gentlemen, a handshake — humanity meets itself perhaps, gentlemen.

(*Again.*)

That was not humanity meeting itself — that was two bums in the Bowery, gentlemen. Will you try a little harder perhaps please?

(*Again.*)

I'm afraid not — rather dainty, I thought. Out of order.

(*Again.*)

No, gentlemen. Perhaps I had better demonstrate.

(*Takes place.*)

Now, then.

(*He bounds forward, shakes hands.*)

But of course I can't be *both* of you. But perhaps you get the idea — meet, meet, meet — a momentous occasion — the meeting of mankind. Again now please, gentlemen.

(*Again.*)

Decidedly not, no, gentlemen, no. Again please.

(*Again.*)

DIR. No, it might have been a little better than the last one, but the last one was useless, and there is no use having something a little better than useless. That will get us nowhere. Well, then, rest a moment, please.

THE DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT

(*Doctor young, patient old.*)

DOCTOR. Well, now, sir, how are you?

MAN. Well, I'm sixty-nine years old now. Perhaps *you'd* better tell me how I am. I'm afraid I don't know.

DOC. Have you been feeling ill?

MAN. Not exactly, but I haven't been feeling exactly well, either.

DOC. Any specific symptoms?

MAN. Well, you know I'm married, the father of five grown children, all married with children of their own.

DOC. Yes, I know that.

MAN. Well, lately, more than ever, I mean, I have longings to get to young girls, and I mean *strong* longings.

DOC. Why not? I mean, why let that upset you? Why shouldn't you long to know beautiful girls?

MAN. I'm not satisfied just to long, and I'm not willing to actually try to get to the beautiful girls, which makes a problem.

DOC. Well, are there any possibilities? I mean, can you *get* to a beautiful young girl?

MAN. I don't *know* of any I can get to.

DOC. That's a problem we all have. Perhaps you will find one.

MAN. Is there some way I can do that?

DOC. It's been done, but I'm not sure *how* they do it.

MAN. I've got to find out.

DOC. I'd say you're in great shape.

MAN. I need a beautiful young girl, though.

DOC. So do I, I believe.

MAN. A young fellow like *you*, too?

priest in charge of the ashes was the man who had helped to steal them from the crematorium.

The Japanese press picked up the story in 1955, but the lawyers remained officially silent until 1958, the year in which the last of the remaining war criminals was freed from Sugamo Prison. The lawyers then assembled at a restaurant in Tokyo, announced their feat to the public, and began a search for a suitable memorial site. After some difficulty — the Japanese government refused them the use of national parks — the group decided on two and a half acres of land adjacent to a public park on Sangane Mountain. One reason for choosing this area, they said, was that it lay at the exact geographical center of Japan, a fitting spot for the last remains of seven national “martyrs.” This is a remote area, about two hours from Nagoya by train, bus, and cable car, well away from the main tourist routes of Japan. The tombstone was unveiled in July, 1960, after the remains of the seven had been brought from Atami to be placed beneath it. Few Japanese know of the existence of the memorial; no guidebook mentions it, no sign directs the traveler toward it, no souvenir shops line its entrance.

One might have expected that such a memorial would be built by fanatical ultra-rightists, but this was not the case. Hayashi Itsuro, spokesman for the group, was a well-known former president of the Japanese Bar Association, and he became familiar to many Americans through his role as defense counsel for Girard in 1957. Another prominent sponsor was Kiyose Ichiro, the Speaker of Japan's House of Representatives. One cannot be sure whether these lawyers were motivated by their desire to atone for their unsuccessful defense of the seven and purposely placed the memorial in a remote area away from the public eye, or whether they and their backers held darker designs for the distant future.

In the public park near the grave there is the usual refreshment shop serving noodles and tea to battered travelers from Nagoya. An inquisitive American whose first memory of Tojo was the caricature scribbled on the back of an arithmetic book during the war — the fatigue hat, the goggled eyes, the bristling mustache, the toothy, evil grin — tried to find out what the local people thought about the new memorial. Were the remains actually those of Tojo? “Of course they are real,” said an old man whose split-toed *jikatabi* and *happi* coat identified him as a park worker. “Otherwise such a monument would not have been built.” “Some of us doubt it,” grinned the middle-aged proprietor, who had probably seen combat action on some distant Pacific island, “but it brings us business, and we don't really care.” The best answer came from a toothless old woman

who was raking leaves outside. “If the people think they are real, then they are real,” she answered with quiet dignity. She had touched the heart of the matter.

WHAT are the feelings in Japan today about the men who planned Pearl Harbor and made the costliest mistake in Japan's history? It is dangerous to generalize about Japanese attitudes on anything; Japan is a nation of moods and cliques, and opinions are divided sharply by lines of age and experience. In general, however, it would appear that Tojo is still regarded with contempt or simply dismissed as another war criminal, not much different from the rest. The term *giseisha* (“martyr”), which appears on the tablet near the tombstone, is hardly ever used. But the force of nationalism that permitted Tojo and the militarists to take over before the war is the overriding factor on the Japanese political scene today. The old quest for a sense of mission, for national unity, power, and world recognition, has reappeared in new shapes and guises. It is not necessarily headed in the direction in which Tojo tried to steer it, but its future course will determine whether or not Tojo's grave is to become a national shrine comparable to the grave of General Nogi. Will busloads of uniformed schoolboys someday bow silently to the new tombstone, or will it be forgotten and left to the brown hillsides and winds that sweep in from the Pacific?

The nationalism of the 1930s was the province of certain elite groups and the discontented military elements who fostered and finally controlled it. Today it pervades the nation at all levels, and its expressions are everywhere. A large part of it stems from the striking economic progress made in the decade since the end of the Occupation, which has created a new basis for national pride. As Japanese cameras and transistors gain fame throughout the world and as the standard of living rises gradually, though unevenly, each year, the clouds of gloom and inferiority that darkened the horizon in the early 1950s gradually vanish. Though many problems remain to be solved in the precarious economy, there is a new sense of confidence that the days of bare subsistence are over for most of the people. Yet each advance brings still higher expectations, and here is the paradox: as the wealth of the nation increases, the old nationalist ideals of self-sufficiency and great-power status become increasingly tangible; as the new horizons open up, the painful realities of the moment appear in more acute form. This paradox lies behind some of the political crises that plague Japan while it enjoys record prosperity. And

there is another cause for discontent — the creeping suspicion that seeking after and enjoying the new wealth is somehow corrupting, that one needs a cause, a mission, a goal behind the striving. The Japanese of the new middle class search their cultural tradition in vain for a value system that can justify the new riches.

Gone today are the smiling apologies for “our poor country” and the unabashed craze for things foreign. The inflow goes on, to be sure, but it is superficial — the twist, the black leather jacket, the switch from sake to beer, *futon* to beds, fish to meat. The nation is pausing now to examine and digest the enormous changes that have occurred since 1945. Toward the world outside, there is a new critical attitude which focuses on foreign defects rather than on the peculiarities of Japan. For example, a best seller of two years ago was written by a Fulbright student on his experiences with the offbeat and seamier sides of American life. Foreigners in Tokyo now wait in line where they would formerly have received preferential treatment. More and more of the bars in Tokyo close their doors to all Caucasians. Marriages by Japanese girls to American GI’s, which were tolerated to a degree during the Occupation, are coming to be scorned. A popular movie recently depicted a Japanese girl who married a U.S. soldier against her father’s will and then tried to placate her father with unwanted presents from the PX and a grandchild of mixed blood. She was obviously intended to be a despicable character. Girls from the upper class who marry Americans today are sometimes ostracized by their families and close friends. There is still a curious preoccupation with what the world thinks about Japan, but it is less defensive than it used to be. As Japan accepts less and less from other nations, its demands for prestige and attention grow larger each day. The 1964 Tokyo Olympics will be seen as a triumphant milestone on the road to world acceptance.

Among all age groups there is a vague feeling of anxiety that Japan is losing its identity as a nation in the wake of the vast importation of Americana. “Why am I Japanese?” they wonder. The search for Japan’s soul leads back into the past, where the specifically Japanese elements of the culture are re-examined and held up against the light of the present. Here there are new dilemmas. How does one bask in the glories of the Meiji Emperor’s triumphs over Russia and China without accepting the injustices of the political system in those years? Is it possible to enjoy Kabuki while totally rejecting the values and assumptions that motivate the drama? The painful search goes on; the “revival booms” are leading to brisk sales of records of old songs, new popu-

larity for healing herbs, and an increase in kimono-wearing. A best seller in 1962 was *Tokugawa Iyeyasu*, a lengthy biography of Japan’s great seventeenth-century leader.

The older form of reverence for the Emperor will probably never revive, but the Emperor has gained a new Hollywood-style popularity that makes him a feature attraction wherever he goes. Each year more people stand in line for hours to catch a quick view of him and shout “Banzai!” on his birthday. He is often referred to by the masses as Ten-chan (an odd mixture of affection and sarcasm meaning, roughly, “The Emp” or “Empie”), and the Crown Prince as Chibi-ten (“Little Emp”). Popular weeklies are filled with the activities of the Crown Prince and his popular Princess, and photographs of their tiny son adorn farmhouse walls in the farthest corners of the land. It is now safe for conservative politicians openly to advocate an amendment to the constitution that would elevate the Emperor to chief of state from his present position as “symbol of the state.”

Shintoism, which provided the mythology for the older ultranationalists, was hit hard by Occupation reforms, but five million visitors went to the Ise shrines in 1960 (compared with eight million in 1940). It is common now for Prime Ministers to pay their respects to the shrines. An offshoot of the highly nationalistic Nichiren sect of Buddhism, the Soka Gakkai, now claims over two million followers, has elected fifteen members to the House of Councillors, and appears to be growing even larger.

THE new nationalism impels Japan to be *sekai-ichi* (“tops in the world”) in every possible way. The gaudy orange tower that rises from the center of Tokyo is widely proclaimed to be the highest tower in the world — higher even than the Eiffel — and this fact seems to matter. International competition of all kinds arouses feverish interest. Victory for the Japanese in almost anything from a friendly tennis match to the Olympics produces wild satisfaction. Defeat is seen as a national calamity. Loss of the world judo title to a Dutchman last year caused a burst of soul-searching articles by everyone from political analysts to literary critics, and the coach of Japan’s losing team resigned from his job in token of his responsibility for the humiliation.

Japan is still a status-conscious nation looking for its proper position in the world. There is unspoken agreement among all the people that Japan has a rightful destiny at the top of the international hierarchy. The president of a major oil company can get away with strong remarks about

"what's good for Japan." A junior executive announces, only partly jokingly, that he must work overtime on Saturday afternoons so that the national income will be doubled in ten years. There is talk today that Japan has risen from zero to the rank of a middle power, such as Canada or Italy, but there will be no pausing for breath until it is back with the first-ranking powers of the world. This shared goal is what holds the nation together and drives it forward.

The riots of June, 1960, preceded by a month the unveiling of Tojo's tombstone on Sangane Mountain. These two events, surprisingly, were connected by some curious common threads. Prime Minister Kishi, who in June, 1960, was the target of Japan's most serious uprising since the war, had been one of Tojo's key Cabinet ministers. The name of Kiyose Ichiro, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who played a major part in forcing through the security treaty on the night of May 19-20, 1960, appears on the tablet at Tojo's tomb as one of the important sponsors of the memorial. By coincidence, moreover, the American Ambassador who was trapped briefly in his car by the mobs on June 10, 1960, was the nephew of the man who fought Tojo to the ground. And the riots were caused in part by the impending visit of President Eisenhower, national hero and symbol of America's victory in World War II. These connections are farfetched in themselves, but they point to the deeper current that ran through the crisis of June, 1960. This was Japan's desire to liquidate the effects of its defeat. The new nationalism simply could not exist side by side with the legacies of the defeat: the security treaty, originally put through under the Occupation; Kishi, who helped lead the country into war; Eisenhower, symbol of the victorious Americans.

All the sound and fury about the role of international Communism in the movement tended to obscure the significant element of nationalism that lay behind it. This is not to deny that the Communists helped foment the movement; they did, but they could not have achieved such success without the nationalist issue, and they do not achieve it in lesser political controversies in Japan. In the unlikely event that the Communists should come into power in Japan and try to run the country on orders from Moscow or Peiping, they would have real trouble handling the new nationalism. Their problems today would seem simple by comparison.

The major political parties have tried with only limited success to swim in the mainstream of the movement. The conservatives have the advantage of the traditional symbols and virtues that work best on the farmers and older people, but as the

events of 1960 well illustrated, their huge majorities in the legislature are not enough to give them a free rein in running the country. This is partly because the eminently pragmatic Japanese people associate them with war and defeat. The socialists score most points when they blame all troubles on Japan's "subordination to American imperialism," but they are hurt by their un-Japanese methods of class struggle and revolutionary violence. Neither party has captured the new movement. Running through the messages of both, however, is the common denominator of unity. Everyone, even the mercurial press, calls for harmony, solidarity, and a united front against the outside world. The old and powerful urge toward unity is growing again, and the periodic struggles that seem about to tear Japan to pieces do not mean that the goal of unity may not someday be realized — under one banner or another. Today the new nationalism has many faces but no acknowledged leadership, many outlets but no clear direction. It abhors defeatism, failure, and humiliation, and it will serve the party that best promises victory, success, and respect in the future. Its course will be determined by the generation of college students educated since the war.

Among the college students of Japan the new nationalism appears in its most confused and potent forms. The Marxist student organization Zengakuren, which has gained world fame for its riotous behavior in recent years, has been an outlet for the emotions of a great majority of the college students, although politically it represents almost none of them. Zengakuren has expressed the widespread student desire for quick and absolute solutions to frustrating problems, for organized action and the need for theoretical guidelines. It represents an instinctive mistrust of the old order, the love of solidarity and comradeship in a divided and confused society, and above all, the optimism that rebels against defeat and failure. When it is not serving as an outlet in times of crisis, Zengakuren quickly degenerates into squabbling factions of theoretical Marxists who are as far removed from reality and power as their fanatical counterparts of the ultra-right.

Zengakuren was the leading instigator of violence in the June, 1960, demonstrations, and the fact that one of its members, Miss Kamba Michiko, was killed on June 15 had much to do with the decision on June 16 to cancel President Eisenhower's visit. For the students, who genuinely loathed Kishi as a symbol of war and the unhappy past, this was a real triumph. Less publicized but equally significant was the episode that followed

a week later, when Zengakuren staged an attack on the headquarters of the Japan Communist Party. The fight was allegedly over some small grievances of the moment, but it showed the growing disenchantment among the students with the Communists, who were seen as faithful tools of a foreign power. Though Marxism retains its charm for many students and intellectuals, its application in Russia and China is coming under increasing criticism. Former Communist Party leader Tokuda Kyuichi used to be widely admired when he boasted that he had spent eighteen years in jail under the militarists; now the students mock him as a man who failed. The search is on today for leadership untainted by defeat, for pure Marxism unspoiled by the harsh realities of the Communist world. Inevitably, the Communist utopia envisioned by the students is a world in which Japanese is the language and Japan the moral arbiter. "We would not make the mistakes of Khrushchev and Mao in applying socialist theory; we would be the true internationalists," they declare. For all their protests, however, the students seem to be the green shoots springing up from the cracks in the old bedrock of Japanese nationalism.

It is almost inconceivable today that the younger generation would ever take the long journey to the grave of Tojo and make that tombstone the center for rekindled militarism. But harsh questions must be asked. Is Tojo rejected for his error in starting a war he could not win, or is he rejected for his aims and methods — expansion and power through the use of force? Have we grown so used to the clichés about Japanese pacifism, hatred of war, revulsion against nuclear weapons, that we see only chrysanthemums where the sword once glistened? Is it fair to ask or expect Gandhi-like pacifism from a nation that has been dominated for centuries by military men? Will Japan be content to remain a third-rate or second-rate military power if its peace diplomacy fails? Has Japan been so thoroughly democratized that it would never engage in the use of force even if it could? Will Japan be willing to watch Communist China develop a full nuclear arsenal without taking countermeasures of its own?

It may be premature to ask these questions. Certainly no one doubts the horror and tragedy experienced by so many of the people during and after the war. Still, there are some signs that the military spirit lingers on, and some cynics have been prompted to observe that it is not war in itself that the Japanese people hate, but losing war. They point to the fascination for war movies, particularly those that celebrate Japanese victories of the past. They talk of the toy stores,

which are filled with model tanks, guns, and fighter planes, where even the old battleship *Yamato* is a popular eighty-cent item. Clearly, in the ranks of the Zengakuren demonstrators there was a kind of martial spirit and discipline that belied the peace slogans on their placards. (Many of the placards appealing for peace were used to whack the heads of the harried policemen who tried to maintain order.) The Zengakuren leaders who stayed up late at night to plot their attacks on the police barricades at the Diet walls spoke strangely like heirs of the men who fought at Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima. The use of violence, once the trademark of the ultranationalists and ever a threat in Japanese politics, has gained acceptance now by the fanatic young men of the far left.

Today a Japanese tank rumbling down a Tokyo street causes scarcely a head to turn; five years ago it might have attracted a crowd. The self-defense forces in Japan have become so widely accepted that some socialists no longer wish to test the popular support of the forces by referendum. In 1958 the Chief of Staff of Japan's Ground Self-defense Forces married Tojo's eldest daughter, revealing or symbolizing the Japanese love for linking the past to the future. In 1962 General Geuda Minoru, former Air Force Chief of Staff, received the fifth highest number of votes in the House of Councillors elections. In 1961 the battleship *Mikasa*, flagship of Admiral Togo in 1905 when Japan wiped out Russia's Baltic fleet, was restored and turned into a historical monument. And not so long ago an American who sang the Imperial Navy's song in a small bar in Shimoda found himself quickly surrounded by a lusty chorus of Japanese voices joining in with words and music well remembered but seldom heard.

It is not likely that a new Tojo will soon appear on the scene with a program of revenge that will capture the popular imagination. The changes since the war have been profound, and the methods of the militarists discredited for the time being. But the new nationalism is bound to create pressures on any Japanese government to build up Japan's power and prestige. Here is one of the great appeals of neutralism and third-force thinking; many Japanese think that by standing somewhere between the two camps and raising the price of support for each, their power to influence world events would be far greater than it ever could be under the present alliance with the United States. The economic arguments for close ties with America are powerful today, but a severe world depression could have disastrous effects on

Japan and breed an unhealthy nationalism under extremist leadership. These are the problems in U.S.-Japanese relations for the future; even now there are some serious difficulties.

The United States has urged Japan to rearm, and we have generally welcomed the rebirth of patriotism, but we may be like the man who stands in the dry stream bed praying for rain. If our prayers are answered too well, the flood could sweep us right off the islands. We have an image of a Japan that, except for those annoying little Communist outbursts, is a stable, friendly ally in the Pacific. Our newspapers and magazines care appallingly little about Japanese politics and tend to create an image of 94 million *shibui* people busily engaged in perfecting the tea ceremony. This is a nation of enormous vitality, aching for a position of world leadership. The Japanese will remain friendly to us as long as we do not stand in the path of their ambitions. It is well to remember that most Japanese over thirty years old were brought up in an era when anti-Americanism was the rule rather than the exception; the progressive intellectuals who attack us are closer to the traditional feelings about America than the conservatives who must be our friends. On top of the hostility that prevailed against us before the war, we have administered Japan a crushing defeat, dropped two atomic bombs on the land, occupied it for seven years, and stationed thousands of U.S. troops there even to present times. These are not moves that cement eternal bonds of friendship, though for some reason a remarkable amount of goodwill has been shown by both sides in recent years. There is no great wave of anti-Americanism today, but the potential for hostility is tremendous, and we shall have to find ways to deal with it.

Obviously, we have got to get out of the stream beds where the new nationalism is certain to flow. We need not become its scapegoats and targets as we have in China and Cuba. There are going to be inevitable clashes when our world commitments demand moves that are highly unpopular in Japan, such as keeping Okinawa under our administration and testing nuclear weapons. But beyond such vital areas, it might be well to see where we could step aside quietly and let the Russians and Chinese bear part of the brunt. Must we, year after year, use the slopes of Mt. Fuji for a firing range? Is there any way to cut down on the number of bases and troops in Japan? Is it wise to increase imports from Hong Kong while holding back on the same goods from Japan? Must we continue to exert pressure to build up the Japanese military machine, now that it is adequate for internal security and will never be strong enough to fight off by itself an attack from Russia

or China? And, in the land where the form of an action is sometimes as important as its substance, could we consult more on policy in the Pacific? These are complex questions that have no simple solution. The point is that the time for complacency is over.

It is not beyond imagination that the mass movements could be either directed or used by the conservatives against us in the manner that the Empress Dowager used the Boxers against the foreigners in China at the turn of the century. The present conservative government is as friendly to us as any Japanese government is likely to be in the foreseeable future, and yet we still have problems. The Japanese made no secret of their disappointment when President Kennedy failed to refer to Japan in his 1962 State of the Union speech. Then they protested that they should have been consulted under the terms of the security treaty before the United States sent troops to Thailand. Late last year a furor was created in government and business circles by President Kennedy's offhand suggestion that Japan join with the United States in containing Communism in Asia. It is not that the Japanese are "soft on Communism," but rather that they are wary of new commitments which will hamper their freedom of action or place their destiny in the hands of any foreign power. They resent the role of junior partner and are impatient with anything less than a major voice in world affairs.

One of Japan's former representatives at the United Nations, Ambassador Fukushima Shintaro, made the following statement six years ago: "Fame and the gratitude of history await that Japanese leader who can once again rally and harness the energies of the Japanese people to elevate the nation to its proper role of leadership in the modern world. Such a mission cannot be simply a negative or passive role. It must be far-sighted, dynamic, and determined. Its implementation will require all the courage, all the genius of a united Japan."

The inscription on the stone tablet next to Tojo's grave ends with this rather enigmatic remark: "Gazing out over the distant ocean, let us seek out the true cause of the Pacific War and strive for the establishment of eternal peace." Today the Japanese people are gazing not outward across the Pacific but inward into their past for fresh inspiration. To what new mission will the courage and genius of the people be harnessed? Will the vast energy be directed upward to the frontiers of space? Or will some new leader ride to power on a surge of frustrated, explosive nationalism and try to succeed where Tojo and the others failed? On these puzzles rests the fate of the lonely tombstone on Sangane Mountain.

BEES

BY SYLVIA PLATH

The Arrival of the Bee Box

I ordered this, this clean wood box
Square as a chair and almost too heavy to lift.
I would say it was the coffin of a midget
Or a square baby
Were there not such a din in it.

The box is locked, it is dangerous.
I have to live with it overnight
And I can't keep away from it.
There are no windows, so I can't see what is in there.
There is only a little grid, no exit.

I put my eye to the grid.
It is dark, dark,
With the swarmy feeling of African hands
Minute and shrunk for export,
Black on black, angrily clambering.

How can I let them out!
It is the noise that appalls me most of all,
The unintelligible syllables.
It is like a Roman mob,
Small, taken one by one, but my God, together!

I lay my ear to furious Latin.
I am not a Caesar.
I have simply ordered a box of maniacs.
They can be sent back.
They can die, I need feed them nothing, I am the owner.

I wonder how hungry they are.
I wonder if they would forget me
If I just undid the locks and stood back and turned into a tree.
There is the laburnum, its blond colonnades,
And the petticoats of the cherry.

They might ignore me immediately
In my moon suit and funeral veil.
I am no source of honey
So why should they turn on me?
Tomorrow I will be sweet God, I will set them free.

The box is only temporary.

Wintering

This is the easy time, there is nothing doing.
I have whirled the midwife's extractor,
I have my honey,
Six jars of it,
Six cat's eyes in the wine cellar,

Wintering in a dark without window
At the heart of the house
Next to the last tenant's rancid jam
And the bottles of empty glitters —
Sir So-and-so's gin.

This is the room I have never been in.
This is the room I could never breathe in.
The black bunched in there like a bat,
No light
But the torch and its faint

Chinee yellow on appalling objects —
Black asininity. Decay.
Possession.
It is they who own me.
Neither cruel nor indifferent,

Only ignorant.
This is the time of hanging on for the bees — the bees
So slow I hardly know them,
Filing like soldiers
To the syrup tin

To make up for the honey I've taken.
Tate and Lyle keeps them going,
The refined snow.
It is Tate and Lyle they live on, instead of flowers.
They take it. The cold sets in.

Now they ball in a mass,
Black Mind against all that white —
The smile of the snow is white.
It spreads itself out, a mile-long body of Meissen,

Into which, on warm days,
They can only carry their dead.
The bees are all women,
Maids and the long royal lady.
They have got rid of the men,

The blunt, clumsy stumblers, the boors.
Winter is for women —
The woman, still at her knitting,
At the cradle of Spanish walnut,
Her body a bulb in the cold and too dumb to think.

Will the hive survive, will the gladiolas
Succeed in banking their fires
To enter another year?
What will they taste of, the Christmas roses?
The bees are flying. They taste the spring.

ONE, TWO, THREE, O'LEARY

MARTIN J. HAMER was born in New York City and spent the first twenty years of his life in Harlem. By day he is an electromechanical designer, and in the evenings he attends the City College of New York, where he is majoring in psychology. His leisure is spent in writing, and he is now at work on a novel.

THEY ran noiselessly down the long hall that connected his father's room with the rest of the apartment, and when they were safely in the front room, with the door closed, they sat on the deep upholstered couch, caught their breath, and giggled. The sun had set, and dusk filled the room with quiet forms, an upright piano looming largest among the many pieces, its keys floating white in the gray-black twilight. Michael, looking at his sister, saw only her outline: a round face and head balanced on a slender neck. The rest of her small body merged into the darkness of the couch.

"I saved you from a whipping, didn't I?" she said triumphantly. She had stood outside his father's room and called to him at what she thought was a crucial moment.

"No. He wasn't going to beat me."

"He wasn't?"

"No, but he was good and mad, though. I should have come right home from school, but I knew I wasn't going to get a whipping."

"Oh," she said, and was silent.

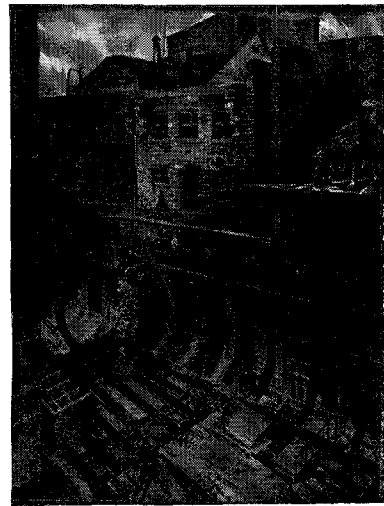
The room grew completely dark, and, unable to see Emma anymore, he imagined himself alone. When had his father whipped him last? he thought. It was to the rhythm of don't-you-ever-do-that-again when he was ten.

"What'd he say about the raincoat?"

"I didn't ask him," said Michael, and Emma sighed in disgust. "I'll ask him later on."

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

An Atlantic "First"
by Martin J. Hamer



"Oh, you know you're not going back up there tonight, Michael."

"I have to take him his dinner, don't I? I'll ask him then."

She did not answer, and he repeated, "I'll ask him then, you'll see," but he was afraid of his father.

Whenever he went into his father's room at night he found him sitting in his black armchair, in the dark, but not asleep. His father would turn the light on and take whatever Michael had brought him and sometimes ask him to roll a cigarette. This always meant a talk, but they never talked about the present, only the future: his father was a carpenter, and he wanted Michael to be a concert pianist. With his mother it was just the opposite. He knew all about her and her family. She had even told him that she had been married twice before and that he, Emma, and Marcia were half. Step is different, she had said in answer to his question. Your father's child by another woman, had he had one, would be step.

Emma's leg suddenly plopped into his lap.

"Emma, stop!" He pushed it to the floor; it fell with a thud, and he realized that she had dozed off and stretched out. "Emma, wake up," he called, shaking her. "Mama will be home soon. Emma, wake up! C'mon. Let's go on the fire escape and watch for her."

"I'm coming," she said sleepily. "I'm coming."

The fire escape was for them at once a private front yard and a balcony from which they could watch the street and all its goings-on. It was here that they played with friends when they were not allowed out; here on hot summer nights that lemonade was served while they sat, their legs dangling out over the street. And it was here that one of them would sleep on those same nights to avoid the still, thick heat of the apartment. Now they sat quietly together in the damp night air watching the el trains pull into the station at the corner.

"What color raincoat do you want, Michael?" she asked, moving closer to him and pressing her bare arms against his body.

"Only come in two."

"Which one do you want, then?" she persisted.

"The black one, of course."

"What do you mean, of course? I want the yellow one. A girl down the street has a yellow one with a hat that matches. Why don't you get a yellow one too?"

"Yellow's for girls. Boys wear black." But that isn't true, he thought. He had seen boys in yellow ones. He wouldn't wear one, though — it would make him appear even darker than he was. But he couldn't tell Emma that; he was surprised that she had even brought it up. After all, she was as dark as he. How could *she* want to wear yellow?

"Mama's getting mine next week," said Emma. "Will you have yours by then?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Maybe."

IN THE distance they heard a train, and leaning out over the railing, they watched as it pulled into the station. Its doors opened and closed rapidly, and as it pulled out again a handful of people moved toward the station exit. Their mother was soon left, a lone figure in the yellow light of the platform. Small and stout, she moved from side to side as she walked, as if rolling from the weight of the two shopping bags she carried. Finally she disappeared from their view, and reappeared a full five minutes later. As she stopped under a lamppost, he saw her print dress brightly against the chalk-marked gray stone, her light-colored hat seemingly floating above the darkness that was her head, and feeling a sudden longing for her, he turned and plunged into the house.

He put the lights on, and they began to straighten out the room. Emma smoothed the couch. He moved the toys from the chair. She closed the piano and straightened the picture of *Ruth the Gleaner* that hung above it and had been knocked crooked when they played ball that morning.

"The dishes!" cried Emma. "You didn't do the dishes."

"It was your turn."

"Ohhhh, how you lie. I'm going to tell Mama when she comes, too."

When the bell rang they raced down the stairs, shoving one another. Whoever told his side first did not get the beating, so they greeted her as they had every night for as long as Michael could remember.

"Mama! You know what?" they cried together.

The bags were set on the kitchen table, and kneeling on chairs, their arms and bodies well advanced, they watched as she emptied the bags of the things given to her by Mrs. Crane. As she placed each on the table, she would issue an order as to what should be done with it. "Michael, put this in my room. Emma, put this on the couch." A solitary brass candlestick holder. Four lace doilies, one with a cigarette burn in it. An old wool muffler, moth-eaten, which, after carefully inspecting it, she threw into the garbage can, saying, "I don't know why people want to give you their junk." And a silk head scarf, slightly worn in one corner, which she produced and held like a magician while Emma screamed, "Oh, Mama! Can I have that?"

"And Mrs. Crane sent you this, Michael." She took from her bag a toy metal pickup truck. "It's broken, but I told her you could fix it."

He looked at it. One of its headlamps was broken, but aside from that he could find nothing wrong.

Then came the food. She had cooked and served that evening, and the leftovers had been brought home for their dinner. The rest of a roast lamb. A bowl of mashed sweet potatoes with melted marshmallows, wrapped in waxed paper and held with a rubber band. A half bottle of red wine. A box of matzos. And salted breadsticks, toasted brown with raised pockets of burned crust studding their length. And finally, her clothes. A small rolled bundle: her blue uniform wrapped about her old shoes that had holes cut in them to ease her corns and bunions.

After dinner they played three-handed whist on a board laid across a stool in the living room. It would have been more fun with four, as it used to be before Marcia went away to nursing school; still, the game went well for an hour. Then Mrs. Clayton dozed and Michael caught Emma cheating. "You reneged!" he cried.

"I did not!"

"You did too! Look in your books. You —"

When he reached for them she snatched them up and held them close to her chest.

"Mama!" called Michael. "Mama, Emma reneged."

When he woke her she merely told them to stop fighting, and, after noticing the clock, added, "It's time for bed anyway. Emma, go make the tea."

Emma went swishing into the kitchen after first mixing her hand thoroughly in the deck. He called "Cheater" after her, and at the door she turned and wiggled her finger in her nose. He was about to report this to his mother when he saw that she was dozing again, so he simply picked up the deck and threw it at Emma. Then he began to wonder if there would be stories tonight.

Every night at tea there were stories. Stories about his mother's childhood in the South, a place that, despite all she had told them, brought images of hot molasses to his mind. They had gone to Savannah once when he was five, and he remembered how his grandfather had told them that the ground was only a crust. Underneath the dirt moved. "If you bury a penny," he had said, "it won't be there tomorrow." They had put one right where he pointed, and the next day, Michael remembered clearly, it wasn't there.

His father's loud cough vibrated in the cracked plaster walls, frightening him and waking his mother. "Emma!" she called. "Hurry with the tea."

Why don't we ask him to tea too? he thought. Doesn't he know stories? Why don't we ask him to tea?

"Mama, is Daddy from the South too?"

She looked surprised, and then said, "No. He's from the West Indies."

SATURDAY Marcia came home for the first time from nursing school. Emma got her raincoat in the afternoon, and he got his when he took his father's dinner to him in the evening. After he placed the tray down, his father told him to fetch a box which lay on the chair. He brought it to him; his father opened it and produced his coat. It was yellow! He had asked for a black one, and it was yellow. Where had there been a misunderstanding, where? He said nothing as his father told him to put it on, turned him around several times to see if it fit, and then, satisfied, told him he could go. He thanked him and left, knowing he would never wear it.

Marcia's washed uniforms, white and starched, stood upon their hangers in the living room that evening as they had tea. Emma sat meticulously applying white polish to Marcia's left shoe while Michael applied it to the other; this was the only way Mama could settle the argument. Marcia told them all the things that she had been learning in school, and, while they listened eagerly, only Mama fully understood. They could see that she

was pleased about what Marcia was saying, and there were long understanding looks between them. This same quietness bonded them all evening, erupting occasionally into playful but loving hugs. But Marcia did not go in to see his father, and he did not come to see her.

Finally Emma and Michael were sent to bed, but by straining he could still hear what was being said. Their talk was vague and hesitant with long moments of silence. Later, half asleep, he thought he heard Marcia crying. And shortly after, his mother's raised voice cursed his father. Michael dreamed that night: a lost ghost coughed silent thunder and was blind to the children's games.

It did not rain for a week. Each night he prayed it would not, and in the morning thanked God for answering. One morning he arose and it was raining. During breakfast he envisioned the looks and laughter that would come the moment he met someone if he wore that raincoat, and he angered his mother with his obviously slow preparations.

"You're trying my patience," she said. "And if you don't hurry and get a move on, I'm going to give it to you, but good!"

Her threats were the lesser of the two fears, and finally she smacked him for spilling the milk. He did not do it deliberately, but it took time to clean it up, and every moment longer in the house that morning lengthened his life. When there was nothing more to prevent him from leaving, he tried one final move. He walked out simply forgetting that he owned a raincoat. He was called back and reminded, and as he slipped it on and left the house again, his body turned to stone.

The day stopped when he left the house and began again that afternoon when he returned. The hours, a millennium, were lost forever in the depths of his unconscious, and from there the other lost parts of himself appeared and reappeared in phalanx. Once his father beat his mother, and when she fell across the bed, her dress went up. He looked and was ashamed, because he wanted to look again. He knew why Marcia cried, it was in him too. The blood that once was his pride his sister scorned. And through all this, like weft, was a picture of him. It lay in the bottom of his mother's drawer — the face of a small black child, torn into a thousand pieces and pasted together again.

The summer came. The raincoat was forgotten. Marcia did not come home again. Emma became a lady at eleven and preferred her girlfriends over Michael for company. He roamed the street all day, coming home before bedtime to look in on his father, who could no longer leave the house. He took him his meals, fetched the paper, and rolled his cigarettes, all in silence. Then one day he saw that his father had taken out

his clippers. Mr. Clayton used to cut Michael's hair. From now on Michael would cut Mr. Clayton's. It was hard to push those awkward clippers rhythmically across his head. It was even harder and almost unbearable to be so close to this man and not know him. He sensed that his father felt this too; still, they could not speak of anything that might make it easier. When asked what he did while out, he replied "Nothing," and when asked what he was thinking, the reply was the same, until finally even the courtesies that had been their only means of communication became senseless, mumbling sounds. Yet this was the man he had once waited for in the evening near the park, the man he was happy to see coming from far off with the seven daily newspapers rolled and stuffed in both coat pockets. They sagged and bulged the coat, which was held together by only one button, and his jowls sagged angrily with them. That anger which seemed to be in his entire body would disappear when he saw the boy, and hand in hand they would go home together. They never spoke much then either, but it was not necessary. Once he brought a wounded squirrel home in his pocket, and another time a pigeon, who flew about the house for weeks until it was well and flew out the window. It left Michael and Emma in tears. And his father spoke harshly to them, so harshly you could tell he was trying.

"If you love him, stop crying! He's free."

In the same harsh way he had given him and taught him to use tiny carpenter tools, so long ago that he could remember nothing they had built together. Yes, this was the man, he thought, this *was* the man. I wonder, will I be like him? The hair fell in great gray clusters. Some floated to the floor, some clung to his clothes. His hands were covered with it. The man coughed. He coughed again, and his handkerchief was filled with blood. He's dying, Michael thought, he's dying, and he made up a poem.

One, two, three, O'Leary,
I spy Mr. Faerie.
The children sing
And the sun still shines,
Who cares if an old black man dies?

One August day in the late afternoon, when the street was filled with the hot sun and the din of voices; when the girls played at patsy and jump rope and the older boys fussed at the younger ones for interrupting their games; when the women stood in groups on the stoops while others called from their dead heat-filled apartments to Ralph, the iceman, who had three boys instead of one delivering ice that day; when the men played checkers in small, shouting groups, drinking lem-

onade and beer by the gallon; and even the pavements were alive, expanding from the heat and the running, jumping, sliding children, the water truck came through the street, and Michael followed it to the corner. Then, suddenly remembering he had forgotten to look in on his father, he started home.

He ran the length of the block, stopping to rest only after he had reached the chilled darkness of his hallway. Then, having caught his breath, he bounded up the stairs. In the doorway, on his hands and knees, half in, half out, was his father. Saliva drooled from his mouth, his pajamas hung open, and the boy's first feeling was shame. He could not lift him, but he tried, and finally, their faces wet with tears, they fell heaped together on the floor. He rose slowly and left to get a neighbor.

By late afternoon the entire family stood quietly in his father's room. Then the doctor rose from the bedside, nodded to his mother, and she said, "Draw the curtains, your father's dead."

Still, the children's voices came on cracks of sunlight.

One, two, three, O'Leary,
I spy Mr. Faerie —

His father had long ceased to hear them, and now they slowly faded from the boy.

FOGGED IN

BY PETER DAVISON

All afternoon the bank
Had pressed on sullenly
Up channel. Quick east winds
Kept butting at its flank.

It drooped beneath the blue
Like rags hung up to dry.
Sun seared its top, while sea
Supplied it from below.

Yet nightfall in its turn
Gained ground upon the sun.
This morning, under shield
Of darkness, fog has won

And blurs us deaf and blind.
Enshrouded beyond call,
We tremble for the end
Of islands, echoes, all.

IT'S A GLOOMY WORLD,



GENTLEMEN

Russian Novelists Scrutinized by RANDALL JARRELL

A leading literary critic, RANDALL JARRELL was born in Nashville, Tennessee, took his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Vanderbilt University, and has successfully managed the dual professions of teaching and writing. He is professor of English at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. His book of poems, THE WOMAN AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO, won the National Book Award in 1961. The following piece is taken from his introduction to SIX RUSSIAN SHORT NOVELS, an Anchor book to be published next month.

WHEN Turgenev, reduced to despair over the reception of *Fathers and Children*, gave expression to the passive gloom that underlay anything else in his nature, he wrote: "The terrible thing is that there is nothing terrible, that the very substance of life itself is petty, uninteresting — and insipid to beggary." How like Gogol he sounds! In Gogol's most characteristic work, what is terrible or splendid has been removed from life, leaving a tremendous blank — and into this blank everything that is petty, uninteresting, and insipid has pushed its way, there to proliferate, to be magnified, to become charged with fantastic imaginative intensity. Gogol's exaggeration of the trivial details of life, the random, contingent irrelevance of existence, manages to give to the most grotesque or insignificant creature an infinite plausibility, an unimaginable and inexplicable significance. Gogol himself wrote: "Those who have dissected my literary abilities were not able to find out the essential features of my nature. Only Pushkin was able to do it. He always asserted that no other author had such a capacity for bringing out all the trivialities of life, of describing so well the vulgarity of the mediocre man and life."

This capacity is not a realistic or naturalistic one; Gogol's stories are not slices of life but fairy tales — or, in the case of "The Overcoat," parables — of things. "My imagination," as Gogol

says, "gets hold of the fact, begins to develop it into most horrid apparitions, which torture me, deprive me of my sleep and waste my strength." Gogol withdraws from sexual objects their charge, and transfers it to food and sleep and money, all the ordinary vegetative processes of existence. There is something slightly uncanny about even so beautiful and touching a story as "Old-World Landowners," since the blissful domestic happiness of this Ukrainian Baucis and Philemon is presented entirely in vegetable terms — one cannot help remembering that this apotheosis of eating, this delectable daydream and its grim conclusion, were written by a man who, not so many years later, starved himself to death.

Ordinarily Gogol is a very troubling writer: "God, how sad our Russia is!" Pushkin exclaimed after hearing Gogol read the first chapter of *Dead Souls*, and there are few of his stories that do not conclude with that famous sentence, "It's a gloomy world, gentlemen." And yet in Gogol man is an absurd creature who sometimes is complacent in, is absurdly happy because of, his absurdity. Goethe said that at bottom it is a man's mistakes and foibles, his absurdities, that make him lovable, and we feel this as we read what is incomparably the sweetest of Gogol's stories, "The Overcoat." How pleasant it is to read this sad story of poverty, misfortune, and death, how *interesting* it all is,

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down to the last foolish, insignificant, uninteresting detail!

WE TERRIBLY identify ourselves with Tolstoy's Ivan Ilych, joyfully and tenderly identify ourselves with Gogol's Akaky Akakyevich; Akaky Akakyevich stands for the possible success in everybody's failure, just as Ivan Ilych stands for the necessary failure in everybody's success. "The Overcoat" seems to us reality itself — who can keep from feeling the propriety, rightness, requiredness of everything in it? — yet if we summarize it in a few sentences we realize that it is a fairy tale about that dear simpleton the third son, a parable about the Gospels' sparrows or children or poor-in-spirit. Once upon a time there was a poor clerk that everybody made fun of, but he was happy just the same. Then his overcoat wore out, and he didn't know what to do; he worked and schemed and went without until finally he managed to get a wonderful new one. He was so happy! But the very first night he wore the overcoat someone stole it. He did everything to get it back, he even went to a general to get him to help; the general wouldn't help, though, but gave him a terrible scolding — and what with getting so cold and being so upset, the clerk died. Then the clerk's ghost came back and began to steal people's overcoats, until finally one night he stole the general's; and the general was sorry he had been so cruel to the clerk, and never treated anyone that way again.

"Ivan Ilych's life had been most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible," Tolstoy writes, in one of the most frightening sentences in literature. Akaky Akakyevich's life had been even simpler and even more ordinary and therefore — and therefore what? "Remember," Gogol once wrote, "when the world is at its pettiest and life has become emptier than ever; when everything is covered with egoism and coldness and no one believes in miracles — it is precisely at such a time that the miracle of miracles can take place." "The Overcoat" is this miracle of miracles.

Tolstoy makes us feel that since Ivan Ilych's powerful and successful bureaucratic existence is not reasonable, is not the truth, it is false, absurd, and terrible; Gogol makes us feel that the humble vanities, pleasures, and absurdities of Akaky Akakyevich's meekly insignificant bureaucratic existence are, in spite of everything, a religious good.

He loved his work. . . . Certain letters were favorites of his, and when he came to them he was delighted; he chuckled to himself and moved his lips, so that it seemed as though every letter his pen was forming

could be read in his face. . . . Whatever Akaky Akakyevich looked at, he saw nothing anywhere but his clear, evenly written lines, and only perhaps when a horse's head suddenly appeared from nowhere just on his shoulder, and its nostrils blew a perfect gale upon his cheek, did he notice that he was not in the middle of his writing, but rather in the middle of the street. On reaching home, he would sit down at once to the table, hurriedly sup his cabbage-soup and eat a piece of beef with an onion; he did not notice the taste at all, but ate it all up together with the flies and anything else that Providence chanced to send him. When he felt that his stomach was beginning to be full, he would rise up from the table, get out a bottle of ink and set to copying the papers he had brought home with him. When he had none to do, he would make a copy expressly for his own pleasure. . . . After working to his heart's content, he would go to bed, smiling at the thought of the next day and wondering what God would send him to copy.

The blissful possibility of "what God would send him to copy" is joined by its phrasing to the abject actuality of "flies and anything else that Providence chanced to send him." When a man's professional existence has swallowed up his human reality Sartre calls his life "unauthentic"; *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, that most existential of stories, condemns such a life more bitterly and more conclusively than any other work of art has ever condemned it. Akaky Akakyevich's life is so thoroughly unauthentic that "they used to declare that he must have been born a copying clerk in uniform all complete and with a bald patch on his head." In Petrovich, too, the man is swallowed up in the tailor; his making of the overcoat, his final delivery of the overcoat represent a positive triumph of unauthenticity. Yet this, like Akaky Akakyevich's life in love with copying, is made to seem to us funny, dear, and humbly authentic — what is man not to be a clerk or a tailor? It is not until Akaky Akakyevich has fallen in love with the idea of the overcoat, until his "whole existence had in a sense become fuller, as though he had married, as though some other person were present with him, as though he were no longer alone, but an agreeable companion had consented to walk the path of life hand in hand with him," that for the first time in his life "when he was copying a document, he very nearly made a mistake, so that he almost cried out 'Ow' aloud and crossed himself." But underneath the absurd, enchanted existence of the good child, the loving clerk, the man who married his overcoat, there had always been the life of the plain human being who must "sweat out his human lot" like the rest of us: "Only when the jokes were too unbearable, when they jolted his arm and prevented him from going on with his work, he would bring out: 'Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?' and there was something

strange in the words and in the voice in which they were uttered."

Gogol tells us: "It must be remembered that Akaky Akakievich for the most part expressed himself by prepositions, adverbs, and particles which have absolutely no significance whatsoever. If the subject was a very difficult one, it was his habit indeed to leave his sentences quite unfinished." Akaky Akakievich's avenging ghost, even, says "er" and leaves its sentences unfinished. Akaky Akakievich is himself a kind of human particle which has absolutely no significance whatsoever and which has, also, whatever significance a human being can have: he is a kind of least common denominator of all humanity. So Gogol dismisses him: "A creature had vanished and departed whose cause no one had championed, who was dear to no one, of interest to no one, who never even attracted the attention of the student of natural history, though the latter does not disdain to fix a common fly upon a pin and look at him under the microscope — a creature who bore patiently the jeers of the office and for no particular reason went to his grave, though even he at the very end of his life was visited by a gleam of brightness in the form of an overcoat that for one instant brought color into his poor life — a creature on whom calamity broke as insufferably as it breaks upon the heads of the mighty ones of this world . . . !" Thus the man Akaky Akakievich ends; but there is a ghostly echo of him, that trails away in midair like an unfinished sentence, leaving the story to end with the wrong ghost, a ghost that is not a ghost, almost as if we were hearing for a last time one of those ambiguous pronouncements that keep recurring in Gogol: "We cannot say. About this nothing more is known."

A LEAR OF THE STEPPES is one of the best and most unusual short novels that I know. Even a faithful and imaginative reader of the rest of Turgenev would not be able to guess that Turgenev — or, really, any writer — could do just this; as close as it is to *A Sportsman's Sketches*, it is more tragic and active, and has an organized inclusiveness, a working out to the limit, that the sketches do not wish to have. When the narrator (a younger version of the Turgenev of the sketches) begins by telling us that he "used to know a King Lear," we consent merely out of politeness; when we have finished the story of Martyn Petrovich Harlov and his daughters Anna and Yevlampia, we realize with astonishment that we have known a Lear — and have known, both in precisely grotesque detail and in delicately suggested generality, the Russia that made the man and his story

possible. The humor and grandeur of *A Lear of the Steppes*; its unerring rightness of scale; its calm comprehensiveness of social and moral understanding; its incisive completeness of presentation, of actors, action, and setting; its naturalness and conviction; its classical dispassionateness and objectivity — all this makes the piteous and terrible story something we neither weep at nor protest over, but accept as the fitting truth.

The surface of the story (what with all its odd or amusing, provincial, characteristic details, all its eighteenth-century survivals) is so continual a pleasure that we find it easy to bear the pain of what lies underneath. It is as if the most imaginative anthropological expedition ever organized had lived in Russia for a generation, and had returned not with a report but with a tragedy. And how marvelously natural, how much a production of nature itself, the tragedy seems! Harlov may be like Lear, but he is also very like a bear, as Turgenev tells us in convincing detail; Anna's voice is "very pleasant, resonant and plaintive — like the note of some birds of prey"; and Yevlampia has "something wild and almost fierce in the glance of her huge eyes. 'A free bird, wild Cossack breed,' so Martyn Petrovich used to say of her." We see them act, we hear them call, but we are no more permitted to enter their minds than we should be permitted to enter the bear's or hawk's mind; like almost all of Turgenev's best work, this is the narrative of an observer, not a real participant — and of an observer who reproduces action, speech, all the small external expressions or betrayals of thought or emotion, instead of going directly into another's soul and telling us what he finds there.

Turgenev's worst work (from *Enough* and *Poems in Prose* to the most directly emotional passages of the novels) expresses his own nature with astonishing frankness; his best work, in comparison, is reticent and objective, with Turgenev himself a passive or impassive mirror at the side of things. Turgenev tells us: "In my childhood I had a finch which the cat once held in her paws for a while; the finch was rescued and nursed, but it never recovered." By what Turgenev's worst work says and by what his best work does not permit itself to say, we are reminded that the cat had once held Turgenev in her paws, and that he had never recovered. Turgenev's weak men helpless in the clutch of — as Chekhov called them — "lionesses, burning, avid, insatiable"; ideally inspired by "not Russian girls but some sort of Pythian prophetesses, full of extravagant pretensions": how much of all this is personal, the direct emotional expression of the life and wishes of a man who, from earliest childhood, had been made to feel himself superfluous or existing on sufferance! Yet Anna and Yevlampia are as objective as they

are haunting, the sketches are impersonal as few masterpieces are. Turgenev once wrote to a young man: "If the study of human physiognomy, of the lives of others, interests you *more* than the statement of your feelings and thoughts; if it is, for example, *pleasanter* for you to describe truthfully the outward appearance not of a man but of a simple object rather than to express fervently and glowingly what you feel upon seeing this object or man, then it means that you're an objective writer and you can start writing a story." In *A Sportsman's Sketches* and *A Lear of the Steppes* Turgenev is such a writer.

Yet I suppose that for every reader who knows *A Lear of the Steppes* there are a hundred readers who know *Fathers and Children* or some other novel of Turgenev's; the *Lear* is lost among the long and short stories scattered throughout the collected works, and it is natural to assume that the best of a writer's novels is more important than a story. As one critic remarks: "For ten years, from 1867 to 1877, Turgenev was to publish no major work, though many minor works of great beauty — *A Lear of the Steppes* (1870), *The Torrents of Spring* (1871), *Punin and Baburin* (1874), *Living Relics* (1874), along with several lesser works — were to come from his pen." The "major works" which came at the beginning and the end of these ten years were *Smoke* (half an astonishingly spiteful journalistic attack on everything Russian, and half what the reader of Turgenev will think of as one of the regular love affairs) and *Virgin Soil* (a carefully worked out, thoroughly unconvincing political novel considered a failure by its readers, its critics, and even by Turgenev himself). Are not Turgenev's "minor works of great beauty" — the short stories that form *A Sportsman's Sketches*, a longer story like *A Lear of the Steppes* — his major works, and the novels his minor ones?

Turgenev once wrote to Goncharov: "Whoever is in need of a novel in the epic sense, that person will not need me; I would as soon think of creating a novel as of walking on my head; no matter what I write, my work will always take the form of a series of sketches." Isn't Turgenev almost literally correct in what he says? In his novels Turgenev, as Mirsky says, "voluntarily submitted to the obligation of writing works of social significance," of civic responsibility, that would be accepted by enlightened public opinion as ideologically and morally representative. If Turgenev's novels seem dated, today, in a way in which *Lear* and the sketches do not, part of the reason is that he deliberately made them up-to-date, deliberately included in them what enlightened opinion considered the most important issues of the day, and had these lengthily debated by characters who were, so far as ideas and ideals are concerned, typical.

Nor do their obligatory love affairs make them any less typical or any less dated — the coloring that Turgenev gives them is always somewhat conventional and Victorian. Sentences like those in which Turgenev describes Elena's love for Insarov ("The silence of bliss, the silence of a tranquil harbor, of a goal attained, that heavenly silence which imparts even to death itself both meaning and beauty, filled her whole being with its divine flood. She wished for nothing because she possessed everything") would fit into almost any novel of his, almost any Victorian novel of a certain sort; they would seem grotesquely out of place in *A Sportsman's Sketches* or *Lear*.

Tolstoy spoke cruelly but truthfully when he said about the novels: "It always surprises me that Turgenev with his mental powers and poetic sensibility should even in his methods not be able to refrain from banality." The virtues of *Fathers and Children* and *A Nest of Gentlefolk* are obvious — but so, alas, are *Fathers and Children* and *A Nest of Gentlefolk*. We are troubled by their slightly conventional regularity; the techniques of Turgenev's novels are always a little too much in the open — their plots, frail as they are, always show a little too much. It is possible to say that Turgenev's novels are "representative only of his class, the idealistically educated middle gentry"; the sketches are representative of a wider, more old-fashioned, very Russian world — of an existence which Turgenev himself, writing in the seventies, called "country life, that squirearchal, slow, expansive, and petty life, the very memory of which has already been forgotten by the present generation, with its usual round of tutors and teachers." This life found its ideal observer in Turgenev; in *Lear* and in that extraordinary masterpiece, *A Sportsman's Sketches*, he has reproduced it with a truth, delicacy, and individuality that are unique.

There are greater writers than Turgenev, better books than *A Sportsman's Sketches*, as long as we are not reading it; but for as long as we read, it is beyond comparison.

TOLSTOY's *Master and Man* and *The Death of Ivan Ilych* are both stories of conversion; in each a successful man comes to see his life as a false or irrelevant thing that is replaced, in death, by something new that he sees as reality. But in *Master and Man* Brekhunov's conversion is so quickly and completely accomplished, with so few details, so little preparation or explanation, that no matter how many times you read the story you still cannot remember exactly how it was done. Up until the time that he sees that the man Nikita is freezing, nothing but business exists for the master Bre-

khunov. Suddenly everything is inverted, so that the man's life, the continuation of his own life in the man's, is all that exists for the master; he has not understood before, but "*Now I know*," he says with fierce emphasis and finality. He is directly converted to the realization of the story's moral, and announces it to the reader. The doctrinal conclusion of *Master and Man* — some of its sentences will seem very familiar to the reader of Tolstoy's religious works — is not actual in the way that everything else in the story is; the reader may consent to it as a matter of faith, but he is not made to feel it as a matter of fact.

All this is particularly noticeable because of what makes *Master and Man* so astonishing a work of art: the plain, overwhelming reality of everything else in it. As you encounter each new link in the chain of actions you feel like blurting out, "*Now I know*"; for many pages the immediately satisfying, engrossing actuality of the story is unbroken, so that after a while you come to take for granted the feeling: "Why, this is happening, really happening." And the causal and rhythmical organization of the events is equally compelling: the reader's experience of what has already happened, his uneasy expectation of what is about to happen, seem a physical state, something too incontestable for criticism. (The feeling of simply being engrossed in the reality of a series of actions is something that we associate with the best of Hemingway's stories; yet in comparison with the texture of *Master and Man*, how mannered and special-case, how essentially rhetorical — even though beautifully rhetorical — the texture of such stories is!) We have known the four principal characters of Tolstoy's story — master and man, horse and storm — so completely that the conclusion to which they are made to come is almost irrelevant. We are sorry to have Tolstoy, so to speak, add them up incorrectly, but we do not really care: nothing that Tolstoy says can contradict the reality he has created.

Brekhunov is converted in a few hours. It takes many months of illness and agony — takes, finally, the continued presence of death itself — to bring Ivan Ilych to the point of conversion; and Tolstoy's long, detailed, terrible account of how Ivan Ilych is brought low is preceded by a logical, exactly organized, terrible summary of Ivan Ilych's life up to that point, the successful life that "ran its course as he believed life should do: easily, pleasantly, and decorously."

The essential elements of *The Death of Ivan Ilych* are derived from Tolstoy's *Confession*, but Tolstoy has rearranged or transformed them so that their effect is very different. One reads Tolstoy's *Confession* with intense interest, reasons about it, connects it with one's own life, and walks away

unhurt; it relates something terrible, but it is not terrible. *The Death of Ivan Ilych* is terrible: Tolstoy has created something that is half implacable factual demonstration and half torture. We argue against it, we point out its exaggerations and falsities, we thank God that our life is as different as it is from Ivan Ilych's, our death as different as it will be from Ivan Ilych's; but nothing helps. Is any story more terrible? Certainly no account of disease and death is: reading *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, for anyone who has been badly ill, badly in pain, is like being deported to a country one has lived in for a long time and hoped to forget. The story is a snake left in our path, our only path, and it has the snake's quivering tongue, the snake's gleaming and mechanical coils.

LET me quote to the reader, from Tolstoy's *Confession*, some of the sections that Tolstoy reproduced, rearranged, or transformed in *The Death of Ivan Ilych*. Childhood was good, Tolstoy tells us, but society made the child into a man by encouraging in him

ambition, lust of power, selfishness, voluptuousness, pride, anger, revenge, — all that was respected. By abandoning myself to these passions I became like a grown person, and I felt that people were satisfied with me. . . . I began to write through vanity, avarice, and pride. In my writings I did the same as in life. In order to have glory and money, for which I wrote, I had to conceal what was good and speak what was bad. And so I did. . . . For this I was paid, and I had excellent food, quarters, women, society; I had fame. . . .

During my stay in Paris, the sight of a capital punishment showed me the frailty of my superstition of progress. . . .

Another occasion which made me conscious of the insufficiency for life of the superstition of progress was the death of my brother. An intelligent, good, serious man, he grew sick when he was young, suffered for more than a year, and died an agonizing death, without comprehending what he had lived for, and still less why he should die. . . .

I got married. . . . All my life during that time was centered in my family, my wife, my children and, therefore, in cares for the increase of the means of existence. . . . In my writings I advocated, what to me was the only truth, that it was necessary to live in such a way as to derive the greatest comfort for oneself and one's family. . . .

Thus I proceeded to live, but five years ago something very strange began to happen with me: I was overcome by minutes at first of perplexity and then of an arrest of life, as though I did not know how to live or what to do, and I lost myself and was dejected. . . . Those minutes of perplexity were repeated oftener and oftener, and always in one and the same form. These arrests of life found their expression in

ever the same question: "Why? Well, and then?"

. . . There happened what happens with any person who falls ill with a mortal internal disease. At first there appear significant symptoms of indisposition, to which the patient pays no attention; then these symptoms are repeated more and more frequently and blend into one temporally indivisible suffering. The suffering keeps growing, and before the patient has had time to look around, he becomes conscious that what he took for an indisposition is the most significant thing in the world to him, — is death.

The same happened to me. . . . I could breathe, eat, drink, and sleep, and could not help breathing, eating, drinking, and sleeping; but there was no life, because there were no desires the gratification of which I might find reasonable. . . . There was nothing to wish for. . . . The truth was that life was meaningless. It was just as though I had been living and walking along, and had come to an abyss, where I saw clearly that there was nothing ahead but perdition. . . .

What happened to me was that I, a healthy, happy man, felt that I could not go on living, — an insurmountable force drew me on to find release from life. I cannot say that I *wanted* to kill myself. The force which drew me away from life was stronger, fuller, more general than wishing. It was a force like the former striving after life, but in an inverse sense. I tended with all my strength away from life. . . . I had to use cunning against myself, in order that I might not take my life. This mental condition expressed itself to me in this form: my life is a stupid, mean trick played on me by somebody. . . . Sooner or later there would come diseases and death to my dear ones and to me, and there would be nothing left but stench and worms. . . .

"My family —" I said to myself, "but my family, my wife and children, they are also human beings. They are in precisely the same condition that I am in: they must either live in the lie or see the terrible truth. . . . Since I love them, I cannot conceal the truth from them, — every step in cognition leads them up to this truth. And the truth is death."

Socrates and Solomon, Schopenhauer and Buddha — all, says Tolstoy, have agreed to this truth. It is a truth that is inescapable for those who neglect "man's chief, primary, and undoubted duty: *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*" Meaninglessness, falseness, and death are the final truth for the selfish, parasitical classes whose lives are intent only upon their own happiness — for Ivan Ilych; but they are not the final truth for the humble majority of mankind, who since the beginning of time have "mined the iron, taught how to cut down the forest, domesticated cows and horses, taught how to sow, how to live together," and served without thought of happiness — for Gerasim. A false life is dreadful, but "death — real, serious, all-absorbing death — is, thank God, not dreadful"; the atom of life, dying, is absorbed into the world's continuing life.

In his *Confession* Tolstoy shows a man coming to these conclusions by the force of his own more or less free, more or less arbitrary thought and life; the reader accepts or rejects the conclusions as a matter of logic or feeling — he has a choice. But *The Death of Ivan Ilych* shows a man forced to these conclusions by disease and death, by a long inescapable process described in the most terrible factual detail, so that the reader has no choice: just as he, as a reader, has been forced to identify his own life with Ivan Ilych's, so he, as a reader, is forced to accept Ivan Ilych's conclusions about his life. In *Confession* Tolstoy uses the process by which disease leads to death as a metaphor for the process of thought and feeling that led him to his despairing obsession with death. (The person he loved and respected most, his brother Nikolai, had died in just this way.) But in *The Death of Ivan Ilych* the metaphor is made reality — and everything else is derived from this reality.

The story begins with the official announcement of Ivan Ilych's death, and with the official rites by which society disposes of Ivan Ilych's corpse and, also, of the reality of Ivan Ilych's death; we see these through the eyes of an official and social acquaintance of Ivan Ilych's, the eyes of another Ivan Ilych. This is, we think, the end of Ivan Ilych, and everything connected with the end is false. Nor is the conventional, hypocritical falseness of the funeral touching to us, as it normally would be, since Tolstoy has eliminated almost all of the selfless feelings the survivors normally would have: even to the person presumably closest to him, his wife, the death of Ivan Ilych is a matter of selfishness, inconvenience, and greed. The impatient acquaintance's interview with the wife is an almost farcically conclusive demonstration of this point, what with the pension, the possibility of an additional grant of money, the prices of the cemetery lots, the pouf, the wife's "For the last three days he screamed incessantly. It was unendurable. I cannot understand how I bore it."

TURGENEV once said about Tolstoy: "He never believed in people's sincerity. Every spiritual movement seemed to him false, and with his extraordinarily penetrating eyes he used to pierce those on whom his suspicion fell." No other writer is so great a master of negative analysis, can so surely reduce anything to its component atoms of falsity. History, as the saying goes, is an agreed-upon falsehood or convention; in *The Death of Ivan Ilych* society itself is this agreed-upon, conventional lie. Ivan Ilych preferred to anything else in the arbitrary, agreed-upon convention of his existence his favorite game of cards; now, with

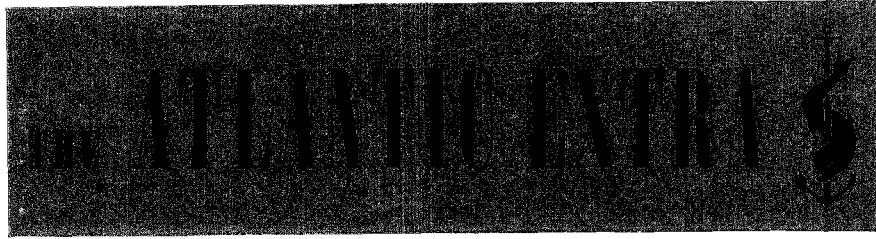
savage precision, the acquaintance is made to sulk when it looks as if Ivan Ilych's funeral will keep him from the game of cards — to rejoice when, in the last sentence of the introduction, he gets his game in after all. This first section demonstrates to us the conclusive falsity of Ivan Ilych's death; it is not until we come to the end of the story that we realize that the first section was not a conclusion but a mere appendix or afterword about the disposal of Ivan Ilych's corpse — the real death of Ivan Ilych was different. But now, after an overture in the key of falsehood, it seems natural for the story to continue in this key with its account of Ivan Ilych's life. Here, however, Tolstoy changes his methods: what has been the direct narration of a series of particular events, as seen through one person's eyes, now becomes a highly organized, omniscient summary of the classes of happenings that compose Ivan Ilych's life, and of the ruling principles that underlie them.

The story's analysis of the conventional falseness of Ivan Ilych's life is far more effective than Tolstoy's similar analysis of his own life in his *Confession*. To treat Tolstoy's contradictory and extraordinary life as a typically and conventionally evil one seems the rhetorical exaggeration of an evangelist. But Ivan Ilych's life is typical, the tendencies of his life are thoroughly consistent: he has managed to make himself into an entirely proper, entirely efficient, entirely false and conventional part of the machinery of society. (Tolstoy's dislike of any complicated system, of any form of government, and of the upper levels of society, along with his dislike of judges and doctors, finds effective expression in the story.)

Ivan Ilych has managed so successfully to turn a human being into an aristocratic, bureaucratic machine part that the operation of the machine has taken the place of ordinary human reality for him: his profession, his little dinners, his card games are the easy, pleasant, decorous machine existence that the machine part requires instead of life. His marriage alone, from the time of his wife's first pregnancy, manages to bring a raw live squalor into this existence. (Tolstoy said that to endure the first pregnancy of his own wife was "to have the troubles of an eating-house, baby-powders, and jam-making, along with grumblings, and devoid of all that can brighten family life. . . . I don't know what I would not do for the sake of our happiness; but she can debase and defile our relation so as to make it seem as though I begrudged her a horse or a peach.") But by "taking a definite line" about his marriage, Ivan Ilych makes it a part of the machinery or disregards it; just as his wife "takes a definite line" about his disease and death, so that she can make it a part of her own machine existence or disregard it.

Tolstoy once said about an illness of his own "It was as if a wheel had seized me and were beginning to drag me into the machine"; when Ivan Ilych stumbles, a wheel seizes him and begins to drag him out of the machine of society into the machine of death. This machine of disease and death before long teaches Ivan Ilych, in flesh-and-blood letters, that he is no machine part but a human being. But it is precisely this that the machinery of society will not admit: "the awful, terrible act of his dying was, he could see, reduced by those about him to the level of a casual, unpleasant, and almost indecorous incident (as if someone entered a drawing-room diffusing an unpleasant odor) and this was done by that very decorum which he had served all his life. No one even wished to grasp his position. Only Gerasim recognized it and pitied him. He even said straight out: 'We shall all of us die, so why should I grudge a little trouble?'" The only human reality Ivan Ilych can reach to, from out of the machinery, is Gerasim, who represents not the conventional falseness of society but the truth of peasant life, as he serves and pities the man he alone admits is dying. (At the very end of his life Ivan Ilych also manages to reach out to a human reality in the form of childhood, of his own son — who represents the human being Ivan Ilych once was, before he was converted into the machine part Ivan Ilych.) Gerasim sitting all night with the legs of Ivan Ilych on his shoulders — of that Ivan Ilych who wants to cry like a child and be comforted like a child — is the humble, indecorous human reality, the terrible but touching truth; and it is not until Ivan Ilych can accept this as the truth, as somehow good, and can reject his former easy, pleasant, decorous life as "not the right thing" but a conventional, mechanical falsehood, that he can get through the black sack into the light, and can feel pity not only for his son and Gerasim, but even for his wife and the other machine parts.

Ivan Ilych's life has been a conventional falsehood; *The Death of Ivan Ilych* is the story of how he is tortured into the truth. No matter how alien they may have seemed to him to begin with, in the end the reader can dissociate himself neither from the falsehood, the torture, nor the truth: he is Ivan Ilych. After so much falseness, such terrible tortures, the reader is very willing to accept the end of the story, even the *It is finished* that Tolstoy took from the account of another death. But the end is truly imagined in terms of the story itself, not in terms of Tolstoy's religious doctrines: the light on the other side of the black sack, the life that comes out of death, all correspond to the human life that has finally emerged from the machinery of falsehood and death.



THE SOUTH HAS MANY FACES

BY RALPH MCGILL

RALPH MCGILL, editor of the *Atlanta* CONSTITUTION, holds a unique position in the South. Born in Tennessee, educated in the public schools and at Vanderbilt University, he came of age at a time when his homeland was being changed and shaken, and with courage and compassion he has spoken out against the double standard of democracy in the South. The following pages are drawn from his forthcoming book *THE SOUTH AND THE SOUTHERNER*, which received the Atlantic Nonfiction Award of \$5000.



Levin-Atlanta

IN MORE than a quarter century of giving ear to Southern politicians, Klan speakers, and preachers — and, in more recent years, the White Citizens Councils, mob members such as those of Little Rock, New Orleans, and, later, the Snopeses at Ole Miss in Oxford, Mississippi, and the interpositionists — I came to believe in something of reincarnation, or the more likely fact of numbing unoriginality of minds prejudiced by race.

Now and then someone came along like Uncle Earl Long, or the late Cotton Ed Smith, who raised the act of irrelevance, vulgar invective, and demagoguery to preposterous heights of entertainment. But even they were playing their own arrangements of original composers.

One summer vacation I used up some of the leisure hours culling the benders of regional twigs until I had four whose ideas, blasphemies, prejudices, sophistries, syllogisms, phrases of invective, and theories have been repeated most often since the Supreme Court decision of 1954, and still are. It is unlikely that those who use them most are aware they are repeating. The words and phrases have for years been floating in the South's political air, like motes in sunlight, to be breathed in and expelled.

The twig benders left after culling were: Thomas Roderick Dew, 1802–1846; Benjamin Ryan Till-
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man, 1847–1918; James Kimble Vardaman, 1861–1930; Thomas Edward Watson, 1856–1922.

In reading of the early turbulent reasonless days when sectionalism grew in the South and the region began to think on how different it was, I was struck with how often both politicians and demagogues of that early day had to turn to their scholars to provide substance for poor arguments. In 1831 it still was the custom of the Virginia legislature to look to the college of William and Mary for guidance. In that year the Assembly made a request of Professor Thomas Roderick Dew that he produce for them a summary of the long controversy on the abolition of slavery.

There is no intent to injure the feelings of the professor's ghost, but it is nonetheless true that the authors of the request knew that, whereas his predecessors in the chair of History, Metaphysics, Natural and National Law, Government and Political Economy, George Wythe and St. George Tucker, had been antislavery men, as were others on the faculty, Professor Dew was an ardent slavery man.

The request from the Virginia legislature pleased him, and he eagerly responded. Professor Dew added no new knowledge to the assigned subject. But he did something which made the politicians more effective. He took all the argu-

ments which had been made for slavery and gave them organization and a smooth, scholarly persuasiveness. There were no qualifications or doubts in his conclusions. His reasoning had a quality of polished, genteel finality.

He was most persuasive to those eager and waiting to be persuaded. The professor began by casting his eyes back through history. Where were the great civilizations? He saw them in Greece, in Rome, along the Nile. Captives, instead of being put to death, were put to work. The arts, architecture, freedom, private property, leisure — in fact, the true civilizations — flourished only where there was slavery.

This was Dew's preamble. He proceeded then to prove that slavery benefited the Negro. Unfitted for freedom by nature, he was given protection, care, and security by slavery. His lot was much more desirable, the professor found, than that of the miserable free worker who was exploited and meagerly paid in the North, where materialistic clamor and vulgar commercialism made civilization impossible.

Professor Dew looked with benign eyes upon the slave owners of the South and saw them as characterized by "noble and elevated sentiments, by humane and virtuous feelings. . . . Selfishness might exist elsewhere, but was nowhere to be found among Southern slave holders." It was "Christian" to care for inferior people, unfitted by intellect to be free. This was a harsh repudiation of Thomas Jefferson, who had, of course, been mistaken.

All the sentiments so carefully collected and unchallenged in the seclusion of his academic cloister carefully were marshaled forth. He closed by asserting to his own and the legislature's satisfaction — and proving — that slavery, far from interfering with the democratic form of government, made true democracy possible by bringing all white men to "one common level."

"We believe," Professor Dew wrote, "that slavery in the United States has accomplished this, in regard to the whites, as nearly as can be expected, or even desired in this world. The menial and low offices are being performed by the blacks, there is at once taken away the greatest cause of distinction and separation of the ranks of society." Thus, in so gentle and scholarly a manner, was white supremacy defined.

There was no bitterness in Professor Dew. Out of his background of birth, and out of his seclusion with books, he believed even the more preposterous of his arguments. He delivered his lecture to the Virginia Assembly as if it were one of his classes, savoring its applause.

So well pleased were its members that, at their suggestion, he had his paper published in Rich-

mond, titled *Review of the Debate* [on the abolition of slavery] in the *Virginia Legislature of 1831-1832*. So popular was it that a second edition was required. Soon other legislatures were repeating it. Pulpits rang with it. Newspapers printed large excerpts with extravagant endorsement.

Already the various state and local political arrangers of Professor Dew's composition were beginning to repeat it with their own variations and embellished interpretations. By the time Professor Dew died in 1846 there were voices rising in the land which were angry, defiant, demanding, pleading. South Carolina's Robert Barnwell Rhett, son of New England forebears; Alabama's William Lowndes Yancey, graduate of Williams College; Virginia's agronomist Edmund Ruffin; and William Gregg, Virginia-born but long a South Carolina manufacturer, full of sound and fury, were already moving to occupy the stage, which they were to hold all through the 1850s. But Dew's "classic statement" still served as the model. In all their Wagnerian thunders his theme could be heard. One feels that if the spirit of Professor Dew was around, it did not approve of the clamor. It was not good manners, and it did not jibe with his picture of a perfect, Greeklike civilization and the assured, poised culture which could flower only out of slavery. But the theme was his.

BEN TILLMAN of South Carolina was a second mover and shaker, a bender of twigs. He had a youthful environment which was emotionally violent. He grew up a favorite of his widowed mother. Two brothers were killed in war. Another died of fever. When Ben was nine, an older brother, George, killed a man in a gambling feud and served two years in jail. In his ears were the frequent sound of sobs and his mother's resentful protests against such heavy blows from fate.

The young Ben was his mother's constant companion in managing the plantation and the many slaves. She had him tutored at home and later sent him to a private school. He became apt at English and Latin. In 1861 he left home to join the Confederate Army, but soon came down with a never fully diagnosed illness which made him a semi-invalid for two years and cost him the sight of one eye. Resentment and a sense of injustice became a part of his personality.

In 1868 he married Sallie Starke of Elbert County, Georgia. His mother helped him to four hundred acres adjoining her holdings. It was land leached poor by many years of cotton cropping, and the returns from it were meager.

He was an intense man, bitterly inhibited, spurred always by the feeling that life and fate had

treated him shabbily. He was unattractive in appearance, quick-tempered, irascible, and unpopular with his neighbors. For a time he dabbled ineffectively in county politics.

By 1885, discontent lay on all the farmlands of America. The fever of Populism ran hotly, and the emotions of it brought the Southeast and Midwest close to class warfare. Its yeasty ferment caused men long inarticulate to have the gift of tongues. In August of that year, near bankruptcy like most of his neighbors, Ben Tillman made a speech which caused men to talk. Their interests, he shouted at a meeting of farmers, were being betrayed by the merchants and lawyers, who fed on them and their poverty.

From that day on he harried the farmers to organize. In every conversation or speech, he indicted the merchant and lawyer class with angry and violent charges of exploitation. Many of them were basically true and not too greatly exaggerated.

He somehow hated the Negro. No one knew exactly why. It seemingly irritated him that Negroes were free. But whatever the reason, his hate was irrational and vindictive. The Negro, he declared, was not a man but an animal and savage. He was, perhaps, the missing link. Negroes, he argued, had produced no civilization of their own; they were best off as slaves.

Education of the Negro was a subject which excited him to near-hysteria. Education of people not suited for it, he shouted to his crowds of landless and discontented, to the hot-eyed small farmers with mortgages and crop liens on their depressed acres and crops, would bring on a bloody war between the races. His preachments were incredibly wild incitements to violence and restriction. The Negro became the scapegoat for all the resentments of small farmers and plantation owners caught in an economic and political squeeze.

Nor did he restrict his tirades to his own county. By 1892 he was absolute master of South Carolina politics. At his fiery command distinguished men who had served their state nobly — eminent Confederate War hero and aristocrat Wade Hampton among them — were voted out of office and replaced by men who faithfully imitated their master.

He had himself elected to the United States Senate. He took to the Chautauqua circuit and went all over the nation picturing the Negro to be a beast and a person unfit for citizenship or education. He sought to arouse sentiment in the Congress to abolish the Fourteenth Amendment and urged force to nullify the Fifteenth.

A bitter foe of Grover Cleveland's, Tillman had urged his followers in 1894 to "Send me to Wash-

ington so I can stick my pitchfork in his [Cleveland's] old ribs." His mobs loved it and called him thereafter "Pitchfork Ben."

In 1896, hoping for the Democratic presidential nomination, he addressed the party convention. His dark features, his savagely snapping jaws, his masklike face twisted with hate made him a fearsome figure. He lashed out as if one of his mobs were before him. Many approved. But he was too extreme to be a candidate. They nominated William Jennings Bryan. The defeated man went back South, where crowds were more approving.

Tillman fought President Teddy Roosevelt, charging him with hypocrisy in dealing with trusts. The President produced documents indicating fraud by Senator Tillman in the purchase of Oregon lands for himself. The charge was not proved, but it was so obviously true it damaged Tillman nationally.

But not at home. He largely controlled South Carolina's politics until he died, leaving many of the state's best traditions overturned and passions loosed which are endemic in the political life of the South. The Southern states have never ceased to produce semi-reincarnations of him.

JAMES KIMBLE VARDAMAN was one of these. Texas-born, son of a Confederate veteran, he was a shirttail boy when his family moved to a farm in Yalobusha County, Mississippi. But at twenty-one, James Vardaman was admitted to the bar and began to practice law at Winona and write for and edit the *Winona Advertiser*, a weekly. From 1890 to 1896 he edited the *Greenwood Enterprise* and served in the legislature. Later he founded his own newspaper, the *Commonwealth*.

The young editor began to hear, above the rumbles of bitter class factionalism in the Democratic Party of his own state, the thunder of Tillman in South Carolina. Vardaman early had the gift of invective speech. He was shrewd, coarse, vulgar, eloquent, ruthless, persuasive. Being a part of the unrest of his time, he decided to try the long leap from the legislature to the governorship.

When he began his campaign for the governorship he rode on a large eight-wheeled lumber wagon. Eight yokes of carefully selected white oxen pulled him to the hustings. It was drama and color in a land which knew little entertainment. His audiences were the discontented, the landless, and the small farmer, the poor white man. The planters were the enemy — the planters on the delta and the Negro, wherever they were. He had read Tillman.

"My friends," he would say to those first de-

lighted audiences, "I know you will listen to me. My first audiences were barnyard animals and jackasses." He had the demagogue's necessary gift of communication. He easily established the tie of brotherhood with the discontented.

"The political dominions of the white race," he told them, week in and week out, "are threatened by the education of the Negro." His attack on education for the Negro was then a shrewd political device, but there was no hypocrisy in his use of it. He believed it. He saw thus a force which might make him a personal power, above party.

Many of his audiences had bolted the Democratic ticket to vote Populist. Vardaman did not want to become identified with Populism. He believed its followers would in time return to the Democrats. He saw his real opposition as the planter class, and he wanted to unite all other factions against it.

His interest in the poor man seemed hotly sincere — so long as the poor man was white. He, himself, noting how his yokes of white oxen caught on, began to dress in symbolic white and to let his black hair grow long, brushed down to his shoulders, for contrast. He encouraged the descriptive phrase "The Great White Chief." He became the hero of discontent, its spokesman, its leader.

In 1904 he was governor. Education for the Negro promptly was reduced to a vocational status, and there was not much of that. State schools for Negroes were closed. He was defeated in a bid for the Senate in 1907. In 1908 he began to publish a weekly paper at Jackson, the *Issue*. It continued to stir racial passions, to protest education for the Negro.

In 1910 he was defeated by LeRoy Percy, gentleman and true aristocrat of the delta, whose son, Will Percy, author of *Lanterns on the Levee*, all his life was to fight the prejudices bequeathed Mississippi by Vardaman. It was a legislative choice, an earlier primary result having been declared invalid. Vardaman charged a steal by planters. In 1911 he won a primary and became a United States senator in 1912. "The bottom rail is on top," he shouted. And it was.

But power had corrupted. He began to lose his touch. He fought Woodrow Wilson and the war. In 1918 Pat Harrison defeated him. His health began to break. In 1922 he was unable to speak. He moved to Alabama and waited out death.

TOM WATSON, another rallier and organizer of discontented men and prejudice in the South, was born in a small log house three miles north of Thomson, Georgia, on September 5, 1856.

Congressman, nominee for the vice presidency on the Populist's fusion ticket with William Jennings Bryan in 1896, and United States senator, Watson dwarfed the Tillmans and Vardamans in sheer genius of intellect and ability. He had, like them, all the black arts of the politics of violence.

But there was a time when the small farmers, owners, tenants, croppers, Negro and white, worshiped him next to God Himself, and, as one said, felt more sure of Watson. Negroes would crowd about him and touch his garments and go home and tell their families, "I seen him today. I seen him and heard him talk and touched his clothes."

He was the sworn foe of monopoly, not in the narrow sense of the word, but monopoly of power, of place, of privilege, of wealth, of progress. He had, in his beginnings, to attack not merely the old social and political structures but the problem of race. His Populist struggle in the South was made more complex and bitter by it and the intellectual infamy of Tillman and Vardaman. But Watson attacked prejudice against the Negro fearlessly, and with an honesty never before seen in the political life of the cotton South — and not heard since from any man of his political stature. His Populist program called for unity between the white and Negro farmers. Watson put his appeal in his usual simple but image-drawing words.

"Now, the People's Party says to these two men, 'You are kept apart that you may be separately fleeced of your earnings. You are made to hate each other because upon that hatred is rested the keystone of the arch of financial despotism which enslaves you both. You are deceived and blinded that you may not see how this race antagonism perpetuates a monetary system which beggars both.'"

Watson did not merely speak and write. He made public appearances before farmers deeply rooted in the old pattern of race hatreds and prejudices. They somehow were not made hostile to hear his voice crying out:

"It should be the object of the Populist party to make lynch law odious to the people. . . .

"I nominate this man [Negro] to the executive committee of the Populist party as a man worthy to be on the executive committee of this party or any other party. . . .

"Tell me the use of educating these people as citizens if they are never to exercise the rights of citizens. . . ."

Watson spoke from platforms where white and Negro men sat. He spoke to mixed audiences. He never advocated any easing of segregation in the schools. But he did insist, emphatically, upon

political equality. He held that the incident of color made no difference in the political interests of farmers, croppers, and laborers. He was the first native Southerner of political standing to give intelligent and sympathetic ear to the legitimate aspirations of the Negro to full citizenship in post-Reconstruction years. He urged that the Negro, with a third party open, become an independent voter and cease being a pawn in the hands of the city and county machines.

Trembling editors all over the state wrote of anarchy and Communism. The entrenched Democratic Party set out to defeat him for re-election in 1892 in the congressional primary. Another Watson victory, and he would rule the whole state. Bloodshed and fighting grew apace as the primary day drew near. Killings became common.

Watson was defeated by the results in Richmond County, where the Democratic vote was almost double the number of legal voters. Negroes were hauled in wagons from farms and plantations into town and allowed to vote repeatedly by the Democratic county machine. Many more were brought across the Savannah River from South Carolina and voted.

Watson ended his House career with the 52nd Congress and returned to Georgia to take up the Populist fight once more. In 1894 he angrily opposed Grover Cleveland's policies. The fiery Populist advocated nationalizing the railroads and any other corporation which was of a public nature. So, with bitterness and violence flaring once more, Watson declared again for Congress. Once more, he came to Richmond County with a comfortable lead. Once more it was wiped out. It was so callous a steal that even the winner agreed to a new election. It was delayed until a new registration law was passed and thousands disfranchised. Again Watson was counted out.

MANY men who knew him say it was this which broke him and almost overnight turned him from a people's man into a reckless destroyer whose name became a byword for hate and fear and falsehood. Negroes who not long before had sought merely to touch his garments and had looked up to him with a reverence as to deities became his targets. He became obsessed with hatred and flogged them with words and phrases which sent men to hunting them like animals. He who had sought to end lynchings defended them. He turned his hate equally on Jew, Catholic, Negro.

The splendid mind, once dedicated to people, had always had a dark shadow over it. He began to be unstable. What the corrupt use of Negro

votes in Richmond County had not done to his mind, the Populist convention of 1896 completed. He feared a sellout in all the talk of fusion. He would not attend the convention. Big money, he charged, was trying to persuade the Populists to join with the Democrats to ruin both. Bryan, the Democratic nominee, was nominated by the Populists. But they named Watson for vice president. The Populist convention impatiently waited while the slow telegraph relay brought word to Thomson, Georgia. Watson deliberated. At last, against his better judgment, he accepted, predicting political disaster to friends around him. He was right.

Watson retired to his home on Hickory Hill. He was in debt. He felt that his mind was going. For the first time in his life, he accepted defeat and crept, brooding, into his tent. He began to write, with a brilliant, erratic style, books which sold well. His weekly paper, the *Jeffersonian*, was eloquently, if irresponsibly, filled with his writings.

By 1904 he was engaged in disfranchising the Negro. Georgia's notorious county unit system was a part of his plan. So violent were his tirades and his followers that the Georgia election of 1906 led to the Atlanta race riot which lasted for four days, causing looting, brutality, and murder.

Contradictions made the onetime flaming mind, bent on social and political justice, paradoxical in the extreme. In one issue of his newspaper he defended the Russian Revolution, attacked monopolists, the railroads, and Wall Street, and bitterly assailed Booker T. Washington, the Negro race, Jews, and Roman Catholics. National progressiveness and Southern agrarianism no longer were going along together. To the dismay of men and women all over America who had followed him as the first compelling crusader for human rights to come in their generation, Watson sought to lead them into strange paths.

And so ran out the sands of decency, honor, and greatness. The Tom Watson who walked into the house on Hickory Hill in 1896 after defeat never again emerged. The Watson who emerged had enough drama of vocabulary and prejudice to win election to the United States Senate in 1920, when reaction against the war years and the League of Nations was at its peak. By then he was a drunken old man, racked by asthma, subject to colds, but still a dangerous opponent who knew no rules. He spoke out, now and then, for the underdog. Occasionally his family saw flashes of the old sweetness they had known when he was the people's man. But mostly it was whiskey and bitterness and brooding melancholy which darkened and dominated his mind.

On the night of September 25, 1922, he died.

His last words were, "I am not afraid of death." He wasn't.

The largest floral offering at the grave was from the Ku Klux Klan.

His legends still haunt the state. Twenty years ago I went to Thomson, seeking men who knew him, old Populists or their sons. At dusk we walked out of the town to his white-pillared house, Hickory Hill, then shuttered and lonely.

"I remember him as a boy," said one of the younger men. "We used to run up this concrete pathway and yell, 'Hello, old crazy man!' We were shaking and scared, because he was a mean-looking old man and we were afraid of him."

"Tom wasn't mean," said an older man in the group. "Tom loved children, but Tom was fey. He could go off in his mind and leave his body walking around, and it was bad to cross him when his mind was off somewhere."

"I remember," said another of the older men, "one day I had gone to see him to get him to write a letter to Washington for me. We were sitting there talking when all at once he threw up his head like a setter dog smelling birds, and I could see him listening. I listened, too, and I could hear a farm bell ringing the hands into dinner. His face got red and he said, 'Goddamn that man! He rings that bell just to worry me.'"

"The damnedest sight I ever saw, and one to chill your blood, and one that smelled of death though there was no death in it, though it was close enough to smell it, was that day when the word got out his opposition was going to kill Tom. All over this part of the country men began to hitch up. They'd throw a sack of corn and a tie or so of fodder in the wagon, and the old lady would come out with some cooked-up cornbread, a sack of meal, some ham meat and eggs, a skillet, and some quilts. For two days the roads coming to Hickory Hill emptied themselves of grim-faced men, usually two of them to a wagon, with two shotguns between them on the seat. They drove to Hickory Hill, took out the mules, and built little fires around and cooked something to eat and coffee. They didn't go up to the house, and they didn't talk with Tom. They just slept in their wagons on some old quilts or sat hunkered around, talkin'.

"They didn't nobody kill Tom, and the hot-heads that usually was willin' to shoot off their lip about him was quiet as sayin' the blessin' at dinner. After two days, them fellers hitched up and went home. They were the real Populists, the old Pops. And you know, they never was one of them stories swept the country again. Lots of people wanted to kill him, but they talked it mighty low."

The Watson ghost will not let one rest. What might the South have become politically had Watson and his Populist coalition of Negroes and farmers, with their racially mixed executive committee, won control, as they almost did? What might the race problem have become if the Negro had won the ballot? What might the inheritance of that have meant, instead of the harvest of hate and disfranchisement? His legend will not let that question die.

These are the four.

It is not at all a coincidence that all the South's racist demagogues whose names became nationally known were from four states — South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. Alabama's contribution of a nationally recognized name was Thomas (Tom-Tom) Heflin. In all of them, and their lesser, local imitators, and in those who keep coming on, are reincarnated some of the phrases, thoughts, prejudices, invective, irrelevancies, and distortions of Dew, Tillman, Vardaman, and Watson.

KU KLUX KLAN

In 1913 the Lyric Theater at Fifth and Market streets in Chattanooga plastered its display areas with large lithographs depicting a rearing, pawing, hooded, sheet-covered horse, bearing on its back a man similarly garbed. The film *Birth of a Nation* was coming to town.

It played night after night to a packed house. All I can remember about the reaction to it is that some of the boys with whom I played told of hearing their fathers say there had been some trouble in the Negro section.

We did not know it then, but any Southerner born near or after the turn of the century was to know the revived Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s as part of his educational processes.

As a young part-time reporter in Nashville, I saw my first big Klan parade and the numerous publicity stunts. A small group of rabid Klansmen would appear on a Saturday night at a Salvation Army street meeting, drop a roll of bills, usually twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars, on the drum, and silently walk away. On Sundays they would visit a church, walking in as the collection was being taken and depositing a roll made large by the presence of many one-dollar bills on the plate. So great was my innocence of the Klan that it did not occur to me in those first days of its public appearance that the ministers of the churches so visited were members of the Klan.

I was early inspired to wisdom by my managing editor, Marmaduke B. Morton of the Nashville *Banner*. He growled that the Klan was a lot of damned nonsense and that someone eventually

would have to do what Nathan Bedford Forrest had done. General Forrest had disbanded the old Reconstruction Klan because it had become a cover for rascals. But beyond this, I knew little. A query brought from Mr. Morton a profane denunciation of the content and teaching of Southern history. Not to know of the crimes committed by the robed Klan, he said, was evidence of a native lack of curiosity, unpardonable in a newspaper reporter. A man might have had poor teaching, but he could not be excused for not teaching himself, he said. So I went to the library and educated myself on the old Klan. It was more crime and brutality than it was romance. It got out of hand almost as soon as it was expanded beyond the social club created at Pulaski, Tennessee, by seven bored young men. It did not, as Southern legend has it, do more good than harm.

The 1920s saw the revived Klan become one of the major news sources — in politics, brutalities, murders, and the activities of rascals. Atlanta was mecca for the faithful.

When I went to the Atlanta *Constitution* in the spring of 1929, with Mr. Morton's words still in my ears, I began to gather information about the Klan and the men who had re-established it. I met, in the next several years, a half dozen or so men who had been a part of it and who were not merely willing to reminisce about it, but who enjoyed doing so. They gave me a picture of the rise and fall of the second "Invisible Empire."

They had a fine fund of stories, and they especially enjoyed talking about William Joseph (Doc) Simmons, who revived the original Ku Klux Klan. The story began about 1912. At that time Doc was, they said, a pious, prissy-walking, big man. Lodge badges and charms were heavy upon him, and he carried this burden joyously. Their weight was well distributed on lapel, vest, fingers, or hung pendant-fashion from the heavy gold watch chain which was the hallmark of the salesman, or confidence man, of the times. His britches were rump-sprung, his old cronies recalled with laughter, from much sitting in the wooden chairs of lodge rooms, rural church pews, offices of county and municipal politicians, and the severe, high-backed chairs found behind pulpits. Mints and cloves wrestled with the bourbon on his breath, deceiving the good ladies of the W.C.T.U., but causing the knowing to speak of him with the half-condemning, half-affectionate, sometimes profane phrases reserved for the amiably fraudulent who manage to be equally at home leading prayer, preaching, taking a dram, or making a fourth at poker. Doc Simmons was always proper. His gates-ajar collar was ever clean. The diamond pin stuck just below the large, generous knot in his conservative tie

was small, as befits gentility. "Old Doc," they would say, "was a card, a real card. Too bad you didn't know him."

Behind him was failure as a medical student and as a minister of the Methodist faith and its rural circuits. He still is remembered as an arm waver and an exhorter who somehow never made the first division in what was and is in the South a very fast, highly competitive evangelical league.

By 1915, he was Colonel Simmons. The title had been conferred upon him as a leader of the uniformed drill team of the Woodmen of the World, for whom Colonel Simmons sold memberships with insurance burial benefits. He was a good salesman. Many an old rural graveyard in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida yet includes, amid the conventional markers, the chiseled marble tree-trunk section, a grave marker which was thrown in with the coffin and the burial insurance payment.

Colonel Simmons was routinely at some sort of lodge meeting three or four nights a week. It was not surprising that he began to think of an insurance-benefit secret order of his own from which he would receive the large profits, not merely the salesman's commission. At that time, the history-making movie *Birth of a Nation* was playing at local theaters, and salesmen went to movies on lonely nights. Colonel Simmons was not considered an intellectual, but he saw and evaluated the enthusiasm aroused by the movie. This gave him an original idea. It was, so far as the record reveals, his first and last. But it was a big one.

In speeches that followed, he used to let his voice take on a deep solemnity, as befits discussion of visions, and say that one night, while sitting quietly before a window in spiritual meditation, he saw a vision of white horses riding across the sky with white-robed figures mounted on them, and from that derived the holy command to reorganize the Ku Klux Klan.

IN THE autumn of 1915, Colonel Simmons launched his plan. He approached a number of Atlantans, most of them prominent in politics. One of these was city clerk Walter Taylor, a rotund man later to go to jail for fraud.

"Walter," said Doc, in his best prayer-meeting voice, "I am asking a few carefully chosen friends to meet me atop Stone Mountain Thanksgiving night, at midnight, to be exact, to revive the ancient glories of the Ku Klux Klan."

"Jesus, Doc," Taylor said, "I can't climb Stone Mountain in the daytime. Can't you revive the ancient glories in the flatlands?"

Despite such facetiousness, the glories were revived atop the mountain. Fifteen men were present. But all, including Doc Simmons, were lacking in imagination. They didn't know what came next. Simmons was thinking of insurance policies and cash. But war was flaming in Europe. The Klan stagnated.

In 1920, Doc was still around with his somewhat anemic Klan. An uncertain destiny brought him to E. Y. Clarke, who, with a blowsy lady associate, was running a shoestring advertising office. Clarke had a razor-sharp mind where the possibilities of a fast dollar were concerned, especially a shady dollar. A smarty in the con-man manner, Clarke was the perfect character to launch the Klan. Doc's speeches, like his sermons, had heretofore lacked substance, but as they poured from the pen and mind of Clarke, they became wondrous things, filled with God and Christ, the Ten Commandments, brotherly love, purity of womanhood, morality, patriotism, the flag, and one-hundred-percent Americanism. Speakers and organizers were trained to go about spreading the word. The Roman Catholic Church was the chief target. In rural churches and lodge rooms, organizers shouted Clarke's words of warning. The Pope was coming to America. The Catholic conspiracy was to destroy us all. Only the K.K.K. and one-hundred-percent Americanism would save us. The Negro and any foreign-born man were also outside the pale. But it was the Pope and his church who served as the main target.

It was Clarke who saw also the political possibilities in the courthouse and state machines — the chance to sell and give jobs to Klan members. It was a pushover. The climate was right. America was disillusioned by the war. Isolationism, America for Americans, was in the air. Attorney General Palmer's hysteria about Reds, the depression of 1920–1921, the rural discontent, unemployment, the strikes, the explosion on Wall Street, the race riots in Eastern cities — all these created a perfect climate and soil for Klan development. The money poured in. "I remember seeing drawers full of greenbacks out there at headquarters," said Bill Sharpe, one of my informants who had known Doc Simmons. "God alone knows how much they took in in those years. They thought it would go on forever."

Within a short time, Clarke was the Klan. Doc Simmons was less and less careful about using cloves. He liked the ladies, and Clarke knew plenty.

"Hell," said Bill Sharpe. "In no time at all, Clarke had Doc hog-tied with indiscreet letters to certain ladies. He claimed to have what is called incriminating pictures of Doc, although this I never believed. But Clarke was running things,

and Doc was on a salary. Doc was sitting around daily in a perpetual state of bourbon-beatitude, no longer consulted by Clarke. He didn't seem to care. He had money; people called him Colonel. He belonged. People sort of loved old Doc, and him there mellow-drunk, with his habitual courtesy and brotherhood. A lot of them hated Clarke.

"Some used to wonder, though," he continued, "why Doc didn't seem worried. Clarke knew. He knew, too, the boys were after him. They wanted to be cut in deeper. That's why, when he figured the decline was at hand, he took all the cash he could and got out to begin his big real-estate promotion that blew up with the Depression. Clarke went on to go to jail in a Chicago songbook fraud. God knows how much money he got from the Klan, but it was plenty!

"When Hiram Evans and his rebels finally got enough power and prepared to oust Doc on a charge of having looted the Klan along with Clarke, they found out why he never worried. The name, property, and everything it owned, except the members themselves, were copyrighted and registered in the name of William Joseph Simmons. That was the first time some of them knew Doc had a first and middle name."

The big-money glow was still on the Klan, so Hiram Wesley Evans, who left his dentist's office to run the Texas Klan, formed a syndicate and bought out Simmons for \$140,000. He was installed as Imperial Wizard on November 24, 1932.

The Depression of the thirties came on. Big money was ended. The invisible empire of the Klan, which had brought many states closer than they knew to control by a fascist organization, was dropping from an estimated four million members to a few thousand. (Clarke had claimed state offices in forty-one states and members in forty-seven.) At its peak, it had elected many governors, senators, congressmen, judges, and countless local politicians. It had ruled with intimidation, terror, and murder in such widely separated states as Indiana and Louisiana. It had controlled police and sheriffs where it did not have the governor or mayor. That was a critical period for the nation and a story never really told. The Depression deepened. The climate of the amazing twenties, so favorable to the Klan, withered away.

DOC EVANS — "the Wiz," as he came to be called — saw that the big money from memberships was gone with the wind and began to liquidate. Some of the Klan property was sold to make payment on back taxes. The Roman Catholic Church bought the white-pillared two-

story house which had been the Imperial offices of the Klan and remodeled it for use as a rectory. A cathedral even then was going up on adjoining land. This galled the old Klansmen, and they began to discuss ways and means to oust Evans, who had sold the property. What they did not know was that Doc Evans himself wanted out. An unexpected way out developed.

Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara had arrived in Atlanta a year or so after the publication of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*. He was an immediate sentimental success, even with those who had their doubts about the bishop's church. After all, wasn't Scarlett O'Hara's very own father named Gerald O'Hara? A man of great charm, energy, and intelligence, the bishop stirred the diocese to greater effort and enthusiasm than it had ever known. The cathedral was beautiful evidence of this energy.

One day the bishop called me on a matter he wanted to discuss. The cathedral was to be consecrated within a few months. He was, he told me, with a great look of innocence on his face, considering inviting the Wizard of the Klan to be present. The magnificence of the idea overwhelmed me but did not cause me to overlook the transitory thought that the bishop, had he put his mind to it, could have become a master poker player. His idea was, I said, a stroke of genius, and he must certainly proceed. It was something which would become a national story for the newspapers, wire services, picture magazines, and newsreels. Either way, I said, he had the Wizard. If he refused, the nation would learn what many persons in Georgia did not know; namely, that the Roman Catholic Church now owned the one-time Imperial Palace of the Klan. If he accepted, so much the better.

"You think so?" asked the bishop, but this time he did show a twinkle in his eye.

I said it couldn't fail.

"I would hope," he said, "that it would also be good for his soul to be with us when the cathedral is dedicated to the glory of God."

The invitation was sent, and the Wizard, who was no fool, accepted. He came with his family. To have remained away would have been a complete humiliation. To be there was, of course, merely a lesser one. But, as he later said to a friend, "I was there."

The service was one of consecration. There was no reference to the K.K.K. But there was an electric quality in the air.

In addition, an almost unbelievable thing happened. In a movie script it would be rejected. But it is a literal truth that as the service began, the sun broke through a cloudy sky. The stained-glass windows broke up the sun into shafts of light. All

through that ritual of consecration a shaft of wheat-golden light was on the Wizard. This is one of my favorite memories of the Wiz — his benign, round, Halloween-pumpkin face lighted by one of God's rays. I was awed by it, and that evening I said to Bishop O'Hara, "It was really unfair of you to arrange for that shaft of light to rest on the Wizard's head. You shouldn't have gone that far."

"Who are you and I," he said, "to question where the sun shall shine? God knows best."

So, we left it at that. (All through the years the bishop has been a person for whom I have had great affection.)

Days later, the Wiz sent word.

"You were hard on me," he said, "but, not for publication, I will tell you I was not a fool. I wanted out. This was a good exit."

The Wiz didn't just walk out. The K.K.K. has always been a commercial skin game, like the anti-Semitic rackets. The Wiz sold to Dr. James H. Colescott and Dr. Samuel Green. (The Docs were back again.) Colescott was a veterinarian. The wits said this was the first time the members had had one professionally trained to minister to them.

But the Klan slid downhill. Colescott ran into a demand from the federal government for the balance due on back taxes on monies collected across a long span of years. The Klan had believed itself above paying income taxes. In something of a panic, Colescott announced the Klan dissolved and surrendered its charter.

Grand Dragon Doc Green took out another charter and began trying to stop desertions, the formation of new and rival Klans, and to rally the faithful under his banner. Ironically, he often referred to one of the competing Klans, The Original Southern Klans, Inc., as a fascist group.

EXCEPT for the shrewd, cynical men who made money or political capital out of it, the Klan membership was made up of men whose lives were sterile and whose backgrounds were barren. This was true in city and county. One of the strengths of the Klan and of other extremists' groups was and is the fact that the persons who make up the rank and file often feel resentments and frustrations because of grievances, real or fancied. Often they are mere complaints. But they do not know how to go to their city councilman or to the mayor. And so some promoter tells them it is the fault of Negroes or Jews and that if they will pay ten dollars to join the Klan, they will have protection and power.

Some enjoyed the childish mumbo jumbo of the

robes and ritual. But there was nothing in the Klan for them. They were suckers. It used to grieve me, thinking of how badly their families could have used what went to the Klan promoters.

Another of the more depressing features of the Klan was the appearance of a women's auxiliary, and later, most tragic of all, a children's division. Now and then there would be a demonstration. Cities grew used to seeing members appear in numbers of fifty or so, in which robed family groups would be prominent. There was an almost overwhelming pathos in seeing boys and girls of ages from about six to ten walking along with their parents.

When the Second World War rolled over Europe I had become convinced that at least some Klan leaders were trying to effect some sort of association with Fritz Kuhn's German Bund groups in the East. Both raged against Franklin D. Roosevelt and were irrationally anti-Semitic. It was not possible to dig this out. But, in 1947, on a second visit to the Nuremberg trials, I learned that Kuhn was a prisoner there and obtained permission to talk with him.

It was a rewarding hour. Kuhn was brought in. He was a gross, coarse-looking man at best, and the prison garb of khaki trousers and shirt emphasized these qualities of appearance. He had been brought from his job of peeling potatoes. It was difficult to believe that this bulking clod of a man had once swayed a crowd which filled Madison Square Garden. The first questions were about his visit to Hitler, taking a donation of American money. It was a fascinating thing to see excitement change his face and light his eyes as he retold the supreme moment of his life, when Adolf Hitler had shaken his hand and congratulated him on his work in organizing a Nazi Bund in the United States.

After this I asked him if the Ku Klux Klans had ever approached him.

"Oh, yes," he said. "We had two meetings about it. The Southern Klans did not want to be known in it. So the negotiations were between representatives of Klans in New Jersey and Michigan, but it was understood the Southerners were in. We all approved of what Hitler was doing. Had Roosevelt not brought us into the war, we would have got together against the Jews and the Negroes."

Kuhn went back to his potatoes.

In the post-war years, in which Adolf Hitler's super-race philosophy and the brutal excesses of it were so thoroughly exposed, the Klan became more and more preposterous. There was no longer any real money to be made from it, and this, more than morality, accelerated the decline.

Also, the Klan had ceased to be a mystery. Somehow, everyone knew what was behind those masks. In cities Negroes began to look on casually and to jest about the parades. It was different, of course, in the rural areas, where the sheriff and the deputies, and perhaps the judge, were members. There the terror still lived.

But the Klan was dying.

The White Citizens Councils, which sprang up like weeds in the wake of the 1954 school decision, finished the K.K.K. as a major force. What was left of it became a refuge for the small group of violent anti-Semitic and anti-Negro crackpots. Among these were the terrorists who did the dynamiting of schools, homes, and churches. It was dangerous because of this. But as an organization with political influence it was done.

So discredited was it that the secret Citizens Councils suffered from the fact the public equated them with the various K.K.K.'s. In Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, the Councils and Klans in some areas had near-duplicate membership. There were exceptions, but in general the White Citizens Councils were so tarred with Ku Klux Klanism that they did not flourish save in a handful of states. Try as they would, the Councils could not escape the appropriateness of their description as "the white-collar K.K.K."

It seems to me, looking back on it, that, overall, the K.K.K. had one asset. The fact that the anti-Negro-rights forces have always included a heavy strain of anti-Semitism made it easier for those of a mind and will so to do to expose the old Typhoid Marys of the hate business who were operating in the climate created by the Klan and their white-collar contemporaries. No matter what new, high-sounding patriotic names they gave to their new traps for suckers, it was possible for the diligent to expose them. Life had an added zest for those who could laugh at the absurdity of the rituals and titles, who could feel compassion for the men whose lives were so sterile they felt themselves men only when they were robed and masked and in the presence of the phony mysteries of the order, and who could see and expose the contradiction in the Klan's claims to Americanism and its subversion of American principles, and who knew the cover it gave to scoundrels.

In their own peculiar way, the Klans were educational.

WHAT THE DEPRESSION TAUGHT US

There was in the South an excitement about the early Depression years of the 1930s which ameliorated the harshness of them. There was a mighty surge of discussion, debate, self-examination, confession, and release.

Few towns were too small to have their study groups. The demand for panel members and speakers was steady. Aligned with faculty members from Emory University and Georgia Tech, I traveled much of the state to spend a day investigating and half a night in argument and in question-and-answer hours. There were sharecroppers and tenants to visit. Their wretched cabins and the pitiful meagerness of their possessions and existence were eloquent evidence of the inequities of an agricultural social and economic system which had ground to a halt. I recall thinking, with a surge of pity, on seeing them on the roads, sometimes whole families of them, ragged, now and then barefooted, I had never before seen despair. There was the rough, scaly skin of pellagra victims, the thin bodies and hot eyes of the chronic malaria sufferers. We got to know U.S. Public Health doctors and technicians who encouraged us to peer through microscopes and learn to identify hookworms. We saw and we talked. There was stimulation in those days. Gone, finally, were the myths of white-pillared mansions and a magnolia-scented civilization. There were days, as we drove along the rural roads, when it seemed as if distorting veils had been removed and we could, for the first time, see the cotton South.

I remember one day in the small south Georgia town of Waverly Hall a man said, "The real enemy we have had in the rural, cotton South has been a certain type — small-town rich man." He oversimplified, but he was speaking out of a lifetime of experience with such men. Until the Depression of the thirties was piled atop that of the boll weevil twenties, every town in the South had at least one of this certain type. He was a fascinating study, now and then charming of manner, but more often repellent and hard.

Usually he lived in the best house on the best hill in the town, or at the shadiest corner, a block or so off the main street, and always his home sought to sustain the legend of the South as a place of many mansions.

He owned, according to his geographic location, the gin, the turpentine works, the cotton warehouses, the tobacco warehouses. He was a director in the bank.

He was the owner of all or part of the biggest store. From it he sold fertilizer, plows, machinery, food, fencing, seeds, patent medicines, poultry and livestock remedies. He sold on credit, taking liens on crops and mortgages on livestock.

At least one of the popular automobile agencies was in his name, or owned by a brother, uncle, or son.

He controlled credit. He knew the financial predicament of every man in his section of the county. He knew the United States senators, and

the congressman from his district was always a friend. He could write to Washington about a job for someone in his community. He could do the same with the governor. He called at the governor's office when he journeyed to the state capital. He made a contribution at campaign time, always to the right man, and if in doubt, to both candidates. He had a hand in the political patronage in his county. He "advised," or selected, the men who ran for the legislature.

He was, more often than not, a deacon in his church. If not a deacon, he was a pillar, in that he gave liberally. He was wont to speak humorously and with a certain condescension of "my preacher."

He hadn't much time for books himself, but took a tolerant pride in the fact his wife belonged to the new Book-of-the-Month Club and collected antiques. He liked to tell the boys at the drugstore or at the office about the time his wife stopped him walking along a street in New York and made him go in with her and buy "some damned antique thing she saw in a window."

He usually owned and operated a few farms, taken in on foreclosures. If he farmed one or more of these, he drove a hard bargain with his tenants, kept them in debt as much as possible, and let the tenant shacks go until the wind blew them over. He enjoyed saying he wished he were half as well off and as happy as "his niggers," who didn't know any better than to be happy. These men had a saying common to them all — "Nigger is nigger and cotton is cotton, and that's the way it will always be."

THIS certain type of small-town rich man hated Roosevelt, the New Deal, the triple A (Agricultural Adjustment Act), and the Federal Land Bank, which took mortgages and farm loans out of his hands.

He damned the W.P.A. because it took away farm labor. In the towns he cursed it because his handyman, who had been taking what compensation he could get, chose the W.P.A.'s six dollars or eight dollars per week instead of his fifty cents or seventy-five cents per day.

He hated all union labor. If the organizers came to his cotton mill, as they did in the late thirties, he encouraged the Ku Klux Klan to run them out of town. He did not want new industries in "his" town. They competed for "his" labor.

He fondly regarded himself as the bulwark of all that was best and of the Southern "traditions." If one asked him to delineate the traditions, he would flounder and stammer and find no words, save to say, "You know damn well what the

Southern traditions are.” He would turn away, mentally marking down the questioner as a person possessing “leftish” tendencies. If he were of the more arrogant type, he would condemn you as one of those “goddamned Reds.”

He was willing to corrupt, to debase politics, to fight with all his weapons anything which seemed likely to diminish his power in his domain.

In those years I came to know many of these men. Some had admirable traits. Some had so much personality and charm it was impossible not to have an undeceived liking for their company. Yet I do not recall one who could be called wholly admirable.

Their counterparts existed, of course, in other regions. They were, in a sort of malignant rural miniature, like the giant figures of the robber barons, who operated on a national and international scale. They never questioned their belief that the country belongs to him who can exploit it.

But since the South had for so long lived with the poverty of a one-crop system, one-party politics, and a small percentage of voters, these men of the type described were incredibly ruthless and lacking in conscience when it came to exploiting those dependent on them, Negro or white. They saw the taking of a tenant’s mule or wagon to satisfy some unmet crop or credit lien as merely part of an agreement. That they had made and set its terms, and perhaps made impossible its fulfillment by exorbitant rates of interest and price markups, was a satisfying piece of business.

I do not recall one of these who could be described as a Southern aristocrat to fit the legend. Sometimes one had married the daughter of an old family which was of the planter aristocracy. However, almost without exception these men were of the yeoman, small-farmer class who had clawed their way up through cotton with shrewd, unconscionable practices.

As the thirties began, they and their feudal holdings and practices were in trouble. Cotton then began to lose its export market, partly because of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act ratified in 1930. Not long thereafter United States capital moved abroad to grow cotton. Foreign production was encouraged. Nationalism, as we have seen all too plainly, breeds nationalism. The cruel Depression set many forces in action. There were revolutions in agriculture as well as in technology and the structure of world power. The cotton South would never again be the same. We knew that by 1933. The Second World War reaffirmed that conclusion. It was on a scale terrifyingly vast and expensive in dollars and lives. Much of the war capital flowed South to create new pressures. As usual, the members of the old oligarchy rallied wherever they could to keep wages

in the new war plants held to the local scale. But there were others who could be heard in Washington, and they said, “For God’s sake, be sure the national wage rates are paid. Low wages have been the South’s curse. Help us break out of the past.”

SUDDENLY it seemed, by 1942, everyone had money. The situation was not without humor, and exposure of selfish folly at its preposterous worst for a while became front-page news in all the nation’s newspapers. By the summer of 1942 the South surprisingly found itself almost out of cooks. Since there had always been a surplus of cooks, who as a consequence were poorly paid, the shortage became an outlet for all the frustrations produced by the changing South. It was, many angry wives said, caused by all the New Deal coddling of Negroes. That was the season the stories about Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt began to be heard in drugstores, Pullman smoking rooms, in the lulls between the songs at the civic clubs, and in all the homes where cookless ladies met at tea or lunch.

Nor was it merely that Southern kitchens were out of cooks. Maids were also scarce. And this was, of course, too much to endure. Not to have a cook, or at least a girl who came to clean two or three days a week, was a sign of social inferiority. It became very easy to decide that Mrs. Roosevelt, who had interested herself in the issue of civil and economic rights, was an awful person when the cook telephoned to quit, or, as was more often the case, simply didn’t show up at all because she had a job in a war plant — or her husband did.

The summer of 1942 also saw the first Southern hearings of the Fair Employment Practices Committee. These deliberations, which some editors and community leaders said threatened the traditions, were the subject of many outraged editorials, speeches, and resolutions.

The outbursts, with preposterous irrelevance, centered on Mrs. Roosevelt. She became the issue. It was ridiculous and occasionally frightening. All the resentment at the very idea of an FEPC, at the lack of a cook, a yard man, or a butler was concentrated in spiteful talk about Mrs. Roosevelt. It found outlet in epithets and stories of all degrees of silliness and bad taste in which she was the central theme. The newspaper editorials were even worse. They ran all the way from that of the Jackson, Mississippi, *News*, which began, “It is blood on your hands, Mrs. Roosevelt,” to “Back to Harlem for Eleanor.” The nation has known no more disgraceful, hysterical display of immaturity.

The rumors were endless. Chief among them was the “Eleanor Club” myth. No one ever dis-

covered an Eleanor Club of Negro cooks and housemaids. Here and there an amateur effort to form a labor union was discovered, but Mrs. Roosevelt had no part in it.

Later on, the Eleanor Club rumors were to give way to the "Disappoint You Clubs." Each was supposed to consist of at least ten Negro cooks who would telephone at least ten want-ad addresses and promise to come to work. They would then disappoint the cookless ladies by failing to show up. This, too, was a myth, although some good matrons likely will go to their deathbeds believing it.

"I can't wait for this war to end and to have them [the cooks] come crawling back," wrote one small-town matron to her local paper.

Few people understood they were seeing the visible beginnings of the Negro's effort to have some voice in decisions involving his welfare. They were small beginnings, but they were plain to all who were willing to see.

The kitchens were never to fill up again, at least not in the old way, any more than would the empty tenant cabins. The forces loosed by the Depression, the war, and Franklin Roosevelt's political coalition had already rubbed out "Nigger is nigger and cotton is cotton" and all that this crude inanity implied, though some time would be needed to make that clear.

THERE was a south Georgia afternoon I cannot, and don't want to, forget. It was late in August, 1939. Heat lay heavily on the land. There was dust on the goldenrod blooming on the edges of the roadside ditches. The leaves on the lower branches of trees along the way were dusty.

The Negro county agent, who was driving, talked of the farm and the farmer we had just left. A young Negro agricultural school graduate had bought land on the tenant purchase plan.

"He'll make it," said the agent. "His wife has sense. He has those nice pigs. He has corn and a field of peanuts into which he can turn the pigs. He'll make a bale and a half of cotton. He has a tractor. He'll do all right."

I nodded, remembering the young man and his wife, who had been surprised and a little self-conscious to have a newspaperman walk over their land, look at the pigs, and ask questions about the hybrid corn. (I spent most of that summer going around writing about farmers selected by the county agents as having done good bootstrap jobs.)

"I live just down the road a piece," said the agent, as the car bumped along. "Would you like to stop for a glass of iced tea and some cake before I take you into town?"

I said I would. He was silent for a minute. We had never met until that morning.

"There is something I need to tell you," he said, "that I hope you will understand."

"About what?"

"My house. I don't want you to be surprised or not understand."

"I'm not sure what you mean, but don't worry about it."

He nodded.

He was silent as we crested a rise, drove on down the slope and halfway up another, pulled off to a small, weather-stained house, unprepossessing in its fading brown paint. The yard was clean-swept dirt. We got out of the dusty Chevrolet. His wife had opened the door and stood on the top of the steps.

"It's Mr. McGill," he said.

"Come in," she said. "It's been real hot, hasn't it?"

We went in. And then I understood what he had been driving at and couldn't bring himself to say. I stood there, shame crowding through me and a heavy sadness on me.

"We'd like some tea," he said, and his wife turned and went to fetch it.

The room was paneled with a stained, native pine. There were some bright rag rugs on the floor. There was an upright piano at one corner. Three or four conventional prints, of the cheerful rural-scene type, were on the wall.

"You did all this yourself?"

"The wife and I — and our son, before he went to the army."

"It's awfully nice."

"We like it," he said.

"I understand what you were trying to say, and I'm ashamed you felt you had to say it."

"Well," he said, "you know how it is."

"Yes, I know, but I never felt it this way before."

"Well, I didn't want you to be surprised by the inside. But it's best this way. A lot of people wouldn't understand. A lot of people are funny about things. They think you are getting too big for your place, or putting on airs. Some didn't like it. So we just don't attract attention. We leave the outside like it is. But we live on the inside. They don't come in, you know. They holler and I go out."

The tall glass of tea sweated in my hand, and my shirt, wet across the back and about the neck with the sweat of the day, seemed tight and uncomfortable.

Here were a man and his wife, with a son in the army of their country, and mine. The husband and father was a Negro county agent — not simply a county agent. He could work only with Negroes. He was so earnest a worker and so well grounded in

agriculture, and with a sort of passion to teach it, that Negro farmers in his county had attained a reputation for modest successes. They won prizes in the Negro section at the county fair. Their wives canned vegetables and put up pickles and preserves. The farms all had a look of neatness about them. There was use of REA electricity and pumps in many of the wells.

But it would not do for the man who was responsible for all of this to appear uppity by making his place attractive to the passerby. It had to be almost a secret, inside thing. The white people in the county seat liked him. They spoke well of him. But he never wore a good suit to town, except on Sundays, and he did not let it be known that the rooms of his house were paneled, or that there was a piano in the living room and framed prints on the wall. There would have been some, as he said, who wouldn't have liked it. It was one of those things which he and I understood — a dark, mysterious, hateful thing, never written out or said, but a part of what was meant, in rural sections, by that well-rounded phrase, "Southern customs," or "ways."

We talked, sitting there, drinking the iced tea and eating oatmeal cookies, of how cotton was not what it used to be, of what a blessing a tractor was, but of how something vital was lost when the mules went. He was a man with a cause, and he talked powerfully of the need to keep the family-type farms. I listened, nodding affirmatively. But I could not shake off the feeling of shame and responsibility for a situation in which a man and his family — in the United States — could not fix the outside of their home as they wanted it, could not live as simply and freely as any other persons. It was wrong, terribly wrong. The injustice of it was unspoken, but it was heavy in the room, and though neither of us spoke of it, there was communication between us. They knew that I knew.

He took me into town to the hot sultry little hotel where the small coffee shop was air-conditioned but the rooms were not. A fan buzzed from a table in my room. Sleep was slow in coming. Memory went over and over again the agent's halting sentences in the car and the wave of comprehension that came over me as we stepped into the room. I long had known that we did not have a free and ordered society in America. It was obvious in the cities, where we discussed the Southerner's substitution of humanitarian philanthropy and paternalism for the deeper values of human life and an ordered society.

In the Southern cities there was no first-class restaurant to which the Negro doctor of philosophy could take his wife and family if they wanted to eat out. If he wanted to take his family to a movie, it was necessary to go to a side entrance and

climb up a flight or so of stairs to a gallery. If he rode the city buses, he and his children went to the rear. In most towns, if he took a taxi, it had to be one for Negroes only. The schools were not equal. All this, too, was wrong. When I was with Negro faculty members at universities or professional or business men in the cities, we discussed it intellectually, with sociological terms and with understanding of why this was so and why it would have to end. But somehow it had never hit me like a blow until that hot afternoon in a rural county when the county agent had brought me to his home.

I think it was because when we talked in study groups or at teas or dinners at the universities or at some homes, we never felt alone. In the hot hotel room that night I could picture the agent and his wife sitting at home talking about the day, their son in the army of his country, and the visits we had made to the farms. They were alone. There were no neighbors. They were vulnerable — there in the secret tastefulness of their own house. For them, more than anyone in the town, the routine of their lives depended on maintaining a careful balance of things never said, but known.

Hitler's voice could be heard in those days on American short-wave radios. The South was interventionist-minded. There was talk everywhere of freedom and the dignity of man. When I had breakfast the next morning with the white county agent with whom I was to be that day, he talked mostly of letters from the Department of Agriculture asking that farmers be encouraged to produce more food. He was planning a big meeting at the schoolhouse.

"Will the Negro farmers be there?"

"Oh, no," he said, "they'll get the word from their agent — the one you were with yesterday."

There was no guile in him. The talk of American democracy and the dignity of man did not have a crack in it insofar as he was concerned. And he was not a bad man.

The war came on with a rush, and many times in those years I thought back to that late afternoon when we returned, sweaty and tired, to the Negro agent's house on a farm-to-market road out from the county seat of a town which had known the glories of the days when cotton was king and the South had a monopoly — "Ours and our sons' forever."

SOUTHERNERS OVERSEAS

In England in the summer of 1943 I saw young Southerners in the compelling classrooms of the war. Those I saw were for the most part aviators, fighter pilots, and bomber crews at the bases scattered over the British Isles. Public information

officers always brought forth, as a sort of captive audience, the men from a visiting correspondent's home state. I met many Georgians, and through them other Southerners.

We talked of the South, of course, of how we loved it, and of how it must learn to be a part of the nation and not withdrawn. We laughed at the folkway posturing of our politicians and wondered why we all had a not quite understood affection for the most gifted and worst of them. Service in the Second World War opened the eyes and minds of thousands of Southerners. But, truth to tell, we were all so lifted up by the daily challenge of war that we talked mostly of it. It was to be somewhat different two years later.

On January 10, 1945, Wilbur Forrest, the associate editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Carl Ackerman, then dean of Columbia University's School of Journalism, and I were sent out from New York on a journey which was to take us around the world. We represented the American Society of Newspaper Editors in a sort of Johnny Appleseed mission of trying to organize and interest journalists in being prepared to demand and participate in a freer flow of news and an exchange of news ideas and problems once the war ended and the world was put together again. We traveled in planes of the Air Transport Command, without priority. (It was offered, but we refused.) The way led us to London, where the V-2 bombs were coming; to Paris, newly liberated; Rome, with fighting in the north; Athens, with the Communist-directed ELAS troops a few miles away; to Cairo; to Ankara and Istanbul; to Moscow, where there were rockets and gun salutes each night to the victorious push against the Germans; to Karachi and New Delhi; to Chiang's wartime capital of Chungking; and to Australia, via Ceylon; and then on to San Francisco, where, in the hopeful sun of a beautiful April, the delegates were gathering to write a charter for the United Nations.

THE journey was a magnificent panorama. We talked with generals and heads of governments, with soldiers of all nations, with newspapermen and government press officers, with princes and queens in exile. We saw American soldiers under many conditions. It was a thought-provoking trip. There were prophetic stirrings. None who saw the world in the last months of that earth-girdling war could fail to sense that the forces unloosed by it would not die out with the fighting. There would be a new environment requiring new responses. Yet it was not a journey without humor. Forrest and Ackerman, not quite comprehending

that in the more provincial journalism of the South a byline that had been appearing in the Atlanta *Constitution* for sixteen years would have become known to a great many Georgians and Southerners, early began to note how many of them sought me out for news of home. The *Stars and Stripes*, in whatever theater we were, gave notice of our presence. And, truthfully, there was a run of Georgians. On the way over we were delayed at Stephenville, Newfoundland, before testing the Atlantic. The duty officer, a Georgian, seeing our names on the manifest, became our guide. He took us to one of the Air Force's ubiquitous DeGink hotels and warmed us with hospitality and Scotch until departure time. We landed at Prestwick, Scotland. As we changed money at the army finance office, the corporal said he had met me at Rigg Ware's home in Hogansville, Georgia, and we chatted about him, a mighty fox hunter. In London and Paris other homesick Georgians came around to ask about home. Crawford Ware, a nephew of Rigg Ware, was one.

Forrest began to complain that the flood of visitors was, of course, rigged. On the way out to Versailles to see General Eisenhower, he said to Ackerman, "Well, Carl, at least Ike is a Middle West Dutchman with no Georgia connections." When we had completed a very helpful briefing with the general, I told him I had seen his son John about ten days before. He was coming up to Atlanta from Fort Benning for weekend liberty and was having dates with the attractive daughter of one of my neighbors. The general was delighted to have news of him, and showed us a cutting from a Columbus, Georgia, newspaper in which there was a picture of the young ladies who had attended a dance there, and asked me to identify his son's date. This I did, not failing to pass it on to my associates for a look.

Rome was next, and there an ATC colonel, a Medical Corps major (both Georgians), and a WAC, a member of the Atlanta *Constitution* staff, then on the *Stars and Stripes*, came to call. On our drive to the Vatican, accompanied by the late Myron Taylor, U.S. representative to the Holy See, Forrest told the story of the Georgia callers and said, "Ike let us down. But one thing is sure. The Holy Father hasn't got a son who has dates with the daughter of one of McGill's neighbors."

Pope Pius XII received us at the appointed time, and as I was presented, he said, "Mr. McGill, we have had a nice letter about you from Bishop O'Hara in Atlanta."

This was so unexpected that it was with the greatest of difficulty that Forrest and I kept straight faces. The audience was a most pleasant one. For a half hour the Holy Father asked ques-

tions and answered ours. Before we left, he blessed us each and prayed for a safe journey. (No three Protestants ever felt more reassured by a prayer than by this one, and the rest of our journey, especially one night out of Abadan when the controls on our DC-4 stuck, we leaned on it mightily.)

Georgia's triumph was complete when, on quitting Pope Pius' chambers, we were met by two young priests from Atlanta, then studying in the North American College, who asked us out to dinner.

In talks with Georgians and Southerners from neighboring states, one of the most common statements was, "The world won't ever be the same again, will it?" Those whom I met in Teheran, in China, and India were, like all other men who served there, shocked by the poverty and misery of the people. Scraps of conversations and conclusions have stayed in my mind. The meetings were brief — an hour or so — and most of the talk was of home and the progress of war.

But the better-educated Southerners, white and Negro, knew that never again would there be a slipping back into the old restraints and an acceptance of the cynical fiction of the "separate but equal" status. They had been shaken out of any isolationist ideas they may have had. And if some of them would return to and re-embrace parochialism and the old ways, they would never again feel comfortable in them.

ONCE the war was ended, it seemed to me the South began to stir. It was only nine years before the U.S. Supreme Court decision on school desegregation was to be handed down.

Nor were those years empty of action. The late forties produced President Truman's civil rights committee. In 1947 it flatly recommended "the elimination of segregation, based on race, color, creed, or national origin, from American life."

The Congress evaded action on recommended legislation. But in the humid summer of 1948, in the oppressive non-air-conditioned climate of Philadelphia's convention hall, Minnesota's young Senator Hubert Humphrey smashed through the hypocrisy of double-talk with a demand for an honest civil rights plank in the Democratic Party platform. It was like flashes of lightning in one of those sudden heat storms. The committee compromise plank was cast aside. The substitute

called for an end to discriminatory segregation practices. I will always remember Senator Humphrey, how he looked and sounded, and the roar of the crowd. Most of Alabama's delegation quit the floor, followed by the more angry delegates of other Deep South states. They soon formed the Dixiecrat Party. It was, at heart, the most infamously hypocritical and intellectually dishonest political organization ever created. While it sought to conceal its real motives with the cynical old shibboleth of states' rights, its real principles were those later espoused and practiced by the worst of the White Citizens Councils. Indeed, many of the Dixiecrat leaders became the chief organizers and supporters of these Councils.

In 1953 school segregation was ended in all schools operated by the Defense Department, many of them in the several Southern states.

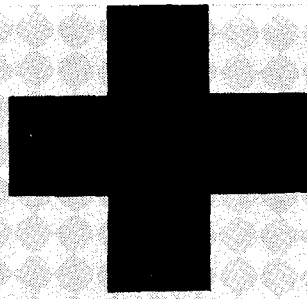
The courts also were interpreting the "separate but equal" phrase in the 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* case. The rights created by the Fourteenth Amendment required equalization, and there had been none. In 1952 five cases were brought before the Supreme Court challenging the *Plessy* doctrine.

It was obvious, too, that the old tradition of *noblesse oblige* was fading fast. There had never been much of nobility in it. It was paternalistic, and, with some few exceptions, the Negro was quite right to reject it because of its connotations of inferiority. (During the sit-in demonstrations one merchant who had provided a basement lunch counter for Negroes said, with honest indignation, "I don't see how they could do this to us after all we've done for them.")

That the school decision of May, 1954, came as a surprise to many Southerners, evoking furious protests and shameful slanders on a unanimous court, indicated how deeply convinced many persons were that the Negro was not a citizen, and even if he were, he shouldn't be. Since 1945 there had been yearly reminders that the United States could no longer ignore its own principles, its fourteenth constitutional amendment, and the demands of civilization and morality.

The decision was, all in one, fulcrum and lever. Customs, traditions, and political structures began to find themselves moved out of the way.

In all America no one was so lucky as the Southerner who was a part of this social revolution, of this determination to reaffirm the principles of what we have called the American dream. My county agent was a symbol of this dream.



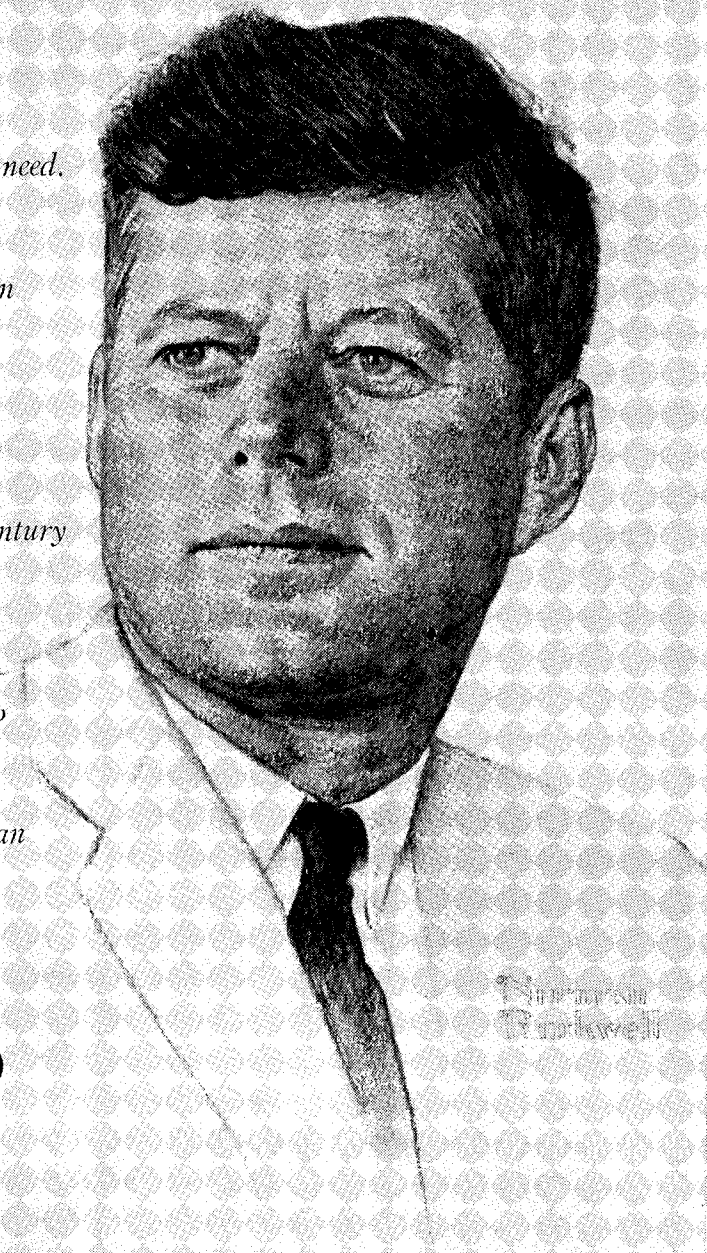
"...an opportunity, and an obligation"

This year, 1963, the Red Cross movement celebrates its one hundredth anniversary—a full century of service to peoples of the world. Throughout its history, the Red Cross has been an important symbol of hope and help to those in need. Wherever war, disease and disaster have struck, the Red Cross has been on hand to ease the burden of human suffering. Its staff and volunteers have built a tradition of mercy, of comfort and of kindness.

Today, as the Red Cross embarks upon its second century of service, each of us has an opportunity and an obligation, to become a part of this humanitarian tradition. For only through our help is this important work made possible.

The Red Cross needs the support of every American to continue its mission of mercy.

Let us all give that support.

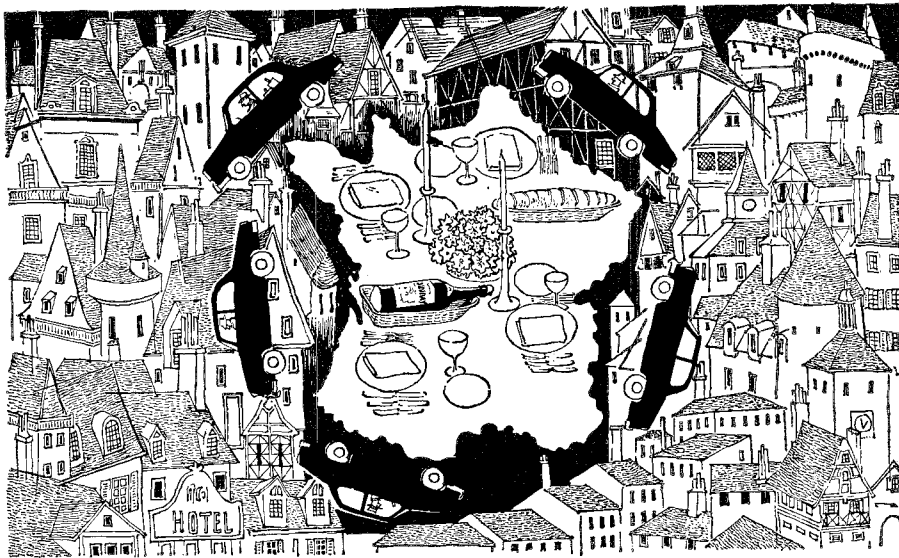


JOHN F. KENNEDY
President of the United States

ALWAYS THERE... WITH YOUR HELP



pleasures and places



STAR BOARDING IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES

BY JAMES EGAN

Many Americans who venture for the first time into the lesser-known regions of France start out with two beliefs: that they will never find bad food and they will never find good plumbing. Both beliefs are unfounded. The leaden omelet is rare, yet it can lie in wait for the unwary; and today even some fifteenth-century inns have installed chromium-and-glass showers. The trick is to enjoy a consistently high level of both *cuisine* and *confort* in the French countryside. With a modicum of planning it can be done, as my wife and I discovered on a recent 2500-mile motor trip through the provinces.

Our first rule for finding the best place to stop for lunch, stay overnight, or linger a week or more in unknown French territory was elementary: we set our course by the stars—the eternal *Guide Michelin* stars, that is. The Michelin ratings of one, two, and three stars apply only to the cuisine, to be sure. But in the countryside and small towns, hotels and restaurants are almost always combined. We found that an innkeeper dedicated to a fine table is usually devoted to other amenities, too, from beautifully waxed

floors to fine linen hemstitched by hand. Hence, the Michelin star served as a reliable guide to a good bed after a good dinner.

In regions where there are no Michelin stars, we used other aids to navigation: the list of the Relais de Campagne hotel chain, for example, comprises some fifty country hotels banded together to maintain high standards of hospitality; from our sampling, they offer picturesque settings, comfort, and good food. The French Government Tourist Office also supplies a map of the provinces with a half dozen or so recommended hotels and restaurants in each region; the choices are, in our experience, dependable.

Heading southwest from Paris through the château country of the Loire (still American tourist territory), we came upon our first star finding: Le Choiseul, an inn at Amboise. It is only 130 miles from the capital, a Michelin one-star listing for cuisine, and an excellent center for visiting the châteaux scattered up and down the river. The inn faces the banks of the Loire just outside the village. It was a private house built originally by the monks of Minimes in the fifteenth century,

and rebuilt in the eighteenth century after its destruction in the French Revolution. Its gardens and terraces were thoughtfully laid out by the monks on the hillside behind the house, perhaps with some prescience of today's motor traffic along the river road. The present owner, dapper M. Gibaudan, has furnished the place "*presque comme un musée*," as he said, buying up his Renaissance and Louis XIV and XV furniture during the forties before inflation set in. The salon is bursting with Sèvres, petit-point chairs, and ormolu tables; our bedroom, with inlaid rosewood *escritoire*, carved mantel, gilt clock and candlesticks, was accurately labeled the Louis XIV Room; the monarch, however, would not have recognized the mid-twentieth-century bath.

In the early evening, white doves strut in the garden while you have a Picon Citron, and the scent of roses and fir trees fills the air. Dinner is served in an elegant white dining room with crystal chandeliers; the entire front wall of sliding glass panels faces the sunset across the Loire. A menu typical of M. Gibaudan's fare: artichokes with *sauce Mornay*; *les boudins blancs sur canapé*, chopped pork in a paper-thin skin; *escalope tourangelle*, veal with mushrooms and truffle sauce; *haricots verts* and tiny potato puffs served from a platter bordered with a sculpture of mashed potatoes (overdoing it a bit, I thought); a phalanx of cheeses; and for dessert a *soufflé meringué* with fruits in flaming Grand Marnier. We always found the *vin du pays* a sound and inexpensive choice: here it was a 1958 Vouvray, light and faintly fruity. After dinner, you can climb up to the romantic Château of Amboise, which comes to life each night with a *Son et Lumière* spectacle that re-creates the château's centuries of royal pageantry.

Breakfast at Le Choiseul, borne in by a round-checked maid, is an enormous pot of very hot coffee with flaky croissants, plum conserve, and swirled butter balls, all served on white-and-gold Limoges. A double room with bath plus breakfast and dinner at this small paradise by the river comes to \$11.50 a person, service and taxes included. M. Gibaudan knows his business, and his business is making guests happy. I can think of no more felicitous introduction to the provinces of France.

Plunging south some 200 miles



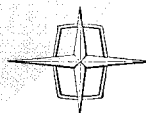
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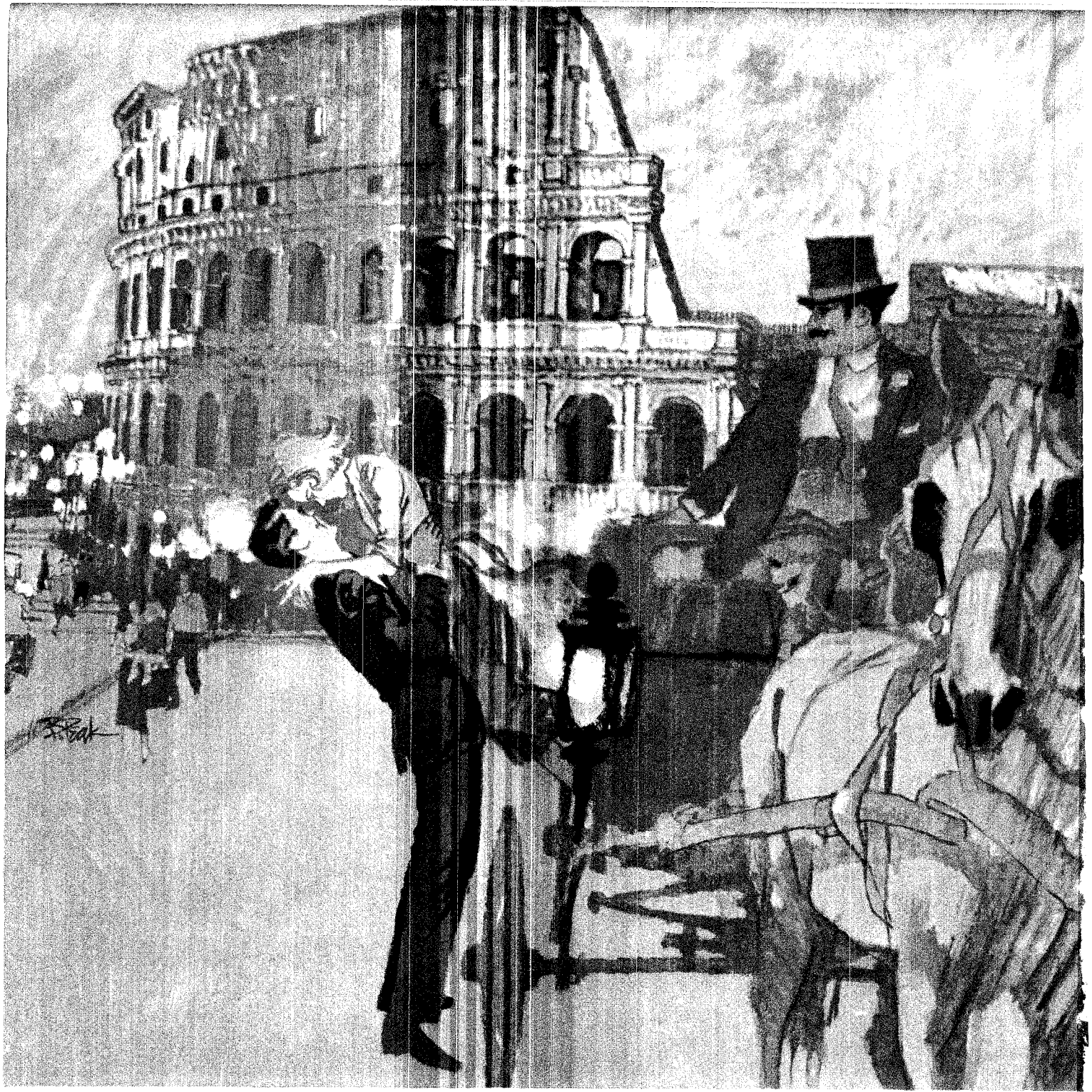
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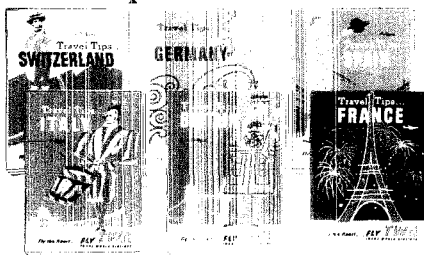
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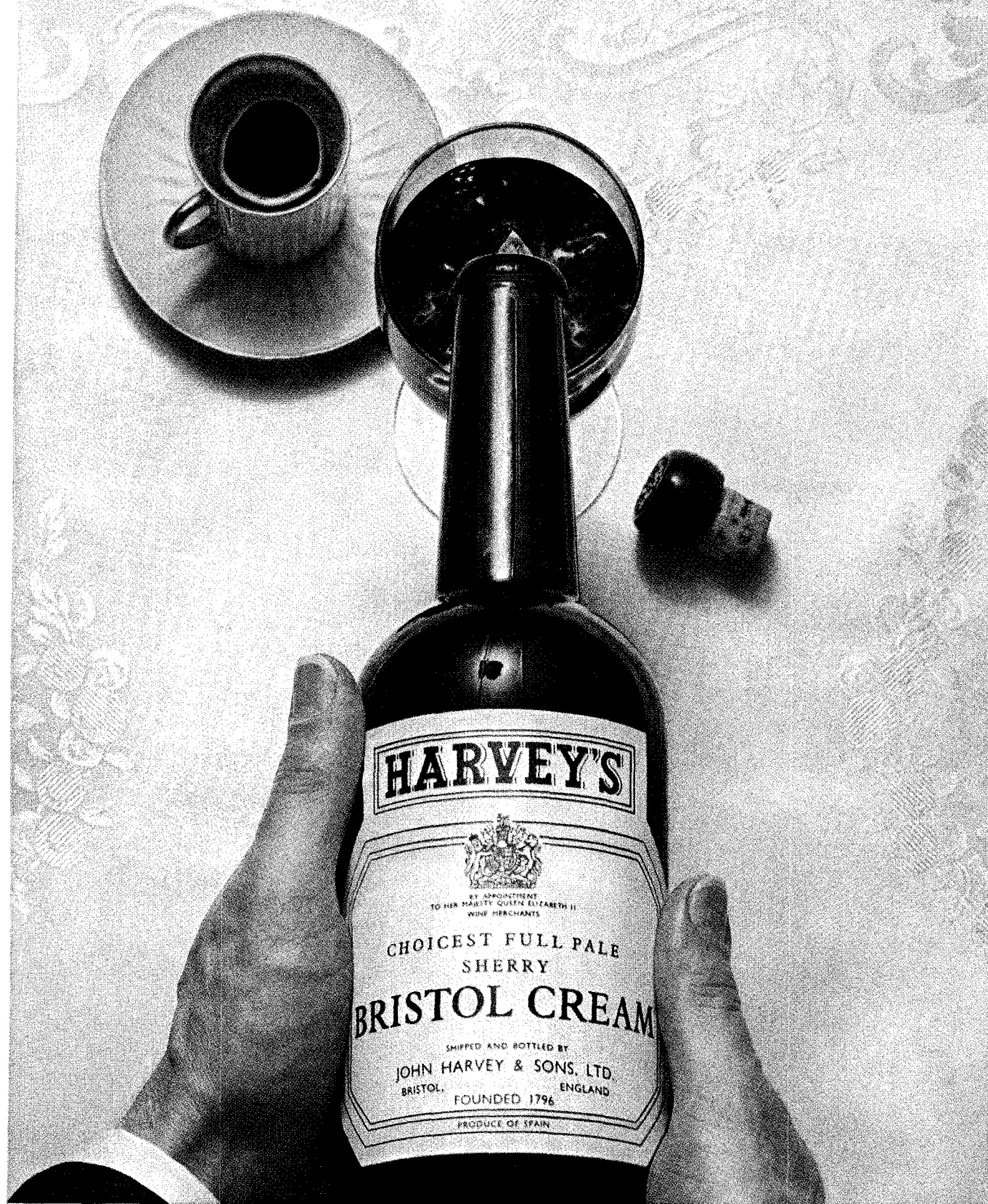
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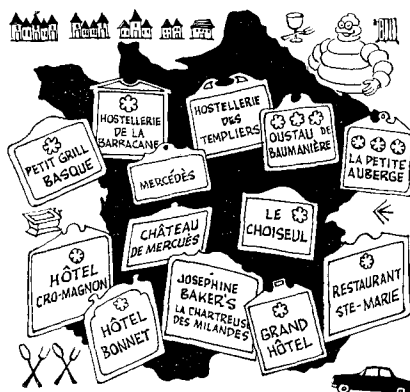
from the gentle landscapes of the Loire, we reached the rugged gorges and valleys of Périgord and Quercy, two closely linked inland provinces in the southwest of France. Here three rivers, the Vézère, the Dordogne, and the Lot, cut deep between beetling limestone cliffs, and the valley floors widen now and then into lush farm and pasture land. This is the prehistoric cave country, notable for the Lascaux Caves, with their 40,000-year-old wall paintings of plunging horses and bulls in chrome yellow, blood red, and black. It is château country, too: feudal castles crown almost every cliff, but they do not draw the busloads of day-trippers who overrun the châteaux of the Loire.

There is a galaxy of star places to eat or stay here, most of them modest village inns. Not far from the Lascaux Caves is the one-star Hôtel Cro-Magnon in the valley of the Vézère at Les Eyzies-de-Tayac. The inn backs up so closely to a limestone cliff that bulges of rock come through the rear walls into the upstairs corridors, supplying a prehistoric, if startling, decorative note. The rooms are spare, spotless, and reasonably comfortable. Here in Périgord, one of the great gastronomic regions of France, the cuisine is based on the goose and the truffle. *Confit* of goose preserved in its own fat, *foie gras*, and black truffles abound. One of the Cro-Magnon's specialties is *riz de veau Périgueux*, with a sauce of Madeira and truffles. A full-bodied red wine of the district, *Pécharmant*, goes well with it. M. and Mme. Leyssalles are the cheerful young proprietors. One evening, after I had complimented M. Leyssalles on a glorious dessert of custard filled with tiny strawberries, he told me in a carefully controlled voice that someone had had the temerity to introduce in France prepared custard desserts made from a dry powder to which one adds water. "It has not been a success," he added. The rate at the Cro-Magnon for a double room with bath plus three meals is \$7.50 a person, service and taxes included.

About twenty miles south, in the peaceful valley of the Dordogne, the Hôtel Bonnet at Beynac is a beguiling spot for a rest. Mme. Bonnet, a formidable figure in black, and her smiling daughter run a quiet country inn on the riverbank. One can bathe, boat, fish, or simply

watch vacationing French families exert themselves. The ancient village of Beynac nestles against a 500-foot cliff surmounted by a château from which there is a breathtaking view of the winding river and no less than four other castles on distant hills. History buffs can fight the Hundred Years' War again up and down the battlements or visit the cobbled streets and crooked houses of nearby Sarlat, one of the best-preserved medieval towns in France.

The Bonnet, like all well-managed French inns, sparkles with cleanliness; it was here that my wife learned the secret of gleaming provincial floors, when early one morning she caught a maid performing a little ballet in the lower hall with a floor polisher tied to one foot. Michelin



has awarded Mme. Bonnet's table a well-deserved star; her *galantine* of turkey with truffles is a poem; her *caneton aux olives* a joy; and her Camembert always of the right consistency. There is a dining terrace overlooking the river, and some rooms have a bath and river view. The price for a double room with bath plus three meals is \$6.50 a day per person, plus 12 percent service.

One aid to successful motoring in France, we found, is writing or telephoning ahead for reservations, especially at the star places. The accommodations are limited and often booked up even out of season. (If you must tour France in August, when fifty million Frenchmen take to the road in everything from baby Citroëns made of corrugated tin roofing to trailers housing entire families, it is absolutely necessary to reserve ahead, even for a first-class luncheon.) Only once did we have a mix-up on an advance reservation; then we were put up in what the proprietress described as the agreeable chamber of the round tower of

the small château of her sister — a pleasant place indeed. Incidentally, all French hotelkeepers expect to make your telephone calls for you so you will not have to cope with the local dialect, which seldom resembles school-book French.

A telephone call a day ahead got us into an amusing and relatively expensive place to stay, still in the Dordogne region but hardly provincial: Josephine Baker's La Chartreuse des Milandes. The St. Louis-born dancer and singer, who won France and a fortune after her 1925 Paris debut with the *Revue Nègre*, now owns the entire village of Les Milandes. It is complete with a château for herself and her eleven adopted children of various races; a chichi hotel for guests; a *parc d'attractions* including a theater, a cabaret, tennis, miniature golf, and a big swimming pool in the shape of a J. All this is set, somewhat incongruously, deep in the heart of rural Dordogne. The decor of the hotel is dazzling, running to emerald-green felt stools, leopard-skin throws, and wall-to-wall carpeting. The food is showy, but the star here is not the Michelin variety; it is La Baker herself, handsome, dynamic, and full of laughter at fifty-seven. When she is in residence she drops into the dining room to greet guests, and during summer weekends she sings at the cabaret. Mme. Baker invited us to watch her rehearse for a forthcoming Latin American tour; it was a pleasure to hear her belt out ballads in four different languages, even though beer sells at the cabaret price of a dollar a drink. Lunch or dinner at La Chartreuse is about \$6 plus 18 percent service, and a glamorous double room with bath costs \$12.50, service included. "It is all for the children," she told us, embracing the whole layout with a sweeping gesture. She is enthusiastic, sincere, and I believe her.

One advantage of having a car in the French provinces is the opportunity to keep a flexible schedule. There are unexpected temptations all along the way: the display of Lurçat tapestries in the Hôtel de Ville of a town on a side road; the medieval village with vertical streets spotted on a cliff. For this kind of spontaneous and often tiring travel, a good choice is a medium-size car with reclining seats. Ours was a rented Peugeot 404 that could squeeze into alleys impenetrable to a

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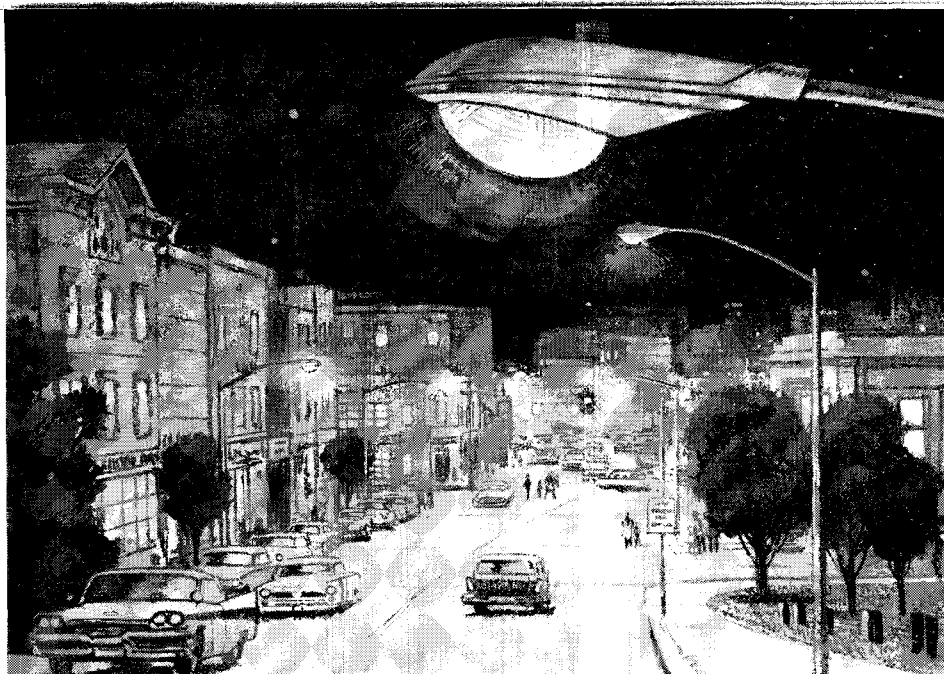
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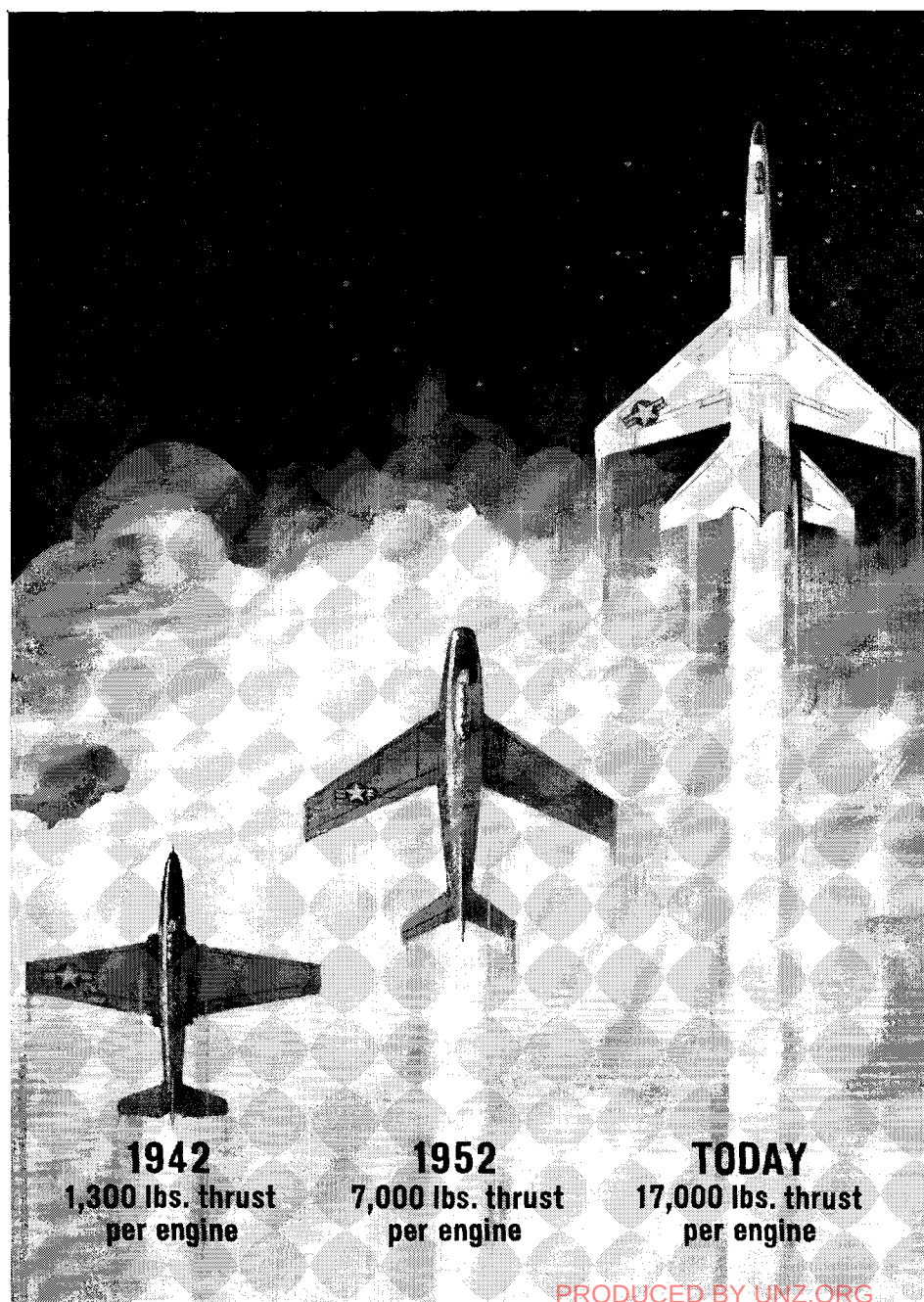


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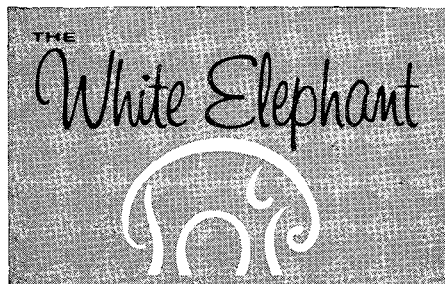
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Detroit monster yet carry us over long stretches in comfort. And when we were sleepy after a stellar luncheon with wine — always with wine — we simply stopped, put down the seat backs, and napped for an hour on the side of a tree-lined road.

In the Quercy region we came upon a target of opportunity well off the main highway, the town of Roc-Amadour. It clings precariously to the wall of a gorge, its profile of old stones rosy in the morning light. The town is filled with tourists and souvenir shops, a tribute to its extraordinary site and to a shrine of the Virgin that has been a place of pilgrimage since the Middle Ages. Penitents still climb on their knees more than two hundred steps up the face of the cliff to the shrine; there is an elevator for the frail. At the top is the Restaurant Ste-Marie, and from its terrace there is a spectacular view of the town's red-tiled roofs and the gorge. This modest one-star restaurant offers a complete luncheon, lavish with local *pâté de foie gras*, for only \$1.70, service and taxes included.

For a touch of seignorial splendor before leaving Quercy, stop over at the Château de Mercuès, high above the River Lot, three miles outside Cahors. This is an authentic château of the twelfth century with eighteenth-century additions, the former palace of the bishops of Cahors. Now one of the Relais de Campagne hotel chain, it is a stately place to relax, with a formal park, gardens, and a long balustraded terrace shaded by cedars and live oaks. An apartment here for two, if you want the full treatment, consists of a vast circular tower bedroom, a salon with battered but magnificent Empire furnishings, and a bath almost the size of a baronial hall. This suite costs \$10.50 a person with three meals, including service and taxes. The food is excellent, though unstarred; there is a lighter-than-air *mousse de foie gras*, for example, fluffed up with whipped cream and cognac. Mme. Labusquière, the proprietress, is an accomplished hostess.

In Gascony, deep in the southwest corner of France, we discovered a coastal resort region popular with French families, but virtually unknown to Americans. It is the Landes, a flat sandy country of pines (the largest forest in Europe) bordering the Atlantic Ocean from

40 miles below Bordeaux to 18 miles above Biarritz. The climate is mild — mimosa blooms in February — and the bracing smell of pine and sage is everywhere. The Landes peasant's beret, perhaps because it is impregnated with salt air, often takes on a horizontal stiffness instead of a rakish droop. Almost 150 miles of fine sand beach, the Côte d'Argent, starts at Arcachon and runs south to Hossegor; long stretches are completely deserted, and the few scattered beach resorts between are as restful in May, June, or September as Cape Cod out of season.

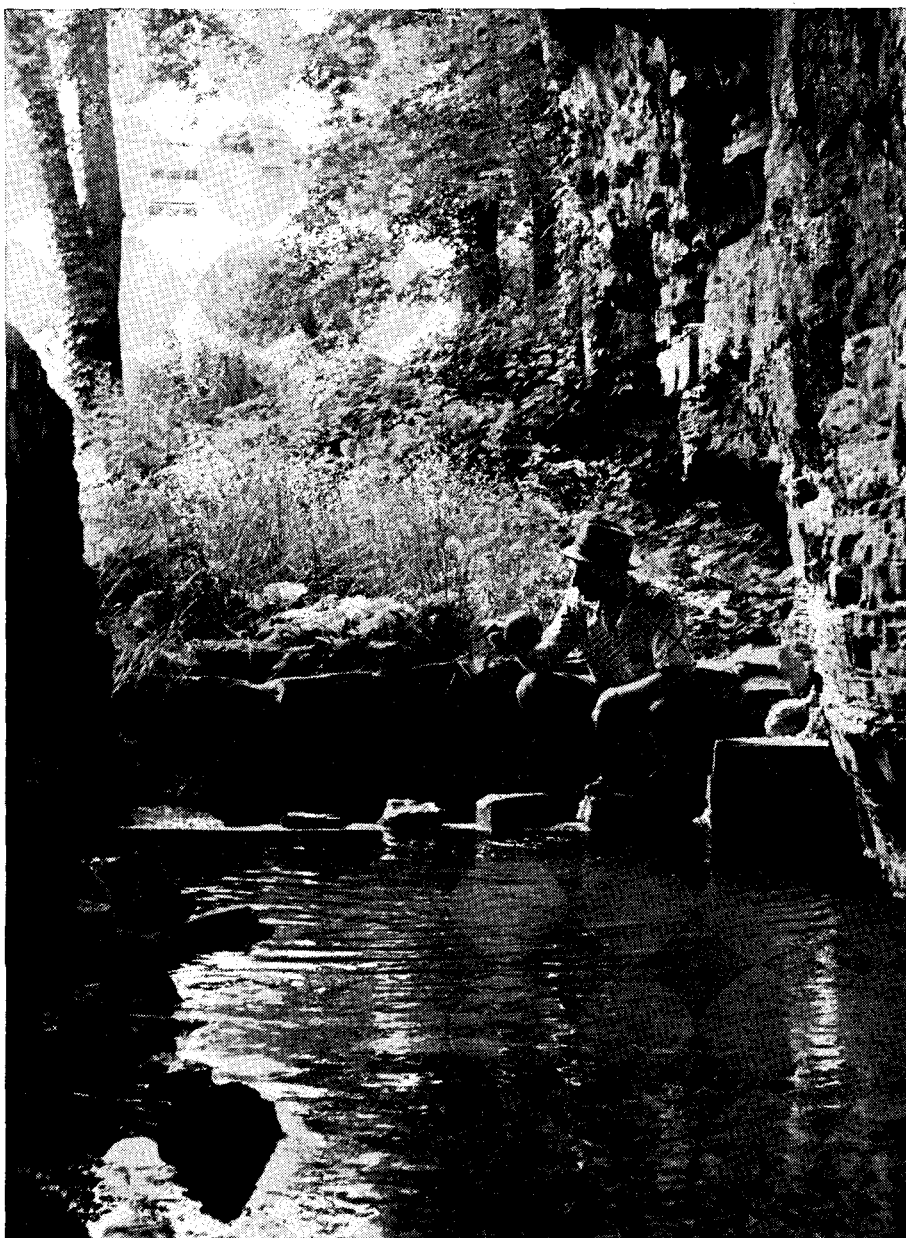
Hossegor is a pleasant family resort of villas in the pines, with a wide ocean beach, a marine lake for sailing, a casino, and a golf course. Here we found a hotel with a table unstarred by Michelin, yet good enough to lure the owner of New York's Pavillon Restaurant, Henri Soulé, as a guest. It is the Mercédès, a bright blue-and-white stucco structure with a balcony for each room, facing the marine lake. At the neighboring casino you can watch professional *pelote*, or play *boule* and *baccara* with a five-franc limit. The Mercédès cuisine, under M. Tarissan's direction, features Landes dishes: *potage garbure*, a sturdy cabbage and bacon soup; duck liver with grapes; fresh fish simply prepared; and those tiny Arcachon oysters that are among the sweetest in the world. A favorite regional wine has the odd name of Pelure d'Oignon, or "onion skin." The rate at the Mercédès in the high season (July and August) for a double room with bath plus three meals is \$11 a person; out of season, \$9.50. Service and taxes are included.

From Biarritz south we saw another country altogether: the rocky Côte Basque with its row of resorts populated by international travelers. This coast is studded with luxury hotels, and not a Michelin star among them. At St-Jean-de-Luz, however, we found the Petit Grill Basque, a tiny one-star restaurant in the old quarter of the town. It is an interesting place to lunch if you can be squeezed in. When the restaurant is full, the proprietress shuts the door and takes off the handle. The specialties are properly Basque: *boudin luxienne*, fish in a spicy tomato sauce; and *ttoro*, a chowder made with chunks of fish, little mussels, and a high-powered charge of red

pepper. Irouléguy is the flinty Basque wine that goes with it. Lunch costs \$1.50 to \$2.95, including service and taxes.

Eastward, the French Pyrenees thrust up their sawtooth peaks from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. Athletic cattle cling like goats to the high pastures, and gray stone villages huddle in the valleys. At Foix, a pretty little town topped by a ruined castle and surrounded by mountains, we stopped at another one-star place, the Hostellerie de la Barracane. The inn is somewhat self-consciously quaint, done in Pyrenees country-style with dark-beamed walls, boars' heads, chamois hooves, and flintlock muskets. But the bedrooms are cheerfully decorated, even luxuriously for a country inn, offering such unexpected Hiltonisms as a sewing kit in each wardrobe and "sanitized" *cabinets de toilette*. The menu makes a great fuss about describing each dish, and some of them are impressive: *pâté d'isard*, reputedly made of the rare Pyrenees chamois; *délices Barracane*, crepes filled with chicken, mushrooms, and truffles in white wine; *poussin rôti en cocotte*; and so on through a gaudy array. A popular wine from just north of the Pyrenees is Corbières, full-flavored and rich in alcohol. Dinner at La Barracane costs \$3.65 to \$6.50; a double room with bath \$9, service and taxes included.

At the eastern end of the Pyrenees we rolled onto the plains of Roussillon, covered with mile after mile of vineyards ripening under the Mediterranean sun. Just below Perpignan is the Côte Vermeille, another section of the French coast little visited by Americans. Here the last Pyrenean foothills drop sharply to the Mediterranean shore; this is French Catalonia, running south from the little town of Argelès-Plage to Cerbère on the Spanish border. A handful of Catalan fishing ports, each with its curved pebble beach and row of colorful boats, sun themselves on the rockbound coast. The most picturesque is Collioure, a haunt of artists since Derain, Braque, and Matisse worked here in the early years of the century. Now lady artists set up their easels to sketch the imperturbable Catalan fishermen. The Hostellerie des Templiers in the Old Port is a lively place to stay; its café is always buzzing with talk, and every inch of its walls is plastered with paintings



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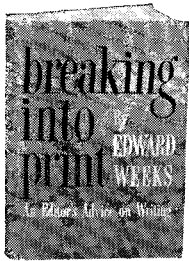
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acquired — some in trade — by the amiable proprietor, M. René Pous. His cuisine is pure Catalan, lacking a Michelin star, but good and substantial. There is always a hot whiff of garlic rising from the kitchen as you mount the stairs. Typical dishes are *bouillnade*, a local version of *bouillabaisse* made with Banyuls wine; and *riz catalan*, a rice dish like *paella*, with chicken, crayfish, mussels, octopus, veal, and slices of red pepper. A room with bath plus three meals at the Templiers, with a little balcony overlooking the busy port, costs \$6.60 a person, including service and taxes. A week here is good for the soul.

From the simplicity of the Catalan coast to the sophistication of Provence is a mere 160 miles, but it can be a long jump into luxury living. Here, two of Michelin's three-star selections are only 30 miles apart: the fabulous Oustau de Baumanière at Les Baux (19 miles from Arles) and the only slightly less fabulous Petite Auberge at Noves (9 miles from Avignon). Both are owned by former insurance executives; after all, it requires actuarial precision to run a great gastronomic operation.

M. Raymond Thuillier of La Baumanière has converted a seventeenth-century stone farmhouse into one of the most famous small hostels in France. Its terrace and swimming pool look out upon the medieval ghost city of Les Baux, rising tier on tier atop a sheer escarpment, with the luminous landscape of Provence below. Its twenty bedrooms are furnished in Provençal antiques; each bedroom has a bath (our tiled shower was shaped like the seashell of Botticelli's *Venus*). The table is La Baumanière's glory, however. In the vaulted stone dining room you may sit down to a mousse of thrushes to begin; then neatly rolled-up *filets de soles* in vermouth, with mussels and airy dumplings; quail with grapes *en croûte*, in a sauce of Anjou wine and ginger; artichoke hearts stuffed with mushrooms; and, let us say, a chocolate *pâtisserie maison* smothered in bitter chocolate sauce. M. Thuillier wears a chef's apron and jacket during working hours; possibly he is still in rebellion against the French insurance man's double-breasted gray suit. He showed us through his cellar of 36,000 bottles, catalogued like a library. Reverently he lifted out a bottle of Château Lafite Roth-

schild 1862. "There are only three left," he said. I asked the price. "Three hundred francs — *new* francs," he said, slyly. (That is \$60.75.) Then he recommended an honest Gigondas Rosé of the region for only \$2. At La Baumanière, the cost of a double room with bath plus breakfast and dinner is about \$20 a person, plus 25 percent service and taxes. The experience is worth it.

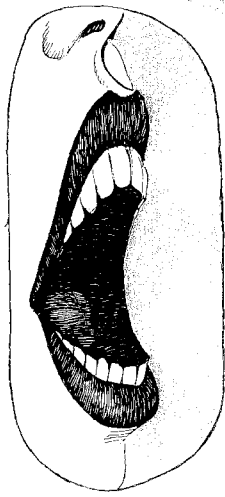
In contrast to La Baumanière's craggy setting, a gently rolling Van Gogh landscape encircles La Petite Auberge. The inn, a country estate dating back to the fifteenth century, is now one of the Relais de Campagne. It is surrounded by masses of flowers, and elegantly decorated by Laure Malclès of Paris. No two bedrooms are alike: each door has a different toile-pattern chintz panel outside, repeated inside on walls and draperies. The furniture is well-polished antiques; porcelain *bibelots* are scattered prodigally about; and each marble-floored bath is of an order not common since the Romans occupied the country.

M. Lalleman, the proprietor, is something of a martinet; he firmly insists on taking your dinner order while you drink your aperitif in the salon, so each dish can be properly cooked. A typical selection from the fixed-price menu (three shining stars, remember) is *moules en écrin*, mussel fritters in a sauce of white butter and shallots; *tournedos sauce béarnaise*, and what a *béarnaise*; celery braised in brown butter as a separate course, or else Monsieur raises his eyebrows; a cheese tray of twenty-eight varieties (fifty-eight in winter); and for dessert *petit Noves*, a praline mousse with rum-soaked Smyrna raisins. The wine of choice: Châteauneuf-du-Pape, the most celebrated of the region. A double room with bath plus breakfast and dinner at La Petite Auberge costs \$16 to \$18 a person, depending on the size of the room, and an additional 15 percent service and taxes.

One evening during our stay here, after a day of dusty sightseeing under the hot Provençal sun, we were unusually thirsty. M. Lalleman caught us with a carafe of ice water on the dinner table. He eyed us sternly.

"I know — it is poison," I said.

"So much the worse you know it — then it is suicide," he said. He filled our glasses again with wine, and added, "Why not live?"



Accent on

THE PEANUT BUTTER WORLD

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Is there any particular virtue in the cultivation of a female voice that will shatter a wineglass at twenty paces? A woman with such a voice appears on a television commercial, holding up a can of the Product, and the cacophony of her output is so distressing as to make her harangue altogether unintelligible. After hearing her many times, one has no idea of what the can and its coined trade name are all about. She is not merely noisy: she is chalk screeching on a blackboard; she is the high notes of a bad violinist; in fact, she sounds like several women, all bickering.

The commercials have some out-of-sorts women who sound much the same. One of them, who has neglected to take the pill that would have prevented it, screams at her elderly mother in a voice so disagreeable that an offstage studio announcer is driven to remonstrate with her. Take the pill, says he; but the next time we see her she's bringing her children to the point of tears with

just the same voice. Her husband, who doesn't know about the pill either, whines to his wife and son — a little Jimmy, I believe — because the boy has left his bicycle in the driveway, but it seems more likely that his trouble is not the pill or the bicycle but rather the realization of the voice he is coming home to. Whatever induced people of this sort to marry and procreate is mystifying.

Along with their voices, the commercials' women bring to bear the exaggerative grimaces and gestures on which the vacant mind depends instead of ideas. If one is accustomed to no ideas at all, even the most trifling banality is arresting: no Shakespearean actress could turn on a more hyperbolic succession of emotings — grief, amazement, joy, gratitude — than one of these supposed housewives looses in behalf of a container cap or a peanut butter sandwich.

At times the visual overstatement is so extreme that not even the

squeaking and squealing are necessary: a woman takes a "decongestant" pill, and lo! not only does she feel fit instantly, but her straggling hairdo is elegantly improved; another woman loses the lines of old age on her forehead by simply giving herself a shampoo. But it must be admitted that the woman with the triangles of paper showing the location of her "eight sinus cavities" is strictly on the level; she feels punk, they tell us, and she certainly looks it, even after taking the pill.

On the whole, this season's commercials are ever so slightly more honest. The actors dressed like doctors have gone, and the attempt on the West Coast to replace them with genuine degree-holding quacks was short-lived. A stethoscope can no longer be shown, even if it is hanging on the back of a chair and quite untouched by the actor. There is still one actor who is fond of watching through his microscope how a certain toothpaste kills germs, while competing brands seem almost to nurture them; one senses that his hobby is probably on the way out, too.

But those female voices linger on.

Labors of Love

BY BRIAN FRIEL

BRIAN FRIEL is an Irish playwright and short-story writer. His latest book, published last year, is *A SAUCER OF LARKS*.

What I envy most in Marlon Brando, who is about the same age as myself, is his complete self-mastery in the presence of a beautiful woman. He just sits there at a table in Jabe's Joint, his legs crossed carelessly, his hands folded on his stomach, those saintly eyes of his lowered demurely. Not a tremor, not a twitch. And sooner or later the doxy always sidles up to him, sticks her shoulder into his back, rattles her castanets above her head, and then goes bashing about the place in what is ostensibly a dance, but what, even the holy Brando must know, is a spelling out of an invitation. Still he reveals no interest. And when the dance is over and the woman is panting for breath, he gets to his feet, tosses a coin to Jabe — who by this time is usually panting too — and saunters out to take a look around the corral. Every time I see a scene like that in the films I remember my own courting days and wonder, had I stood my ground like the bold Brando instead of prancing about as I did, if I would have fared any better. I don't believe I would. Indeed, I imagine that, apart from the redhead, none of the women I laid siege to was ever aware of the desperate purpose behind my acrobatics.

I have distinct memories of two thoroughly exhausting affairs before I was ten: one was with my teacher, Miss Blankly, and the other was with a young married woman whose husband was a sergeant in the British Army. Happily, both romances coincided with my acquisition of new skills, because in County Tyrone, where I grew up, it was the man who made all the play.

When I fell for Miss Blankly, I had just learned to cycle backward, and for at least a fortnight her evenings were disturbed by the sight of a dizzy lad careering up and down in front of her house on a bicycle without tubes or tires, and by his throaty yodeling, with which he hoped to embellish his act. This was a much more complicated and much more hazardous business than twiddling

castanets and dancing, because I could yodel only when my eyes were shut tight, and to cycle backward at the same time called for a high degree of physical and mental concentration. However I managed it all is a mystery to me now. I must have been actuated by some sort of magnificent passion. Eventually, of course, I got a bad fall and was in the hospital for five weeks, the slowness of my recovery being due to my run-down condition: nothing is as weakening as cycling backward with your eyes shut tight. Now the only mementos I have of that affair are two scars on my left arm and two overdeveloped knots of muscle on the backs of my thin legs. And Miss Blankly? She never even visited me all the time I was laid up.

My "castanet-dance routine" with



the married woman who could have been my mother took the form of handstands. Every time she opened her door I was upside-down on the step before her. If she went to the well for water, I was stationed at the flagstones like an inverted genie. If she put her washing out on the clothesline, I was there first, my nose in the earth, my feet in the clouds. Had her husband not returned before I was a week at this trick I might have burst a blood vessel. As it was, I suffered from severe head-

aches, and my eyes were constantly watering. I will never know how close I was to serious injury when he came home on leave, discovered me petrified in somersault in his garden, got down on his knees, and bawled into my blazing, streaming face, "Get 'ome to 'ell out o' this!" How I would have cherished even that recognition from his wife. But never once in all the time I blocked her path did she as much as bid the time of day to my shoes.

A third, and by far the most strenuous, romance occurred when I was eleven and fell for a huge, lumpy, redheaded girl who was in my own class and shared with me the distinction of being the best of the "slow group." The slow group, not having the same aptitude for higher things as the good group, amused itself by doing lines; and by a process of elimination Annie and I were left for one another. I accepted my fate and finally worked up courage to approach her. "Annie," I said, one evening after school, "will you go with me?" (That was the conventional opening. If the answer was yes, the second line, delivered aggressively, was, "Give me a kiss, then." If the answer was no, the suitor put out his tongue and said, "Go home to your pups" or "The only man you'll ever get is a lame dwarf, aul' watery face!", depending on the depth of his disappointment.)

"Why should I?" said Annie archly.

This response almost punctured me, but I stuck doggedly to my rehearsed part.

"Annie," I said again, more loudly this time, "will you go with me?"

"Paddy-one-tune!" she jeered.

A lesser man might have panicked. My assurance was undermined, but I was determined to see the act through.

STARLINGS

BY TED OLSON

Overnight my garden is Yoknapatawpha. The Snopeses have taken possession. Shoddily-spruce in their handmedown tweeds, conferring cacophonously in dry-axe falsettos, they blackguard their way to the feeder. The gentry cringe and retreat: yes, even the bluejay, a Sartoris if ever I knew one. Not yet having learned, as most of us learn, to endure the boor and the sharper, he squalls patrician goddamits from the magnolia.

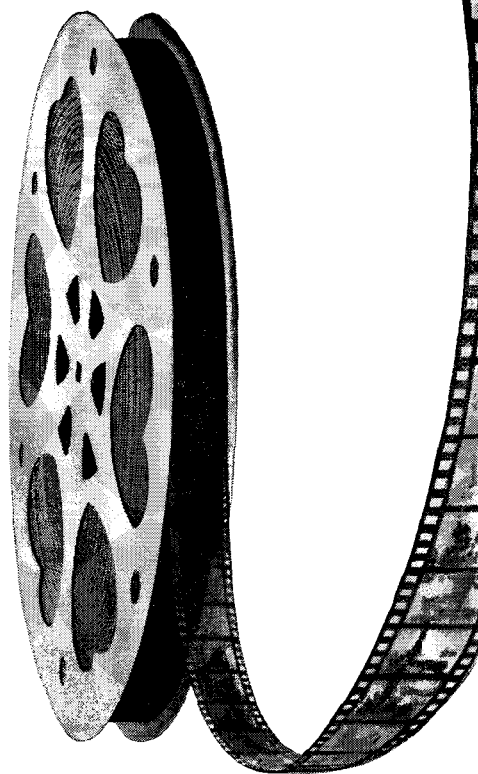
"Give me a kiss, then!" I shouted, pretending to assume that her taunts implied a yes.

I gripped her and kissed her on the ear before she could run away. And that simple demonstration of my love, though I say it myself, transformed big Annie overnight. She became the most sought-after girl in the slow group; even the boys in the good group began looking at her. The explanation is much more simple and much less flattering than I like to believe. The truth is that, up to then, we had all been nervous of Annie's tremendous strength.

I will never know how I survived the weeks of that romance. In return for the purely technical title of going with her, Annie demanded that I fight all the new suitors who suddenly found her irresistible. Never a day passed but she slipped a note across the seats to me: "Billy Brod-rick wants to go with me. Fight him after school"; "John Boyle wants to go with me. Fight him after school"; "Tom McGrath wants to go with me. Fight him after school." And every evening in the school yard I peeled off my jacket, handed it to her, closed my eyes, and went flailing into battle for a cause that meant little to me. I was always a puny child, but somehow I lasted through eighteen fights. I had teeth loosened and eyes closed and ribs bruised, but an obscure sense of gallantry kept me going. When a contest was over, Annie would hand me my coat, say in her broadest Tyrone accent, "You're not a bad fella," and waddle off home, leaving me to explore my battered face with gentle, trembling fingers.

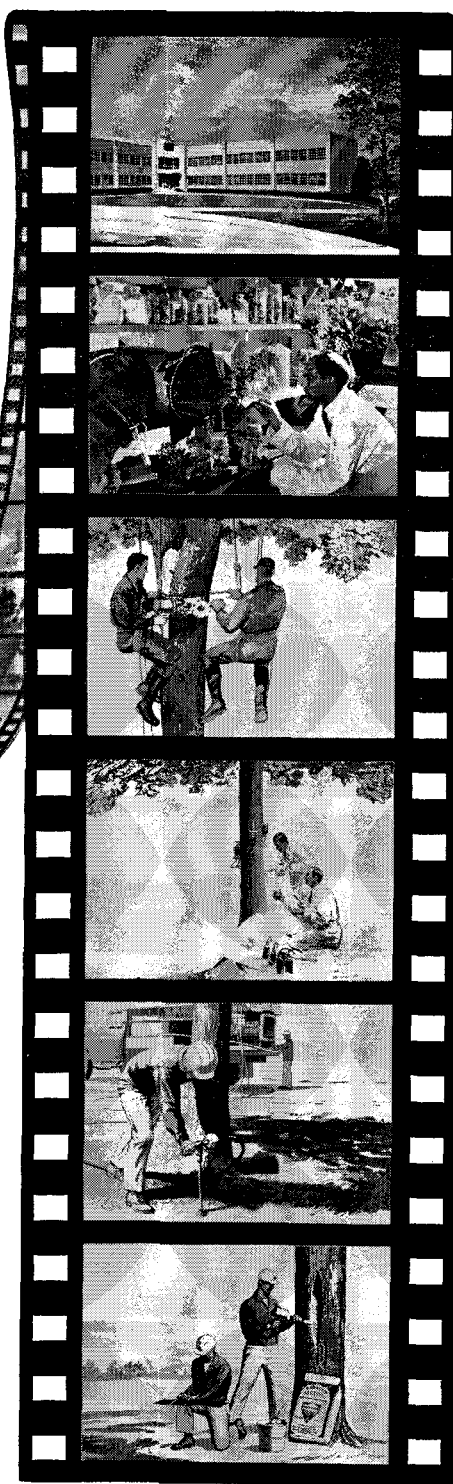
I lost her to the nineteenth challenger — one of the McGuire twins. She accused me afterward of throwing the fight. But that was unfair. McGuire was the better man and would have killed me if I had not let him take me in the seventh round. Years later I heard that they had married and that she beats him up every Saturday.

My day of romancing is over; I am securely anchored to a woman who would scarcely raise an eyebrow if I were to leap across Everest or run a three-minute mile. But in my still ardent imagination I sometimes see myself strolling into Jabe's Joint and dropping easily into a seat. Jabe's hands hang poised above his hips. Doxy passes behind me and whispers, "Thank God you've come.



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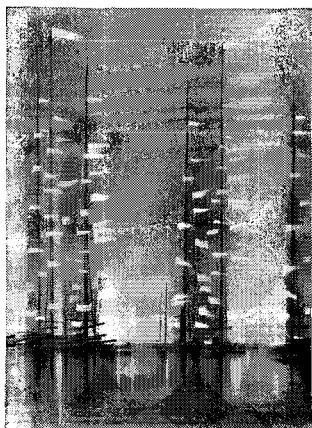
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It's Jabe — he's crazy jealous. Fix him, Hank! Fix him good!" I know I should ignore her. I know she is a tramp. I know that Jabe can break me with his little finger. I know, oh, so well, what Brando would do — sweet nothing. But old habits die hard. I kick over the table, reach for Jabe, and — if my wife were watching me many a night as I sit at the fire, she would see my face contract with pain and my head jerk back — he knocks me stiff with one straight right.

I'll wager that when Brando was young he never cycled backward with his eyes closed, or stood on his hands for hours at a stretch, or fought hopeless fights against boys who towered over him. But I'll wager that he slipped notes across the seats to his girl: "Mary Lou Grigg wants to go with me. Fight her after school"; "Stella Baptisti wants to go with me. Fight her after school." It is no credit to him that he looks so much better preserved than I.

A Walk — On the Wild Side

BY WALTER M. GIBB

WALTER M. GIBB is on the news staff of the *Baltimore SUN* and has written several light pieces for these pages.

My three-year-old grandson and I are both of an age to know that the foremost delight in taking a walk is freedom from purposiveness. We also know that for family men such freedom is folklore.

"Since you two will be going by there anyway, you might ask the shoemaker about my black pumps, the patent leather ones. And, if you think of it, better bring a loaf of poppy-seed bread."

The pattern is familiar. There is a sameness, too, about our response; for Mark and I are contemplatives, opposed on principle to any form of violence, however incurred. But when the errand wags the walk, as it did last Saturday, we believe the time has come to put down a collective foot.

Saturday my wife thought it would be nice if we bought Mark a shirt and a pair of shorts on our walk. "I would take him myself," she said, "except that the ones he has are too shabby to shop in." We kicked this around on our way — how it is axiomatic with women never to shop for clothes unless the clothes they shop in make shopping ridiculous.

In the store we rode the escalators a while. My grandson is fond of escalators, and I like time in which to plan an approach. On this occasion size was the bogey — and that from the start, for size determines the very area in which to shop. Now, Mark is a small male child, but there is no Small Male Child Department. Toddlers, yes; also Tots, Kiddies,

Teeners, and so on. Before we had explored too far, however, a salesgirl resolved our problem by pronouncing the smaller of us a tot.

Mark picked out a bold prison-stripe jersey, in obvious rebellion against totdom. It was stretchy and so presented no special dimensional difficulty. But the shorts — "We really ought to have an exact size for those," the girl said.

"Sometime in the month after next," I offered, "he will be four."

"You can't always go by that."

"I'm afraid I don't know the precise day."

"Even so."

"Besides, he's big for his age, don't you think?"

"They all are."

"Perhaps," said the girl, "there is a label in the shorts he's wearing," and she began an immediate search.

There was no label, but the indelicacy incident to determining this did much to set my grandson against the whole project.



"We go home now," he said.
"Don't you want a nice new pair of pants?"

"No."

Nevertheless, the salesgirl hoisted his shirt and circled his bare midriff with a cold tape measure.

"A four might do," she said.
"Would you like me to try some on him in the ladies' dressing room?"

I said we would consider that an exceptional kindness. "And if they fit, don't take them off. We'll just put the jersey on too and really thrill the folks. Won't we, Mark?"

"We go home now, Granddaddy?"

Poor fellow. I finally won his consent, but not without the feeling of having sold him down the river. Unhappily, the ladies' dressing room was several aisles away on the far side of a large area given over to female underthings. I shuddered at the prospect of having to wait in an atmosphere of that nature, but Mark, it developed, had no intention of inflicting me with such a martyrdom. While amused customers looked on, he made it painfully clear that we were all to enter the ladies' dressing room together.

"But I can't possibly go in there, Mark."

"Why?"

"Because it isn't allowed."

"Why?"

"Well, we can't go into all that just now."

I picked Mark up and promised that not only would I stay just outside the arched entrance to the ladies' dressing room, but I would keep talking to him all the while he was inside. And I was as good as my word. I paced up and down before that doorway and talked. I kept up the most reassuring monologue imaginable.

"How are you making out in there?" I said. "Be brave, that's the main thing. . . . Don't worry if it doesn't fit right off. . . . Remember, you're getting bigger all the time." And more of the same.

Presently a woman came out of the dressing room and gave me what I thought was a rather curious look. When I returned a grandfatherly smile, her rudeness became unmistakable. This made me realize that a proper interpretation of parental behavior owes much to visible proof of descent. Others in the vicinity were beginning to interest themselves in my situation. Two women who



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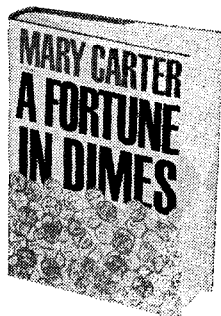
A FORTUNE IN DIMS

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NOVEL
BY
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



had been shopping separately drew together, and I detected a nodding of heads in my direction; several who were examining goods an aisle or more distant transferred their concern to adjacent displays. Of course, this may have been no more than my imagination. At any rate, I did not allow it to interfere with the keeping of my promise to Mark.

"I'm still waiting for you," I continued. "Right here. Just as close as close can be. . . . I wouldn't run out on a pal. . . . No, indeed. Once I give my word —" And so on.

About that time a saleswoman confronted me to ask if I were experiencing any particular difficulty. Now, it's a strange thing — one that probably wouldn't occur again in a lifetime — but that woman was the image of a Latin teacher I had had in high school. The stand-up lace collar, narrow velvet neckband, rimless glasses, piled-up hair all were the very same. I was completely taken aback, and for the life of me I could think of no other words than "*Omnes Gallia in tres partes divisa*

est." Of course I didn't say them, but the compulsion to do so was all but overcoming. She walked off, and I, when I found my voice again, used it louder than ever to prove there was nothing untoward.

"Mark," I called into the entrance of that accursed dressing room. "Oh, Mark, do the panties fit?"

At this moment of crisis it was my salvation that the panties did not fit. There had been a struggle to get Mark out of the old ones and into the new, and by the time the singularly patient salesgirl had succeeded in removing the latter, Mark had had enough. He broke away to come dashing out, sans pants of any sort. I had to hold him, struggling, in the air while the valiant young lady restored to him his original shabby but glorious dignity.

Then I paid for the jersey and, waiting for neither sales check nor wrapping, hurried off, clinging to Mark's hand and hoping desperately that he would not let go until he had got me safely home.

"CORN YIELD RISE LINKED TO MUSIC"

From a headline in the New York TIMES

BY STUART HEMSLEY

Seated one day at the organ

I pondered: "You never can tell —
If it souped up the corn on the prairie
Will it work in the garden as well?"

" 'T would be very much neater than humus,
Or anything sprinkled or poured."
So idly I played a cadenza —
But then I came down on a chord.

Never was earthly sound like it!
Augmented voices of doom
Swelled like an onrushing earthquake
As they fought their way up from the tomb.

It was pregnant, portentous, and awful.
(I shudder to think it was mine.)
My neighbor looked up from his planting
As everything died on the vine.

Picking his way through the ruin
Of that murderous, musical frost,
He said: "There are some who'd be thankful
Had yours been the Chord that was Lost."

A SIMPLE FOUNTAIN IN ANY ROMAN PIAZZA

BY PHILIP MURRAY

O
How
Water
Leaps out
From the conched
Mouth of Neptune blowing
His bubbling triton south,
A
Froth
Whipped to White
Foam
Splashing, plashing, crashing,
Dashing over the cascading manes of four stallions
Flashing the colossal chariot, a Circus Maximus winner,
Now
A pool

Brimming over, shimmering under, glimmering
Down and around
The lower level where a larger basin spins to a showery
Dance of Nereus and Doris begetting, in a blaze of spray,
Many pearly ablutions of daughters; aqueous Amphitrite, holding
A salmon spouting surf, and gurgling Galatea, heaving a sprinkling
Shell into the spume of her tempest-teasing sister, Thetis, trilling
An island of dolphins drowning in whistling ripples over the runneled
And cockleshelled ridges of the frog-rimmed rivers, spurting, squirting,
Rushing, gushing,
Swashing, washing,

Inundating
The briny blossoming pool
Shining below
Where giant grotesque heads
Of the four winds riot hurricanes of
Driving, drenching gargle from each bloated throat
In a cataclysm of cataracts;

Boreas, the north wind, deluges Zephyrus, the west wind, who deluges
Notus, the south wind, who deluges Eurus, the east wind, who deluges
Aquarius, the water bearer, who deluges Noah
And his wife and his ark and his three sons,
And two dogs and two snakes and two lions,
And two rats and two white mice and two lice,
And two cats and two monkeys and two unicorns,
And two ravens and two doves and two oryxes,
And two lemurs and two hippogriffs and two centaurs,
And two gypsy moths and two gnus and two aardvarks,
And two tapeworms and two peccaries and two geese,

And a phoenix,
Who deluges Jonah who deluges a small whale who deluges St. Peter who is catching

Angelfish	goldfish,	leadfish,	rockfish,	weakfish
Tunafish,	codfish,	redfish,	falsefish,	sailfish,
Shellfish,	selfish,	starfish,	sunfish,	globefish,
Pearlfish,	Zurgafish,	kingfish,	boarfish,	parrotfish,
Catfish,	dogfish,	flea-fish,	cuttlefish,	trunkfish,
Flyingfish,	climbingfish,	fallfish,	triggerfish,	pistolfish,
Sawfish,	chiselfish,	gluefish,	jellyfish,	breadfish,
Pipefish,	swordfish,	sofish,	notsofish,	pneufish,
Raffish,	lampfish,	blowfish,	crampfish,	crawfish,
Pigfish,	sheetfish,	oafish,	beanfish,	gefilltefish,

And shrimp,
Who deluges St. Theodore, who deluges his crocodile breathing whirlpools
Of flaming gales, who deluges Niobe weeping grand rapids, who deluges
The huge leviathan, upon which the entire flood flushes into the bottom
Pool, where Leucothea and Palaemon deluge Egeria, who deluges Numa, the second
King of Rome, amidst seafaring orgies of satyrs, sea horses, sea serpents,
Naiads, Nereids, turtles and lobsters, all in white marble,
Except on Mondays when the fountain is shut off for cleaning and repairs.

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HELLO, WORLD - I THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!

When we first met Tommy he had lost all hope. He wouldn't even speak to us—let alone try to walk.

But hope is our business. So we coaxed and needled and loved him until he crawled out of his shell and stood up. Now he is walking, and talking, and full of hope.

Hope raises up crippled children. So does money. We've got hope. But we're looking to you for the money. Not a lot—just enough to put one kid one day closer to walking. That's about \$5.

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, at more than a thousand clinics and centers, to help people fight against these crippling disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.

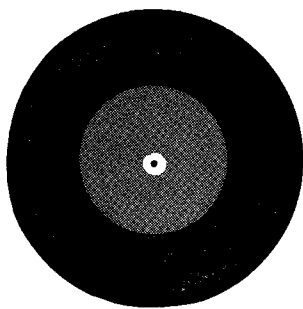


"Fight with them—against crippling"

EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

ADDRESS: "CRIPPLED CHILDREN," C/O YOUR LOCAL POSTMASTER





Jazz Recordings

BY NAT HENTOFF

Bill Evans Trio: Moonbeams

Bill Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums; Riverside RLP 9428 (stereo) and 428

During the past decade, reflective lyricism has been an underground movement in jazz. Occasionally a Ben Webster, Paul Desmond, or Miles Davis has reminded the jazz audience that introspection can also swing. Because of the general resistance to explicit tenderness, however, Bill Evans has had to wait a long time for moderate recognition. Now he is finally reaching a growing audience, which has become accustomed to the demands he makes of himself and of them. As this all-ballad album indicates, Evans' romanticism is firmly controlled. He avoids sentimentality and understates his climaxes. Evans' touch is crisp; his harmonic voicings are fresh and always logical; and he has a rare capacity to focus on the core of a theme and then spin variations on the line, which are absorbingly personal and yet do not distort the basic mood and shape of the piece. In addition to such superior standards as "If You Could See Me Now" and "In Love in Vain," Evans has included two of his own pieces. His compositions are like his playing — lithe, thoughtful, and original.

Count Basie: The Legend

Count Basie, piano, and his orchestra; Roulette S-52086 (stereo) and 52086

In the early 1950s, Count Basie, after an out-of-character interlude with a small combo, reorganized a big band which energized the whole jazz field with its surging power and euphoric spirit. Gradually the leaping spontaneity of the orchestra slowed into a kind of mechanized

swing. Basie's music remained forceful at times, but it was all too predictable. The possibility of a renaissance of buoyancy in the Basie band is present in its newest collection, *The Legend*. Benny Carter, one of the more resourceful band leaders and arrangers of the swing era, was commissioned to write all of the album. He was a wise choice. Carter's jazz scoring has always been characterized by its impregnable sense of order, economy, and fluidity. With Carter's resilient frameworks to ease into, the Basie band plays with complete relaxation, and out of this warmly encouraging milieu the soloists emerge to tell their pungent stories. Particularly impressive is trumpeter Thad Jones, a musician of wit and grace who until recently has been submerged in the Basie brass section. This is the best band album Basie has produced in seven or eight years.

Swing Street

The Spirits of Rhythm: Eddie Condon, Red McKenzie, Wingy Mannone, Henry "Red" Allen, Frankie Newton, "Fats" Waller, Art Tatum, John Kirby, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie, and others; Epic SN-6042: four records

Frank Driggs, editor of Columbia and Epic's admirable jazz reissue series, has assembled a happily heterogeneous cross section of the music played between 1931 and 1945 on New York's Fifty-second Street. No other single enclave in the history of jazz was so revealing a laboratory of jazz changes as that street, now the site of glacial office buildings and plush restaurants. In these four volumes, for example, the ascent to maturity of swing-style soloists (Art Tatum, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen) can be heard alongside the transmutation of Dixieland into swing (Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden), the evolution in subtlety of the jazz vocal (Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday), and, finally, the first stirrings of modern jazz (Dizzy Gillespie). As useful as this set is to the listener who wants orientation in those crowded transitional years, it is also a large repository of unalloyed, unselfconscious good times. "Flat Foot Floogie," "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," and "The Onyx Hop" are jumbled together with more substantial but no less releasing performances by Count Basie, Billie Holiday, and Sidney Bechet. For those who

were there at the time, *Swing Street* will pyramid memories. For younger jazz enthusiasts, this collection will provide an insight into those years when jazzmen of many varying styles coexisted with far less friction and misunderstanding than is currently the case.

Leroy Carr: Blues Before Sunrise

Leroy Carr, vocals and piano; Scrapper Blackwell, guitar; Columbia CL-1799

The blues singers whose records sold briskly in Negro sections of big cities during the 1920s and early 1930s were almost entirely unknown to white audiences. They were, after all, addressing themselves primarily to people whose experiences had paralleled their own and who knew nothing but the role of the exacerbated outsider in a white society. Specific references to Jim Crow were infrequent in their songs, but the content of nearly all their stories reflected the results of prejudice — fragmentized families; an acute, recurring sense of rootlessness; and the formidable obstacles to getting enough money to survive and to getting enough self-respect to want to survive. On the surface, Leroy Carr was one of the least harsh and embittered of the bluesmen. His light voice was acridly penetrating, but his urban blues seemed more poignant than angry. Yet, coursing through these shards of autobiography is a turbulent restlessness, a gnawing dissatisfaction with whatever quick pleasures his way of life allowed. By the time these recordings were made (1932-1934), Carr, in fact, had given up hoping for more than he had known. He had become a familiar in an Indianapolis neighborhood which even frightened John Dillinger, and he was an alcoholic. Nonetheless, that curious tenderness which had softened the ache of his earlier recordings is still evident, and there are sunny passages when he celebrates such accessible satisfactions as corn liquor and easily persuaded women. In April, 1935, Carr died. He left behind not only his own oral history but also a distillation of the way many Negroes felt — and still feel in the ghettos of the North and the South — about the remnants of a life permitted them by "the man" downtown. Some of the irrepressible roots of the "freedom songs" of Negro students today can be found in these smoldering blues of their elders.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

You will see the orange trees in bloom," wrote a friend on hearing that I was returning to Yugoslavia, "and Diocletian's palace at Split, and take the boat to Dubrovnik, that little gem of a walled city. How I envy you." Yes, but what my friend did not count on was that we would be moving in a pillar of snow by day and a cloud by night, and through a cold which descended from the Alps and rose from the frozen rivers layer upon layer. The winter now coming to a close in Europe had to be seen to be believed.

Flying was out of the question, even at the time of our entry. On our jet we touched down at Zurich, at Munich, and at Vienna, but at none of these airports, seething with skiers all waiting hopefully for transportation home, could we find a plane to pierce the white curtain over Belgrade. So we went through it on the Balkan Express, or, as I affectionately named it, the Golden Arrow. The Pullmans had been planned for the last of the archdukes, and the water in the carafe decanted in 1914. The berths had a long depression down the center like a cushiony coffin, and having settled yourself, as I like to do, on the right side, there you were fixed for the night. The inlaid woodwork creaked like a ship's cabin, and the train, powered by an American-aid diesel, went softly through the snowbanks, *clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click*. There were long pauses at each station, and during them the temperature in the cabin dropped, and you with it into deep sleep. When the train was in motion the temperature climbed up to the eighties, and you came up nearer to the surface and to dreams.

At Sarajevo, in Bosnia, and at Skoplje, the capital of Macedonia, the snow was regarded by the small fry as a godsend, and every slope had been packed to icy perfection by the coasters. Down they pelted, boys and girls, Muslims and Christians, on barrel staves, homemade sleds, and skates, hooting and screaming to warn our small official

car out of their path. Skates were something of a rarity, and, accordingly, it was normal to see a pair divided, with the older brother lunging and coasting on one runner and the kid brother hopping along on the other.

In Skoplje the hotel at 6 A.M. was a refrigerator, so we crossed the street to the coffeehouse, where we warmed ourselves with tea laced with rum and confiture made of wild roses. After breakfast and after our visit to the university, we went to the Turkish baths, which had been built in the fifteenth century and which are now an art gallery open to the elements. It seemed impossible for it to be colder indoors than out, but it was, and, stamping our feet and flailing our arms, we passed from the gallery of ancient icons to the gallery of the Macedonian moderns, with our breath as white as the steam that used to be there.

Not in seventy-three years had Split had as much snow as we brought with us. The effect was to turn the town into one glorious all-age snowball fight. The Venetian market with its arcades offered a measure of protection to the littler slingers, who would hurl and then take cover behind the pillars. The plaza in the center of the palace was a cross-fire of white streaks, and the scene became even more eerie as the apartments in the old masonry began to light up with the soft yellow squares. At one point the road swerves close to the palace wall, and with a wham a giant snowball exploded on the top of our Fiat. The driver got out but was driven to cover by the imps hurling down at him from the battlements once patrolled by the Roman centurions. The palm trees were shivering visibly in the northwest blow, and the Adriatic had that slate-blue look you never see on the postcards.

At Ljubljana the blizzard went on without a break for forty-eight hours, and through the slanting flakes one could just perceive the outlines of the old castle in its dark, craggy vigil, but one could not see those glorious Julian Alps in the full sight

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of which I did my fishing last April. There came a break in the clouds on the morning of our departure, and we drove away through snowbanks to the level of or higher than the car windows. Now the countryside emerged from the white haze. The wind had dropped, and the little fingers of smoke from the farmhouses rose straight toward the sky. Snow and cold as overwhelming as this are awesome, and when the flakes resumed, as they soon did, blotting out all human habitation, the merciless corridor of that white road gave me for an instant the feeling of desolation Napoleon's veterans must have known as they limped back from Moscow.

Our day at Novi Sad was one for Brueghel or Turner. Novi Sad is the stronghold to which the Serbs retreated when Belgrade had been overrun by the Turks. Here on the banks of the Danube the nobles and the army dug in. The fortifications on the high crag overlooking the river are enormous and were never captured. The Turks simply bypassed the little pocket on their way to the gates of Budapest. It was a bright, sunny, zero day when we slued and skidded our way to the base of the fortress. Even with chains the car could not buck the road to the great gate, so we walked up the quarter mile, keeping to the edge of the path so as to let the coasting children roar by. The old officers' quarters have been converted into a restaurant, and here, from the parapets, with the sun setting across the frozen Danube, we looked down through the orange and white landscape to the rooftops of the old town and to the new, with its cranes and half-finished apartment houses and the new departments of the university, still waiting to be completed. The Danube was frozen for a hundred and fifty miles upstream.

By some happy prompting, the last object I stuffed into my overnight airbag before I left Beacon Hill was a bright-red hot-water bottle. As our stay lengthened, Yugoslavia began to run short of coal, but not of cold, and then my bottle proved its worth. I would bribe the chambermaid to have it filled with boiling water, and when the bottle was full, it was so hot it had to be swathed in a towel. Come the dawn it would still be hot enough to warm the seat of the w.c. and to provide shaving water in the zero basin.

COMING HOME

OLGA ANDREYEV CARLISLE comes from a family of Russian writers. Her father is a poet who sought refuge in France after the Revolution, and her grandfather was Leonid Andreyev, the playwright and intimate of Gorki, a liberal who ended his life in exile. Mrs. Carlisle (she is married to an American) made her first trip to the Soviet Union

in January of 1960, and it was in a sense her homecoming, for she had a rich heritage of family recollections and was prepared to be appreciative; she spoke Russian with an accent the Muscovites found quaint, and she brought with her an assignment from the *Paris Review* to interview the leading Russian writers and artists. Her encounters are well told in *VOICES IN THE SNOW* (Random House, \$4.95), a friendly book with considerable charm. She was patient, and when at last she had gained admission, she proved herself so responsive a listener that she was asked back again.

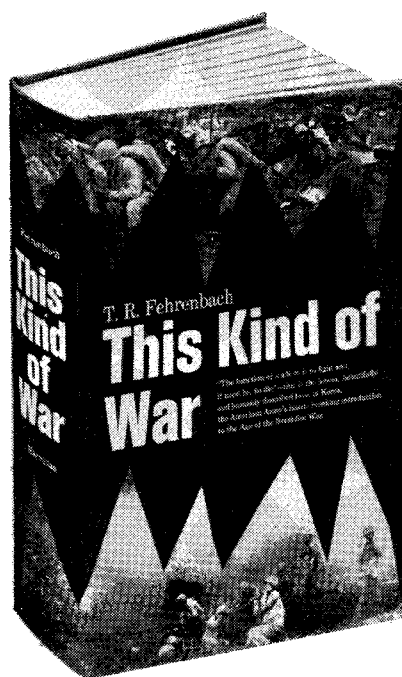
Her meetings with Mikhail Sholokhov were repeated and lively. She rates him as the best-known novelist in his country, which he is, and though her efforts to draw him out about the circumstances in which he wrote *And Quiet Flows the Don* were unsuccessful, she was soon caught up in his love for vodka and good talk, in his admiration of Gorki, in his tenderness toward the Cosacks and toward war veterans generally, in his chauvinism, and in his contempt for the mechanization and effeminacy of all things Western. She accepts naïvely Sholokhov's belief that he has read everything that matters—an arrogance among Russian intellectuals not confined to this novelist—and she fails to remark about those wooden and rhetorical passages which gum up his narrative and in which he pays due respect to socialist realism. One gathers that their affection for each other was mutual, and her last visit with him ends as they stand at the window, looking down at Moscow in the moonlight. "Look at the snow," said Sholokhov, "there is no snow like this anywhere else, and it is yours. You have come home."

Eugene Evtushenko, the bold and talented young poet who has recently attacked the anti-Semitism in Russia and the "deadliness" of the Party writing, took her to the studios of the younger artists and sculptors and made her aware of the great hold which poetry has on the Russian masses and of the exhilarating belief shared by his generation that they stand on "the threshold of a new era and of a new art." Her meeting with Pasternak comes as the climax of her trip, and she tells of it poignantly, of how she got him to talk about Hemingway and Faulkner, Proust and Camus, of the message which he gave her for his friends abroad. She came away from such meetings excited and stirred, and her feelings are easily communicated in her spontaneous prose.

THE WARMTH OF LITERATURE

It has become fashionable for literary figures to publish their autobiographies in a series of panels. Thus Compton Mackenzie, at the age of

The gripping narrative—the urgent message of America's most ambiguous war



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—Gerald W. Johnson

T. R. Fehrenbach was a platoon leader and company commander in Korea. His gripping military—and human—account of that "police action" is based on firsthand combat stories as well as official documents.

Here are the men, from General Dean to Sgt. Schlichter, who fought over the icy ridges and in the stinking rice paddies. Here is the action—from the stunning defeat of Task Force Smith to the costly victory of Pork Chop Hill. Integrated with the narrative are 91 dramatic photographs and 26 maps which bring home the course of battle—and stalemate.

This Kind of War is the first book to cover the Korean conflict from the front lines to U.N. headquarters. It is also the first to spell out the bitter lessons of "this kind of war"—the brushfire wars in which Americans continue to fight and die. \$10.00

Did the Romans execute a messiah—or an insurrectionist?

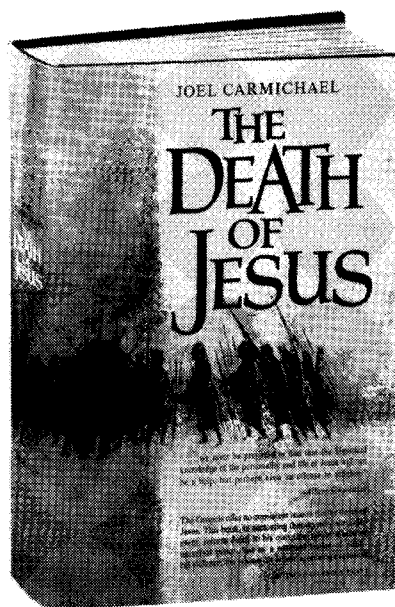
Newsweek characterizes *The Death of Jesus* as "a piece of historical detective work pursued with relentless logic."

Pierre van Paassen calls it "not only a fascinating work but one of breathtaking interest for our time."

Alfred Kazin hails it as "intensely conceived and boldly written... an exciting and brilliant conception."

Sidney B. Hoenig, Yeshiva University, praises it as "well-balanced, careful historic probing and research."

Linguist and translator Joel Carmichael probes the conflicting Gospel accounts for the historical facts about the crucifixion and the events that preceded it. His portrait of Jesus as a rebel condemned for the crime of political insurrection rather than for the sin of blasphemy will shock some readers, challenge others. It is a book that each must judge for himself. \$4.95



THE EXILES

by Albert J. Guerard

"I have read *The Exiles* with enthusiasm," writes Graham Greene, whose own "entertainments" it strongly resembles.

The absurd, brutal, passionate and muddled world of the Caribbean and its political dictators is the background for this powerful, exciting novel, leavened by a sense of high comedy. Mark Shorer calls it "Albert Guerard's best novel." \$4.95

THE SILENT PEOPLE

by Walter Macken

"Macken's sonorous ballad-set-in-novel form of young Dualta Duane in the Galway of the mid-19th century is a rousing what's-on-the-next-page by a master who knows his business."—Vivian Yudkin, *Washington Post*.

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THE DREAM

by Henri de Montherlant

An exciting literary discovery—the first English translation of the first novel by the author Romain Rolland called "the greatest living force in French literature." Set during the first World War, moving between Paris and the battlefield, the story concerns a young aristocrat and officer involved in two varieties of human affection. \$4.00

O YE JIGS AND JULEPS!

by Virginia Cary Hudson

This delightful "small, mad success" (*Time*) is proving "hilarious" (*Life*) to more and more readers every day. Not since *The Young Visitors* has there been such a captivating child's-eye view of an adult world—this time, A.D. 1904. "As colorful as an old-fashioned sampler and lots more fun" (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*), it's the perfect "little" gift for young and old. \$2.50

MACMILLAN · MACMILLAN · MACMILLAN · MACMILLAN

eighty, has embarked on a ten-volume life to be published at the rate of one a year. The first carries him through his eighth birthday.

In *THE FAMILIAR FACES* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75), his third volume of reminiscences, DAVID GARNETT is writing of his happiest and most productive period, the interlude between the two great wars, in which he embarked as bookseller and part proprietor of the Nonesuch Press. After the success of his prizewinning novel *Lady Into Fox*, he determined to devote his full time to writing, and in the years that followed he and his wife, Ray, living always on a narrow margin, invited the spirit, traveled as circumstance and economy permitted, enjoyed the intimacy of the Bloomsbury group, and reared their two sons. In 1933 Garnett was made literary editor of the revived *New Statesman*; in this capacity he was befriended by John Maynard Keynes, and shared in the controversy and discoveries which were the life of that provocative periodical.

This chronicle is charged with friendliness, and faithfully recaptures the innocence and warmth of heart which were then part of one's expectation. Garnett is better with people than he is with places. He was bred to the pen, for his father, Edward, was the literary adviser to many outstanding authors, and Constance, his mother, the famous translator of the Russian classics, and from them he acquired his instinctive sympathy for the literary temperament. I like particularly his thumbnail sketches of Gerald Brenan and Lytton Strachey, of the intense and disturbing Dorothy Edwards, of Lincoln Kirstein and T. E. Lawrence (whose letters he was to edit), of T. H. White and Virginia Woolf. Women attract him, as he candidly admits, but never too far from the sustaining loyalty of his wife, and the book closes on the poignant note of her sudden and tragic illness.

THE JUDGE AND THE TIGER

In *THE MAN WHO RODE THE TIGER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE SAMUEL SEABURY* (Lippincott, \$6.95), HERBERT MITGANG has given us a much-needed reminder of what a single resolute, disciplined, and impeccable lawyer can do to clear up that metropolitan corruption which for more than a century has constantly threatened so many of our largest cities. Judge Seabury took on Tammany at the height of its arrogance under Mayor Jimmy Walker, when the entrenched spoils system, abetted by Prohibition, had enriched and contaminated police, judges, and the bosses of city hall to a shocking extent. The victory he scored in his long, exhaustive investigation, which began with the magistrates and terminated with the resignation of the mayor, was stunning; it was

a team victory, for the judge had enlisted an indefatigable group of able and persistent assistants; and it paved the way for the election and reelection of Fiorello La Guardia, the ablest reform mayor in the history of the city. It prompted Heywood Brown to say in his famous column in the *World-Telegram*, "I'd have my son know Seabury instead of Cicero."

Samuel Seabury came of doughty stock. His great-great-grandfather, for whom he was named, was the first Episcopal bishop in the United States and a Tory who was confirmed in office *after* the Revolution. His father was a clergyman and professor of canon law at the General Theological Seminary. As a young man, Seabury first vented his crusading spirit in the campaign for Henry George, the single-tax philosopher, for mayor; and by a freak of circumstances his first brush with Tammany occurs in the 1890s, when Commissioner Walker decides to confiscate a graveyard belonging to Trinity Church and there is nothing Seabury can do to stop him. He lays down the gauntlet in his letter to the *New York Times* of October 10, 1895, in which he writes that "Republican 'Boss' Thomas Platt is just as much an enemy as Democratic 'Boss' Richard Croker. Both Platt and Croker are representatives of the spoils system . . . both believe that this city is a rich field to be harvested only by party spoilsmen; both represent a gang of plunderers who seek to prey upon the prosperity of the city."

Seabury, a progressive Democrat, steadily built up his legal reputation. He won the respect of the bar by his service on the bench and by his ten-year settlement of the huge Gould estate, in the course of which his legal fees amounted to about a million dollars. He won Teddy Roosevelt's admiration, and to a personal letter T.R. appended this postscript: "I want you on the Court of Appeals, or as Senator, or as Governor!" This was a blank check which T.R. had no intention of honoring, but the incitement lived on in Seabury's mind, prompting him then and again under F.D.R. to seek unsuccessfully for political office.

Herbert Mitgang, Manhattan-born and a member of the *New York Times* editorial staff, is to be commended for the thoroughness of his research and the vigor of his prose. He shows us the judge's decorum; the penetration, the subtlety, and the irony of his cross-examination; the infinite patience with which he stood up under the blackguarding and lying of the pols; and the firmness and dignity with which he occasionally bore down on Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who never wished the investigation to get out of hand politically. Seabury's contribution to the New York bar was precisely the kind of reassurance democracy needs.

The Liberator

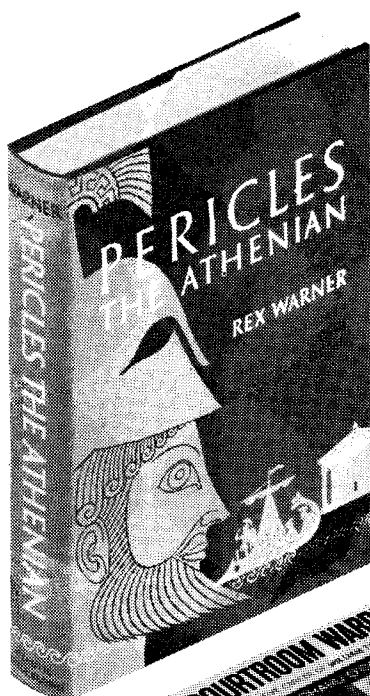
William Lloyd Garrison

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— ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times.* \$4.75



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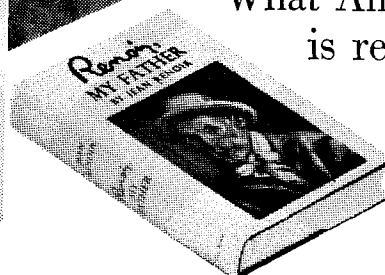
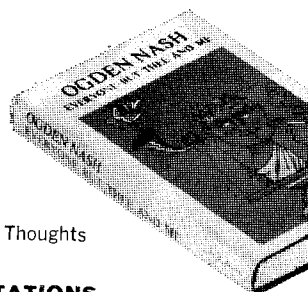
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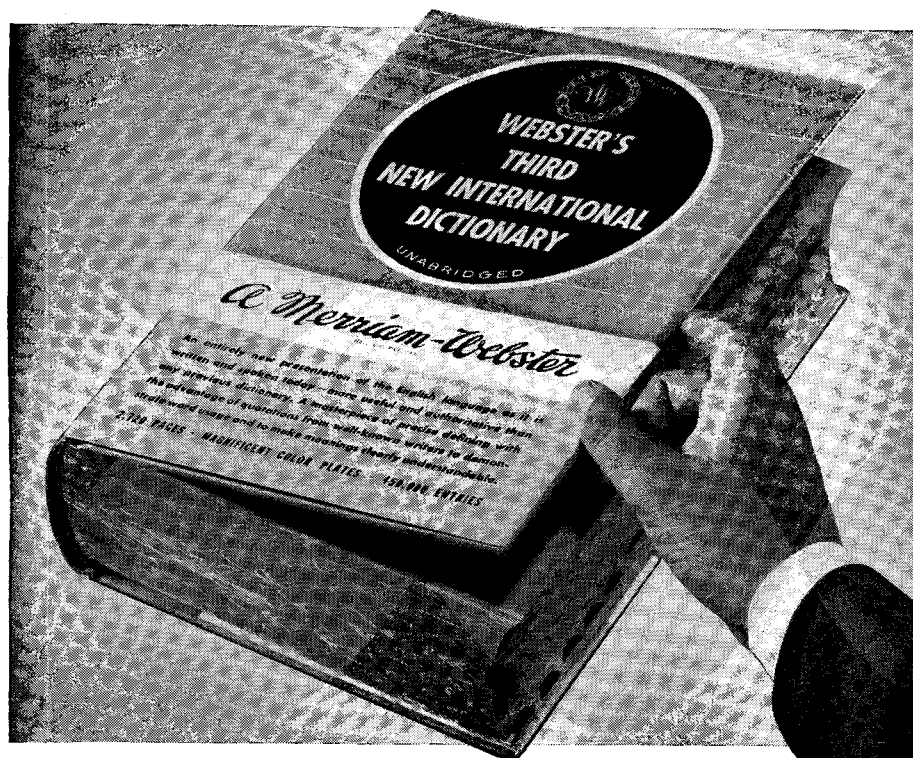
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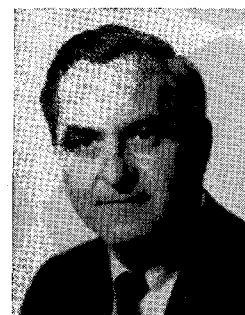
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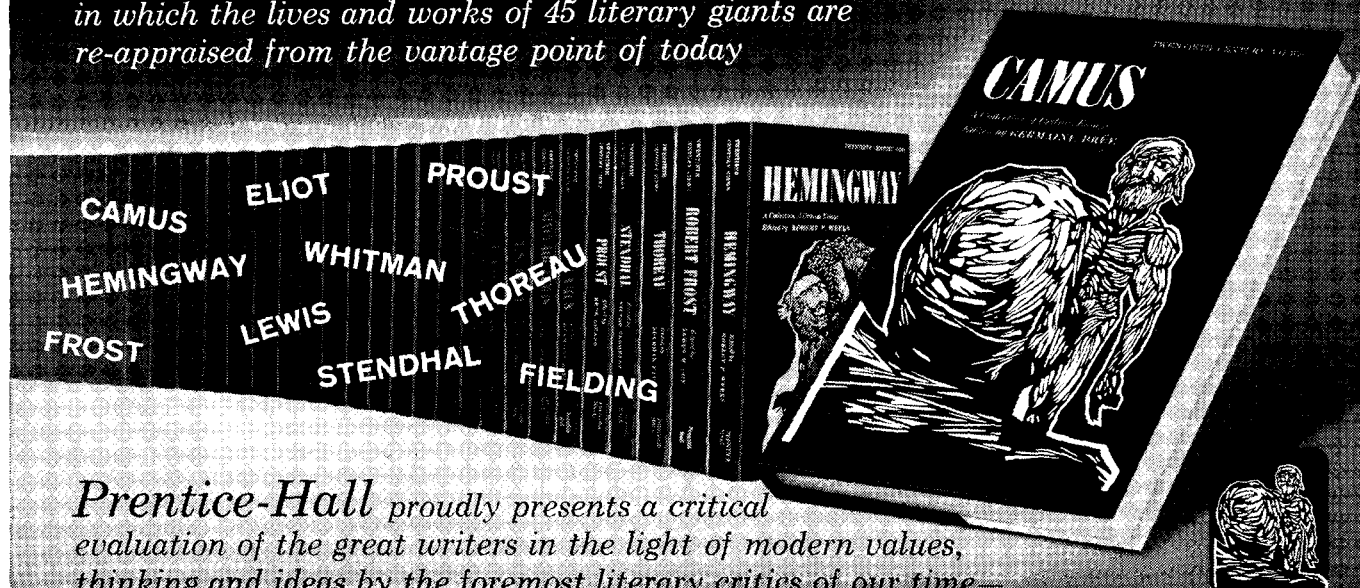
BY WILLIAM BARRETT

The question of whether to use the hard or the soft line on the Russians seems now about to divide American publishers. *ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH*, a story of the Siberian forced-labor camps by ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN, is the most noteworthy event in Soviet publishing in years; and it has stirred up a small hornet's nest here, being brought out in rival versions by Dutton and by Praeger (both \$3.95). Dutton went through channels and secured an "authorized" English version made available by the Soviet state book trust, to which it pays royalties. Praeger pirated the text, hired its own translators, Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley, insisting that it was immoral to sign a contract with the Russians, who are not a party to any international copyright agreement and persistently pirate books themselves — an argument that places Praeger in the category of hijacker rather than pirate.

The Praeger translation is the more colloquial and racy; the Dutton version by Ralph Parker sometimes recalls Constance Garnett draping her gray sackcloth around one of the nineteenth-century Russian masters. Yet its very grayness often captures the blank monotony of camp life, while the Praeger version seems rather pert and brash.

But the book comes through both translations with scarcely diminished power. As the title indicates, the story merely traces a routine day in the life of a political prisoner, Ivan Denisovich Shukhov, at one of the Siberian camps. The writing has neither literary finesse nor psychological intricacy. Such qualities would be out of place in the story

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of a man whose every nerve, from the moment he opens his eyes in the morning till he closes them at night, is strained in the task of sheer survival. Shukhov has been in the camp eight years and knows the ropes — how to avoid detection by the guards, how to wangle an extra bowl of gruel or husband a crust of bread inside his jacket. Eating, he rolls each pellet of bread slowly in his mouth to extract the last bit of taste and nourishment from it. Yet this monotonous succession of ordeals takes on, in Solzhenitsyn's telling, the quality of intense adventure as we watch the unkillable individual pit himself against almost impossible odds simply to keep alive. And when Shukhov lies down to sleep, he can count his day — one of many thousands exactly like it — as a happy one, for at least he has survived.

Solzhenitsyn's manuscript was rejected by a number of editors in the Soviet Union as too hot to handle. Khrushchev himself made the decision to publish, undoubtedly aware that this book would be a powerful weapon against the Stalinists. When it appeared in *Novy Mir* in November, 1962, it was a sensation, and the first edition was promptly sold out. If the book moves us, we can imagine how it must have affected the Russians, among whom nearly every family had a member who had been sent to the camps.

Solzhenitsyn himself spent eight years in a camp much like the one he describes. Surrounded by the Germans in World War II, he broke through their lines and returned to his own company. For this brave feat he was immediately seized by the Russian secret police on suspicion that the Germans had let him return only to spy. He confessed because he thought he would be shot if he did not — a common belief that seems to shed light on how confessions were obtained during the Stalin period. Yet he writes now without any show of rancor. One has the curious impression from this book that the ordeal of the camps united the Russian people more profoundly in suffering, rather than producing any real political disaffection with the Communist regime.

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BEDFORD's second novel, and it seems to establish her unquestionably in the front rank of England's women novelists. Mrs. Bedford's manner, without strain or pastiche, is entirely her own. She deals with the lives of the well-born, the beautiful, and brilliant — all of them in their way favorites of the gods — but she neither romanticizes nor deflates; her people and their beautiful world are seen for exactly what they are.

The story turns around three women. Anna, Constanza, and Flavia are grandmother, mother, and daughter, and three more subtly contrasted generations could hardly be imagined. Anna is the energetic prime mover of the family's destinies; Constanza its climax in luxury and romance; Flavia the realist through whose cool eye the family's story can finally be seen with detachment. In the 1890s Anna Howland, a New England heiress, marries Rico, an Italian prince; but the marriage founders when Anna, fiercely puritanical, learns of her husband's infidelities. Mrs. Bedford is dealing with the international theme of Henry James — the clash of New and Old World cultures — but her approach is much more matter-of-fact and direct than James's. Anna takes her daughter, Constanza, to grow up in England, but by an irony that never ceases to plague the mother, Constanza turns out thoroughly Italian in temperament. Beautiful and intelligent, she goes from lover to lover; when her marriage to an aspiring young politician ends in a rather lurid divorce, she continues to dominate life in her own fashion, nothing daunted. At the end, stricken by the death of her mother, with whom she has just quarreled, Constanza prepares calmly to ride away to Paris with a new lover.

Mrs. Bedford catches with wonderful economy the contrasting atmospheres of England and Italy, as well as the changing climate of the times over the first decades of this century. But it is the subtle interplay of character, seen in the long looking glass of the years, that holds one throughout this exquisite novel.

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EMMET HUGHES, an editor of *Life* magazine, became chief speech writer for General Eisenhower during the presidential campaign of 1952. He

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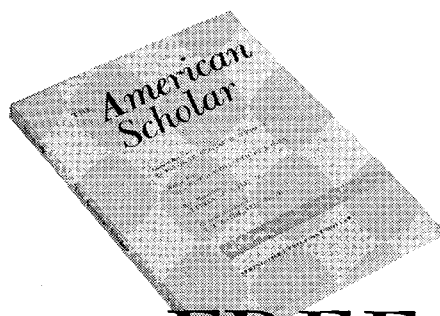
—GRANVILLE HICKS, *Saturday Review*

but according to *The Atlantic*—

"The Olympians have taken possession of Mr. Updike and compelled him to clutter a perfectly good short book about a hard-pressed schoolmaster with a lot of mythological baggage. Caldwell, the unfortunate teacher, is identified with that noble pedagogue Chiron the centaur. His misadventures in this incarnation are described by the author in Victorian Homeric translator's prose, and with a literal-mindedness leading to comic effects which Mr. Updike presumably does not quite appreciate. You cannot, after all, housebreak a horse."

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remained in this unofficial post during the first year of the Eisenhower presidency, sitting in on important Cabinet meetings, observing the nation's leaders at close hand. In the campaign of 1956 he was again at the President's side to help him with his speeches. The relationship between the two men appears to have been informal and cordial, and Mr. Hughes still retains a great deal of liking and admiration for the ex-President. Yet, over the years, he began to be assailed by doubts that the Administration was providing the leadership the country needed. Things were allowed to drift toward crisis; and the people were not made aware by their leaders of the grave challenges that the nation faced. In **THE ORDEAL OF POWER** (Atheneum, \$5.95) he records his disillusion with a candor that is going to make some Republicans chew their nails.

Yet there is not the pique or resentment of backstairs gossip in this book. Mr. Hughes is simply passing his solemn and responsible judgment on the nation's leaders as he saw them. President Eisenhower, indeed, emerges from these pages as a strong, complex, and likable figure. Why, then, in the author's judgment, did he fail as President? A portent of the eight years to come, Mr. Hughes tells us, occurred in the 1952 campaign in Wisconsin, when Eisenhower wanted to make a statement in favor of General Marshall in McCarthy's own backyard, but allowed the politicians to talk him out of it. Perhaps the trouble was the attitude he brought to the job. In a moment of irritation in the same campaign he blurted out that if the American people did not want him, that was all right with him, he had a lot of fishing to do. These are not the words of a man hungering to give leadership.

This book is bound to stir up some violent controversies, and its revelation of personal relationships will seem shocking to many. President Eisenhower, according to Mr. Hughes, did not care for John Foster Dulles, of whom he said "dull, duller, Dulles." And he never ceased to regard Richard Nixon with suspicion as a man who was, he believed, "just not presidential timber"—hence his reluctance to throw himself into the 1960 campaign. George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, a big and vital man cut rather in the Eisenhower pattern, was the one Cabinet member whom

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the President really warmed to. But Humphrey came to Washington with a businessman's unfortunate conviction that senators and congressmen, and politicians generally, were so many office boys who would move at his bidding.

The author is so intent on assuring us of his serious purposes that this book, which might have been a historical document of primary importance, is marred by a solemn self-inflation. The writing is turgid and muggy. Perhaps Mr. Hughes wrote too many of those speeches and became a captive of their rhetoric.

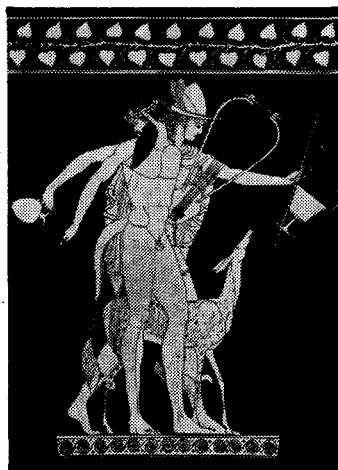
NOVELISTS IN THE DOLDRUMS

You are a writer, and inspiration is lagging. You stare at the blank page, and nothing comes. There are debts, and the only thing you can think of is to place bets with the bookies. That's crazy, and only heaps up more miseries. Meanwhile, your wife taunts you about things like sex, and your two kids, whom you love, are as trying as all kids are.

No wonder **WILLIAM SAROYAN'S** hero in **BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95) declares toward the end of the book: "It's tough. The going's tough. You'll never know the half of it." He is wrong, of course; by this time we know more than twice too much, and the book would have been improved had it been cut by half.

Mr. Saroyan's genius is for the short story and the theater; he has yet to write a satisfactory novel, and the present work does not even come close. The writing is vivid and direct enough — Saroyan could never quite lose his touch here; and there are episodes that, if the author had not been so grimly serious, could have been pushed one step further into delirious comedy. Most of the time, however, the book grates like a phonograph record going around and around with the needle stuck.

Instead of blurting out what is wrong, an author may attempt to escape from a sterile period by putting his hand to a perfectly contrived tale in the hope that the sheer playful exuberance of artifice will carry him along. **ALBERT J. GUERARD**, whose two previous novels seemed to be going nowhere, has struck out in a new direction in **THE EXILES** (Macmillan, \$4.95) by writing: (1) a very



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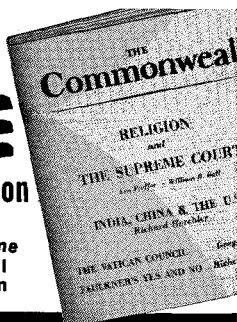
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literate spy melodrama, (2) a political novel about Latin American revolutions, and (3) an atmospheric tale about the lush Caribbean and some of the international drifters there. He is only moderately successful in all these purposes; but in the course of his story he launches a marvelously comic little character, Manuel Andrada, who proceeds to steal the show and virtually carries the entire novel on his shoulders.

When Nicolas Clive, a free-lance journalist, becomes interested in the fate of Villamayor, a Latin American poet and revolutionary, he finds a strange little man, Andrada, camped on his doorstep. The two go off together in their search. Villamayor is found at last, but Andrada, who has moved climactically from one buffoonery to another, comes to a dismal yet rather heroic end. Before that, however, he has supplied the reader with much heady entertainment.

WRITERS ON WRITING

FRANK O'CONNOR is not only one of the finest short-story writers of our day, he is also one of the most profound students of his craft. In **THE LONELY VOICE: A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY** (World, \$4.00) he has written an analysis of the shorter fictional form that, for the charm of its writing and for depth of insight, deserves to be set beside E. M. Forster's classic *Aspects of the Novel*.

The difference between the short story and the novel, according to Mr. O'Connor, is not essentially length — there have been long stories and short novels — but point of view. The novel carries its characters through their regular social routines and leaves them firmly planted in their social group; the short story, on the other hand, by catching its hero at a single moment or in a single situation, lifts him out of his social context and isolates him in his own individual loneliness. Hence Mr. O'Connor's title: the short story is, he believes, much more the voice of human loneliness than is the novel.

However, the meat of this book lies not in general theory but in its searching and sensitive studies of stories of the masters: Turgenev, Chekhov, Maupassant, Katherine Mansfield, A. E. Coppard, Joyce. Mr. O'Connor seems to have read all the great stories ever written,

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and in nearly every case he has something remarkably fresh and original to say.

At the very opposite end of the spectrum, NATHALIE SARRAUTE in *THE AGE OF SUSPICION* (Braziller, \$4.00), a collection of essays on the novel, explores the medium of fiction as a literary form that permits the maximum amount of psychological and philosophical experimentation.

We are in a period, Mme. Sarraute holds, when both readers and writers have become suspicious of the standard characters of fiction. The well-defined character with his predictable traits and his equally predictable actions now seems artificial. Since human personality has become a much more complex and fluid matter for us, we should expect novelists to exploit new techniques to convey a different sense of reality from that of the great masters of the past. Mme. Sarraute is sometimes puzzling, sometimes exasperating, but always exhilarating. A brilliant intellectual, she can keep several theories going at the same time with the finesse of a juggler. Her book sheds much light on the fictional experiments by the younger generation of French writers.

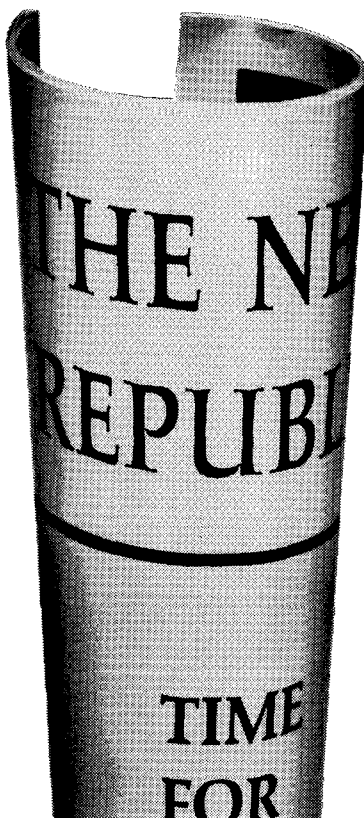
FEARSOME FUTURE

ERIC HOFFER has labored as a longshoreman and migrant worker because he couldn't stand being cooped up indoors; his thinking, appropriately, has the sweep and freedom of the open road. His first book, *The True Believer*, a brilliant study of fanaticism, was widely and justly applauded; *THE ORDEAL OF CHANGE* (Harper & Row, \$3.50), though less bitingly witty, seems to me richer and warmer in substance, and on the whole every bit as good.

These essays range over many subjects but are united by a single theme. Human beings, Mr. Hoffer contends, fear the new and find change an ordeal; therefore, in a period of drastic change we tend to seek an unshakable faith that we can cling to, and we can easily be swept into some totalitarian ideology.

Though he casts a cool and critical eye on his fellowman, Mr. Hoffer also likes him. One of the essays I enjoyed most was "The Role of the Undesirables," which begins in a federal transient camp. Examining his fellow inmates sympathetically,

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The Craft of Intelligence

by Allen W. Dulles

An engrossing, book-length account of "the least understood and most misrepresented profession", *The Craft of Intelligence* is based on Mr. Dulles's unequalled experience as a diplomat and an intelligence officer.

Here, for the first time, is an authoritative account of how the O.S.S. worked with anti-Nazis inside Germany during World War II; the prospect of a successful revolt inside Cuba; how the text of Khrushchev's secret speech denouncing Stalin was found; what the U-2 has accomplished; and scores of international intrigues unraveled by American intelligence officers and our allies.

Mr. Dulles, former director of the C.I.A., spells out not only the techniques of modern espionage but also the philosophy and the role of intelligence in a free society threatened by a global conspiracy.

Read *The Craft of Intelligence* in the April issue of Harper's. Plus Harper's regular contents, which include *Learning to be Unemployable*, Harvard's B.F. Skinner: *The Last of the Utopians*, Heaven *Had Better Be Good*, *Is the Welfare State Obsolete?*, *The Ultimate Teaching Machine*, *The Swing Band Era*, and *What Women Can Do For Peace*. Plus *The New Books and Books in Brief*.

Harper's

Mr. Hoffer came to the conclusion that the United States had been founded in good part by misfits like these — the "undesirables" swept to these shores from other lands. This is nothing to be ashamed of, he holds; the misfit always has unusual creative potential, and it is a measure of the greatness of a society that it can allow its submerged peoples to develop and grow.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE in *PROFILES OF THE FUTURE* (Harper & Row, \$4.00) seems to have not the least fear of the future as he paints a gaudy panorama of the dazzling technological world of tomorrow. Indeed, his rule seems to be that we can hardly be too imaginative in forecasting the future; what were once the marvels of Jules Verne are pretty prosaic stuff to us now.

Scientists themselves, in fact, have usually erred on the conservative side in their predictions. In 1878 British scientists declared that Edison's electric light bulb was an *ignis fatuus*! After Bleriot flew over the channel, other scientists calculated that an airplane could never possibly cross the ocean.

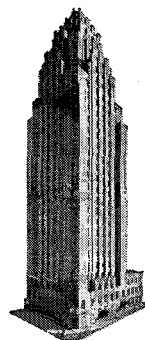
Once he has dismissed the scientists, Mr. Clarke proceeds to entertain us with a whole circus of future marvels: cities with moving streets; vehicles and houses that ride on air; and degeneration appliances that overcome the force of gravity itself. Some people may not like all this; the Sherpas and Alpine guides, for example, may be indignant about degeneration belts. "But progress," says Mr. Clarke, "is inexorable. It is only a matter of time before tourists are floating all over the Himalayas, and the summit of Everest is as crowded as the seabed round the Florida Keys or off Cannes."

Mr. Clarke is a witty and incisive writer, and he makes all these prospects plausible and exciting, until we begin to wonder what will become of man himself. We are not told that until the next to last chapter, whose ominous title, "The Obsolescence of Man," forebodes a catch to all these marvels. Machines are going to be so good, Mr. Clarke warns us, that in any war between man and machine you know who will get beaten. Maybe so; but this book might be a little less chilly if the author, just for the sake of auld lang syne, had thrown in with the losing side.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

"I am no huntsman," writes ALFRED HARBAGE in the introduction to his WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A READER'S GUIDE (Farrar, Straus, \$6.95), "but I presume that huntsmen prefer guides who know where the game is but refrain from shooting it for them." This amiable but not entirely accurate notion has led Mr. Harbage, Cabot Professor of English at Harvard, to construct a book about Shakespeare for the reader who wishes to enjoy the plays but is not an Elizabethan specialist and, furthermore, has no desire to become one. The book is designed to clear up grammatical problems, indicate the nature and purpose of poetical devices, and show how the plays act, for Mr. Harbage never forgets for an instant that these are works for the living stage. Not for readers who already find Shakespeare clear sailing, the book should be most helpful to those who habitually run aground on phrases like "the majesty of buried Denmark."

EMMANUEL ANATI'S PALESTINE BEFORE THE HEBREWS (Knopf, \$8.95) summarizes all the information that archaeologists have recovered about man's early doings in this region. Mr. Anati begins with some not quite human aborigines and ends about 1200 B.C. among people who were, in many respects, exactly like ourselves. The amount of material that he covers is immense and requires great compression and careful organization. Where rival interpretations of material dispute the field, Mr. Anati gives both, or all, occasionally revealing his own preference. Since Palestine, a crossroads for Europe, Asia, and Africa, ultimately contained a little of everything, the book is by extension a history of human progress anywhere.

BEFORE THE BIBLE (Harper & Row, \$6.00) also concerns early history in the eastern Mediterranean region, but on a much more circumscribed scale and for a different purpose. Its author, DR. CYRUS GORDON, Professor of Near Eastern Studies at Brandeis, caused some excitement a while ago when newspapers gave out that he was claim-

"...without Me, YOU Can Do Nothing"

It would be hard to convince some people that these words of Our Lord apply to them.

Like the Pharisees of Christ's time, they attribute their successes to their own merits. They may concede that they "got the breaks" now and then, but in the main they vainly think they have succeeded because of their own superior qualities. "Oh, sure," they may say, "God has been good to me"... but most of the credit they take unto themselves.

In this age of self-glorification... when so many seem convinced of the necessity of "tooting their own horn"... the Catholic Church may seem out of step in preaching its 2,000-year-old message of humility. And likewise unpopular with some people will be the Church's reminder that the sin of Pride still ranks first among the seven capital sins condemned by Christ.

Our hope here, however, is not so much to convince the wilfully arrogant of the error of their ways. Our purpose, rather, is to point out that the capital sin Pride covers a multitude of other sins which are subtle and not easy to recognize. The Catholic teaching in this respect may not appeal to those afflicted by Pride, but we think it will be received with a spirit of good-will and approval by humble people of all faiths.

Pride, for example, can be a worse sin than murder under certain circumstances. It was the Original Sin. It is often the besetting sin of the individual who demands to see the divine credentials and assumes to judge God. And there are sins prompted by Pride which violate no civil law, yet are deeply offensive to God.

The Catholic Church constantly reminds its people to acknowledge their weaknesses and confess their sins... to realize that human merits are from God and are not due to the worthiness of



the individual. This confession of unworthiness is among the very first prayers uttered by the priest and the people at Mass, when they proclaim to God and to "all the saints" in heaven that they have sinned... "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Catholics, of course, are exposed to the same occasions for sinning as other people. And like others, they have the God-given free will to choose between sinning and not sinning. On the other hand, they have the guidance and help of the Church... and the Sacraments... in the struggle against temptation. How this help works with respect to the Seven Capital Sins... Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust... is shown in a helpful pamphlet which we will send you free on request. It will be mailed immediately, and nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-34.

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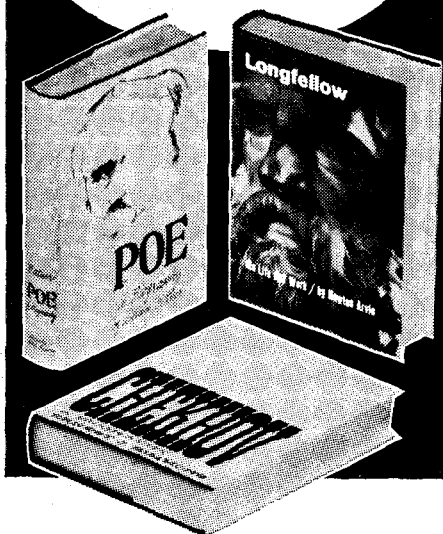
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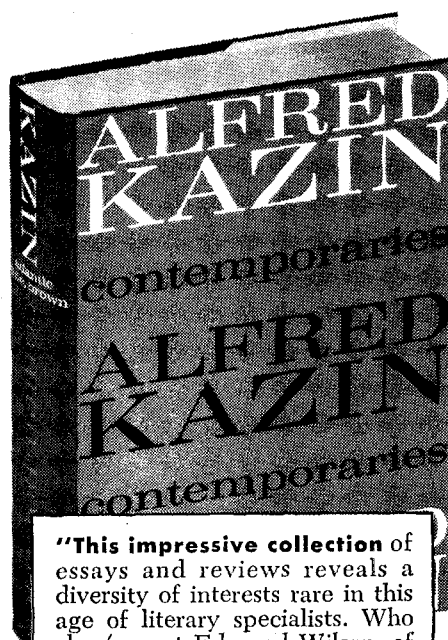
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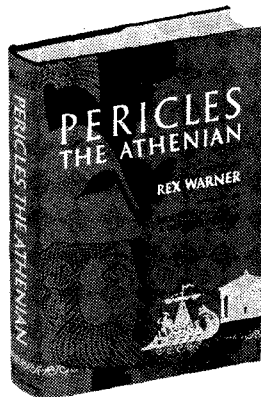


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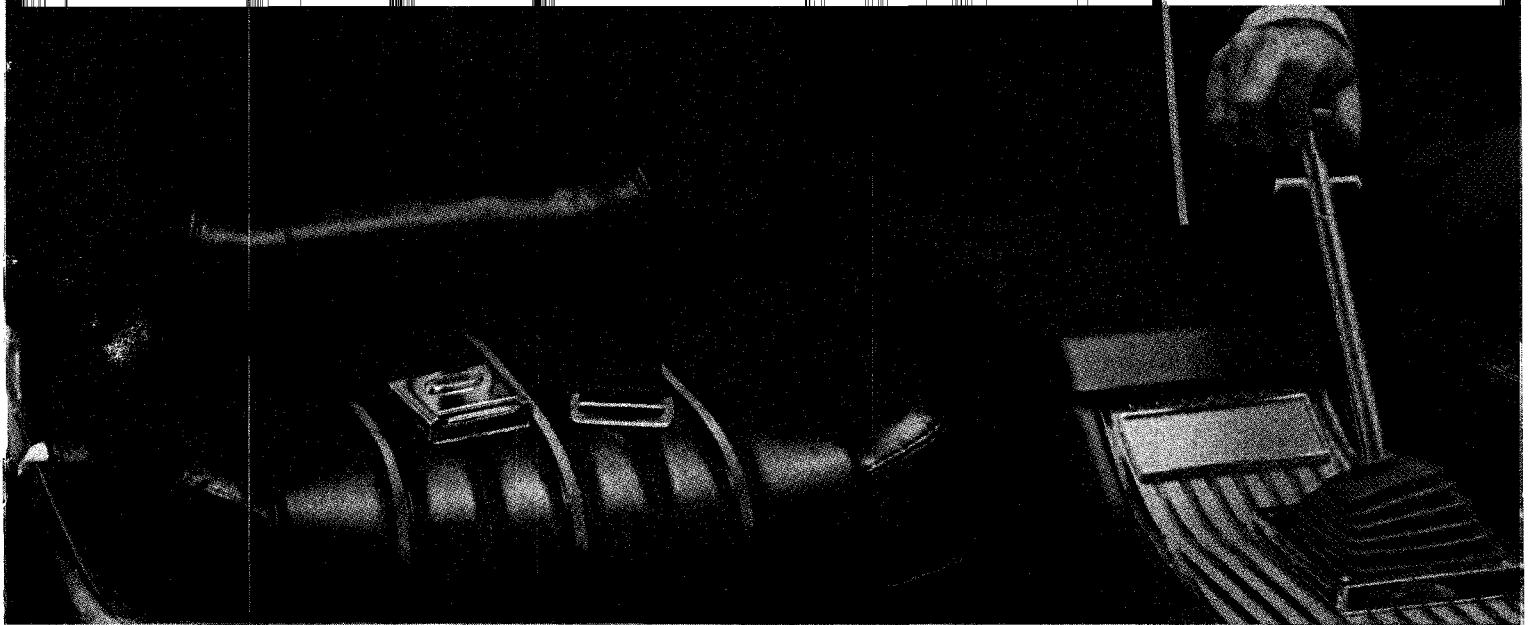
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ing that Greek civilization derived from the Hebrews. A reading of his book reveals that the claim is quite otherwise. Dr. Gordon contends, on reasonable evidence, that both Homer and the Old Testament contain elements derived from a body of myth common to the whole eastern Mediterranean area and far older than either Hebrews or Greeks, both of whom borrowed from an already polished poetic tradition. The book is full of translations from antique tongues, bits of exotic and bloody myths, including one about a war goddess who beats up enemies with her own house furnishings. "Brawl tactics," writes Dr. Gordon, very deadpan, "specifically the throwing of furniture, are famous from Odysseus' battle against the suitors in his halls at Ithaca. In Psalm 23, 'Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies,' may mean that God provides His own with ammunition."

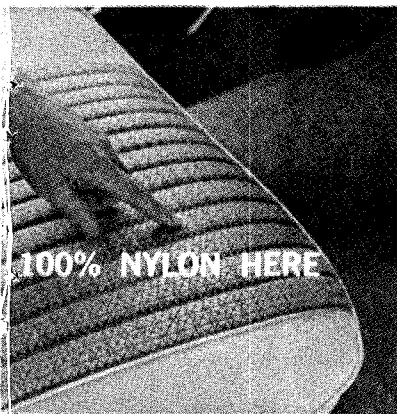
R. P. LISTER, a metallurgist and a poet, has written a novel about poetry and metallurgy called *THE RHYME AND THE REASON* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50). In a demure way, it is a wittily and wickedly subversive book, demonstrating that the scientific mind cannot yet cope with the irrationality of the human brain as a whole. This theme sounds earnest and at bottom is so, but Mr. Lister keeps up a surface of crackling frivolity.

A FORTUNE IN DIMES (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95), by MARY CARTER, is a gingery novel about a not very poor little rich boy in Pasadena. "Will young Decker grow up?" is not a new question in fiction, and Miss Carter doesn't ultimately find any new answer to it, but the young people she describes are so amusing in their clique dialect and so convincing in their unpredictable waverings between childish bluster and adult competence that they hold one's interest irresistibly.

Professor E. L. McADAM, JR., and GEORGE MILNE, both experts on Dr. Samuel Johnson, have collaborated in editing selections from *JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY* (Pantheon, \$6.50), on the grounds that everyone has heard of this lexicographic landmark but few have ever laid hands on a copy. Johnson's preface alone is worth resurrection, and it is followed by definitions which, though a mere drop from the original ocean, retain their salt and sense.



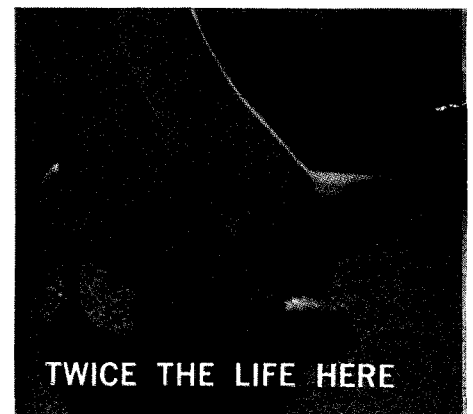
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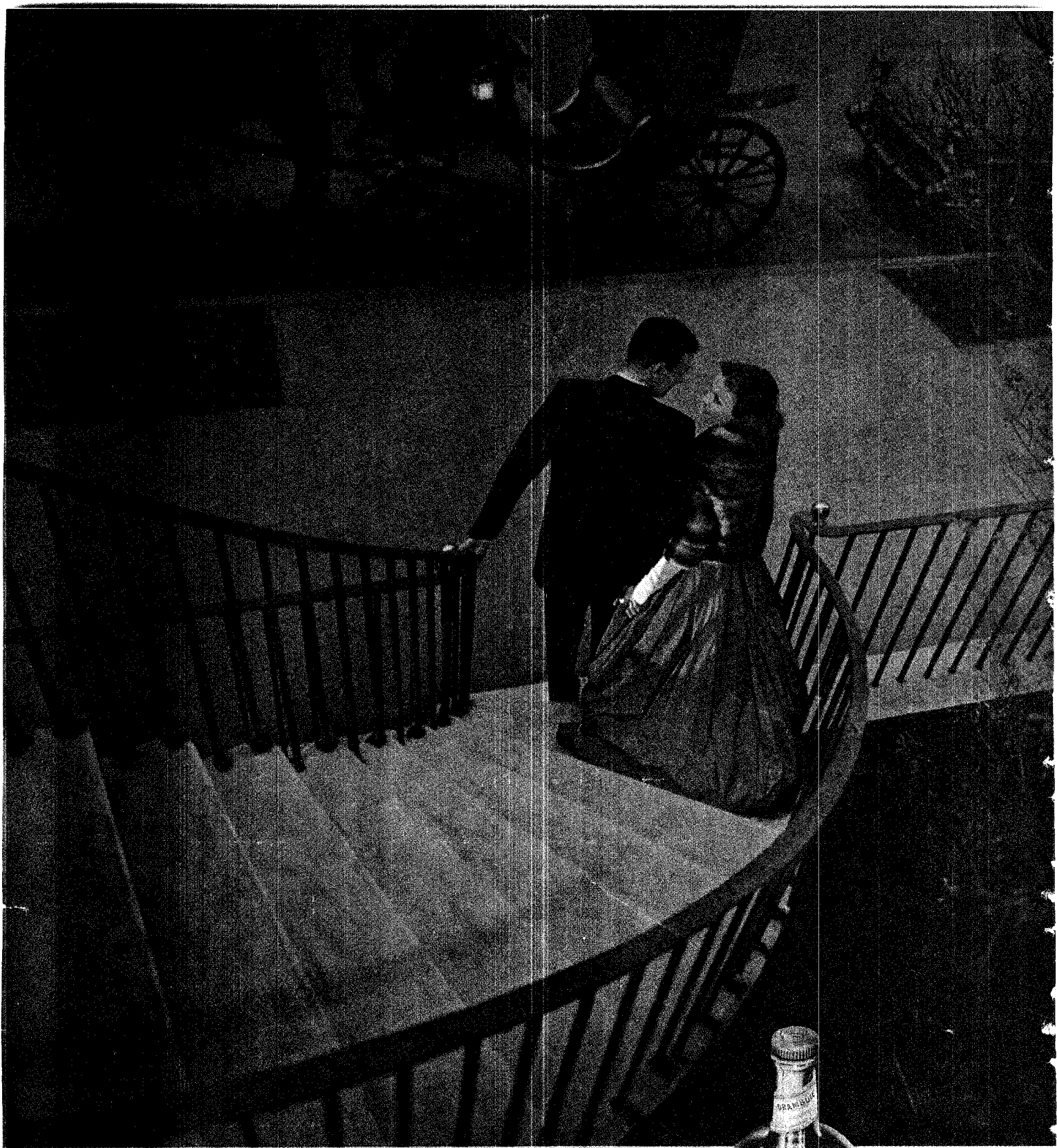
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